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VOL. III.

The FIFTH EDITION.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.



LONDON: Printed by J. HUGHS,
For R. and J. DODSLEY, at Tully's-Head in Pall-Mall.
MDCCLVIII.

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

IN SIX VOLUMES.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

LONDON: Printed by J. Hughs,
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MDCCLVIII.



ON A GROTTO near the THAMES, at TWICKENHAM,

Compoſed of Marbles, Spars, and Minerals.

By Mr. POPE.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirrour through the ſhadowy cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs diſtill,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill,
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.

Approach: But aweful! Lo th' Egerian grott,
Where, nobly-penſive, ST. JOHN ſate and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying WYNDHAM ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' MARCHMONT's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

HYMN on SOLITUDE.

By the late JAMES THOMSON, Eſq; Author of the Seaſons.

HAIL, ever-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good!
But, from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk;
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.

A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe;
Now rapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky,
And nature triumphs in your eye:
Then ſtrait again you court the ſhade,
And pining hang the penſive head.

A ſhepherd

A ſhepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face!
Then, ſoft-divided, you aſſume
The gentle-looking H—d's bloom,
As, with her PHILOMELA, ſhe,
(Her PHILOMELA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.

Thine is th' unbounded breath of morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland's dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſkip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful dear decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.

Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage, and ſwain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
And Contemplation rears the head:
Religion, with her awful brow,
And rapt URANIA waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret cell!
And in thy deep receſſes dwell:

For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
For ever from the world retir'd;
Nor by a mortal ſeen, ſave he
A LYCIDAS, or LYCON be.

An ODE
ON
ÆOLUS's HARP. *

By the Same.

I.

ÆTherial race, inhabitants of air!
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove;
Ye unſeen beings to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtick ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid?
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart?
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

* *Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the Caſtle of Indolence.*

III. But

III.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the *ſacred Bard!* * who ſat alone,
In the drear waſte, and wept his peoples's woes.

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint:
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelick harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir,
Thro' heaven's high dome their aweful anthem raiſe;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn, from praiſe to praiſe.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring ſpirits of the wind,
Who as wild Fancy prompts you touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For 'till you ceaſe, my Muſe forgets to ſing.

* *Jeremiah.*

On the Report of a WOODEN BRIDGE to be built at Weſtminſter.

By the Same.

BY Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,
Provok'd, the Genius of the river roſe,
And thus exclaim'd—— " Have I, ye Britiſh ſwains,
" Have I, for ages, lav'd your fertile plains?
" Given herds, and flocks, and villages increaſe,
" And fed a richer than the Golden Fleece?
" Have I, ye merchants, with each ſwelling tide,
" Pour'd Africk's treaſure in, and India's pride?
" Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?
" Made every climate your's, and every ſoil?
" Yet pilfer'd from the poor, by gaming baſe,
" Yet muſt a Wooden Bridge my waves diſgrace?
" Tell not to foreign ſtreams the ſhameful tale,
" And be it publiſh'd in no Gallick vale."
He ſaid;—and plunging to his cryſtal dome,
White o'er his head the circling waters foam.

The CHOICE of HERCULES.

A POEM.

I.

NOW had the ſon of Jove mature, attain'd
The joyful prime: when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life; and follows unreſtrain'd
Where paſſion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at thoſe ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, firſt ſtrikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By juſt degrees; fair bloom of faireſt fruit:
For, if on youth's untainted thought impreſt,
The gen'rous purpoſe ſtill ſhall warm the manly breaſt.

II.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For higheſt deeds now ripe, Alcides ſought
Retirement; nurſe of contemplation ſage;
Step following ſtep, and thought ſucceeding thought:

Muſing, with ſteady pace the youth purſu'd
His walk; and loſt in meditation ſtray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with ſolitude
Converſing; while intent his mind ſurvey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay
Here Virtue's rough aſcent, there Pleaſure's flow'ry way.

III.

Much did the view divide his wavering mind:
Now glow'd his breaſt with generous thirſt of fame;
Now love of eaſe to ſofter thoughts inclin'd
His yielding ſoul, and quench'd the riſing flame.
When, lo! far off two female forms he ſpies;
Direct to him their ſteps they ſeem to bear:
Both, large and tall, exceeding human ſize;
Both far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move:
This, ſtriking ſacred awe; that, ſofter, winning love.

IV.

The firſt, in native dignity ſurpaſs'd;
Artleſs and unadorn'd ſhe pleas'd the more:
Health, o'er her looks, a genuine luſtre caſt;
A veſt, more white than new-fall'n ſnow ſhe wore.
Auguſt ſhe trod, yet modeſt was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still ſhe drew near; and nearer ſtill more fair,
More mild appear'd: yet ſuch as might inſpire
Pleaſure corrected with an aweful fear;
Majeſtically ſweet, and amiably ſevere.

V.

The other dame ſeem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
But bold her mien; unguarded rov'd her eye:
And her fluſh'd cheeks confeſs'd at nearer view
The borrow'd bluſhes of an artful dye.
All ſoft and delicate, with airy ſwim
Lightly ſhe danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture ev'ry tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only ſeem'd to ſhade:
And as it flow'd adown, ſo looſe and thin,
Her ſtature ſhew'd more tall; more ſnowy-white, her ſkin.

VI.

Oft with a ſmile ſhe view'd herſelf aſkance;
Ev'n on her ſhade a conſcious look ſhe threw;
Then all around her caſt a careleſs glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly ſhe preſs'd
With haſty ſtep; nor of repulſe afraid,
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth addreſs'd;
With winning fondneſs on his neck ſhe hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue.

VII.

" Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
" Dear youth, what doubts can thus diſtract thy mind?
" Securely follow, where I lead the way;
" And range thro' wilds of pleaſure unconfin'd.

" With me retire, from noiſe, and pain, and care;
" Embath'd in bliſs, and rapt in endleſs eaſe:
" Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
" Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
" With me retire, from toils and perils free;
" Leave honour to the wretch! Pleaſures were made for thee.

VIII.

" Then will I grant thee all thy ſoul's deſire;
" All that may charm thine ear, and pleaſe thy ſight:
" All that thy thought can frame, or wiſh require,
" To ſteep thy raviſh'd ſenſes in delight.
" The ſumptuous feaſt, enhanc'd with muſic's ſound;
" Fitteſt to tune the melting ſoul to love:
" Rich odours, breathing choiceſt ſweets around;
" The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, ſhady grove:
" Freſh flowers, to ſtrew thy couch, and crown thy head;
" Joy ſhall attend thy ſteps, and eaſe ſhall ſmooth thy bed.

IX.

" Theſe will I, freely, conſtantly ſupply;
" Pleaſures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with woe:
" Far from thy reſt repining want ſhall fly;
" Nor labour bathe in ſweat thy careful brow.
" Mature the copious harveſt ſhall be thine;
" Let the laborious hind ſubdue the ſoil:
" Leave the raſh ſoldier ſpoils of war to win;
" Won by the ſoldier thou ſhalt ſhare the ſpoil:
" Theſe ſofter cares my bleſt allies employ,
" New pleaſures to invent; to wiſh, and to enjoy."

X. Her

X.

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the ſmiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and liſten'd: then her name beſought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happineſs, ſhe ſaid.
"Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain:
"They ſhare my bliſs; they beſt can ſpeak my praiſe:
"Tho' ſlander call me Sloth—detraction vain!
"Heed not what ſlander, vain Detractor, ſays;
"Slander, ſtill prompt true merit to defame;
"To blot the brighteſt worth, and blaſt the faireſt name."

XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majeſtic maid:
(She all the while, with the ſame modeſt pace,
Compos'd, advanc'd.) "Know, Hercules," ſhe ſaid
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race;
"Thy tender age that lov'd inſtruction's voice,
"Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave and wiſe;
"When manhood ſhould confirm thy glorious choice:
"Now expectation waits to ſee thee riſe.
"Riſe, youth! Exalt thyſelf, and me: approve
"Thy high deſcent from heav'n; and dare be worthy Jove.

XII.

"But what truth prompts, my tongue ſhall not diſguiſe;
"The ſteep aſcent muſt be with toil ſubdu'd:
"Watching and cares muſt win the lofty prize
"Propos'd by heav'n; true bliſs, and real good.

"Honour

" Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
" She ſpurns the timorous, indolent, and baſe:
" Danger and toil ſtand ſtern before her throne;
" And guard (ſo Jove commands) the ſacred place,
" Who ſeeks her muſt the mighty coſt ſuſtain,
" And pay the price of fame; labour, and care, and pain.

XIII.

" Wou'dſt thou engage the gods peculiar care?
" O Hercules, th' immortal powers adore!
" With a pure heart, with ſacrifice and pray'r
" Attend their altars; and their aid implore.
" Or wou'dſt thou gain thy country's loud applauſe,
" Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
" Be thou the bold aſſertor of her cauſe;
" Her voice, in council; in the fight, her ſword.
" In peace, in war, purſue thy country's good:
" For her, bare thy bold breaſt; and pour thy generous blood.

XIV.

" Wou'dſt thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppreſt,
" In arts of war and matchleſs ſtrength excel?
" Firſt conquer thou thyſelf. To eaſe, to reſt,
" To each ſoft thought of pleaſure, bid farewel.
" The night alternate, due to ſweet repoſe,
" In watches waſte; in painful march, the day:
" Congeal'd, amidſt the rigorous winter's ſnows;
" Scorch'd, by the ſummer's thirſt-inflaming ray.
" Thy harden'd limbs ſhall boaſt ſuperior might:
" Vigour ſhall brace thine arm, reſiſtleſs in the fight."

XV. " Hear'ſt

XV.

" Hear'ſt thou, what monſters then thou muſt engage;
" What dangers, gentle youth, ſhe bids thee prove?
(Abrupt ſays Sloth) " ill fit thy tender age
" Tumult and wars; fit age, for joy and love.
" Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy!
" To theſe I lead: no monſters here ſhall ſtay
" Thine eaſy courſe; no cares thy peace annoy:
" I lead to bliſs a nearer, ſmoother way.
" Short is my way; fair, eaſy, ſmooth, and plain:
" Turn, gentle youth! With me eternal pleaſures reign."

XVI.

" What pleaſures, vain miſtaken wretch, are thine!
(Virtue with ſcorn reply'd:) " who ſleep'ſt in eaſe
" Inſenſate; whoſe ſoft limbs the toil decline
" That ſeaſons bliſs, and makes enjoyment pleaſe.
" Draining the copious bowl, ere thirſt require;
" Feaſting, ere hunger to the feaſt invite:
" Whoſe taſteleſs joys anticipate deſire;
" Whom luxury ſupplies with appetite:
" Yet Nature loaths; and you employ in vain
" Variety and art to conquer her diſdain.

XVII.

" The ſparkling nectar, cool'd with ſummer ſnows;
" The dainty board, with choiceſt viands ſpread;
" To thee are taſteleſs all! Sincere repoſe
" Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.

" For

" For thou art only tir'd with indolence:
" Nor is thy ſleep, with toil and labour bought:
" Th' imperfect ſleep that lulls thy languid ſenſe
" In dull oblivious interval of thought:
" That kindly ſteals th' inactive hours away
" From the long, ling'ring ſpace, that lengthens out the day.

XVIII.

" From bounteous nature's unexhauſted ſtores
" Flows the pure fountain of ſincere delights:
" Averſe to her, you waſte the joyleſs hours;
" Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
" Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove
" Hurl'd thee from heaven, th' immortals bliſsful place;
" For ever baniſh'd from the realms above,
" To dwell on earth, with man's degenerate race:
" Fitter abode! On earth alike diſgrac'd;
" Rejected by the wiſe, and by the fool embrac'd.

XIX.

" Fond wretch, that vainly weeneſt all delight
" To gratify the ſenſe reſerv'd for thee!
" Yet the moſt pleaſing object to the ſight,
" Thine own fair action, never didſt thou ſee.
" Tho' lull'd with ſofteſt ſounds thou lieſt along;
" Soft muſic, warbling voices, melting lays:
" Ne'er did'ſt thou hear, more ſweet than ſweeteſt ſong
" Charming the ſoul, thou ne'er didſt hear thy praiſe!
" No—to thy revels let the fool repair:
" To ſuch, go ſmooth thy ſpeech; and ſpread thy tempting
" ſnare.

XX. " Vaſt

XX.

" Vaſt happineſs enjoy thy gay allies!
" A youth of follies; and old age, of cares:
" Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wiſe;
" Vice waſtes their vigour, and their mind impairs.
" Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtleſs eaſe
" Reſerving woes for age their prime they ſpend;
" All wretched, hopeleſs, in the evil days
" With ſorrow to the verge of life they tend.
" Griev'd, with the preſent; of the paſt, aſham'd:
" They live, and are deſpis'd: they die, nor more are nam'd.

XXI.

" But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell:
" Me, his ſupreme delight, th' almighty Sire
" Regards well-pleas'd: whatever works excel,
" All or divine or human, I inſpire.
" Counſel with ſtrength, and induſtry with art,
" In union meet conjoin'd, with me reſide:
" My dictates arm, inſtruct, and mend the heart;
" The ſureſt policy, the wiſeſt guide.
" With me, true friendſhip dwells: ſhe deigns to bind
" Thoſe generous ſouls alone, whom I before have join'd.

XXII.

" Nor need my friends the various coſtly feaſt;
" Hunger to them th' effects of art ſupplies;
" Labour prepares their weary limbs to reſt;
" Sweet is their ſleep: light, chearful, ſtrong they riſe.

" Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleaſure and renown,
" They tread my paths; and by a ſoft deſcent,
" At length to age all gently ſinking down,
" Look back with tranſport on a life well-ſpent:
" In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away;
" In which, ſome generous deed diſtinguiſh'd every day.

XXIII.

" And when, the deſtin'd term at length compleat,
" Their aſhes reſt in peace; eternal Fame
" Sounds wide their praiſe: triumphant over fate,
" In ſacred ſong, for ever lives their name.
" This, Hercules, is happineſs! Obey
" My voice, and live. Let thy celeſtial birth
" Lift, and enlarge, thy thoughts. Behold the way
" That leads to fame; and raiſes thee from earth
" Immortal! Lo, I guide thy ſteps. Ariſe,
" Purſue the glorious path; and claim thy native ſkies."

XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celeſtial, and impart
New vigour to his ſoul; that ſudden caught
The generous flame: with great intent his heart
Swells full; and labours with exalted thought:
The miſt of error from his eyes diſpell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts in cleareſt light
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd, ſhe ſtood confeſs'd before his ſight:
Falſe Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that ſhone
So freſh erewhile, and fair: now wither'd, pale, and gone.

XXV.

No more, the roſy bloom in ſweet diſguiſe
Maſks her diſſembled looks: each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale ſickneſs clouds her eyes
Livid and ſunk, and paſſions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while diſplay'd
Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay;
While yet we gaze, the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently ſteal away:
Where ſhone the beauteous phantom erſt ſo bright,
Now lowers the low-hung cloud; all gloomy to the ſight.

XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging all the while
Diſclos'd new charms; more lovely, more ſerene
Beaming ſweet influence. A milder ſmile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
" Lead, goddeſs, I am thine! (tranſported cry'd
Alcides:) " O propitious pow'r, thy way
" Teach me! poſſeſs my ſoul; be thou my guide:
" From thee, O never, never let me ſtray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows addreſs'd;
With all the goddeſs fill'd, already glow'd his breaſt.

XXVII.

The heav'nly maid, with ſtrength divine endu'd
His daring ſoul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm conſtancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.

Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undiſmay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fierceſt monſters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
He free'd the earth: thro' her he gain'd the ſkies.
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the bleſt abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth; among the Gods, a God.

An ODE.

TO THE

People of GREAT-BRITAIN.

In Imitation of the Sixth ODE of the Third Book of HORACE.

Written in 1746.

I.

BRITON! the thunder of the wrath divine,
Due to thy fathers crimes, and long with-held from thine,
Shall burſt with tenfold rage on thy devoted head;
Unleſs with conſcious terrors aw'd,
By meek, heart-ſtruck repentance led,
Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God:
If haply yet thou may'ſt avert his ire;
And ſtay his arm out-ſtretch'd to launce the avenging fire.

II. Did

II.

Did not high God of old ordain,
When to thy graſp he gave the ſcepter of the main,
That empire in this favour'd land,
Fix'd on religion's ſolid baſe ſhould ſtand?
When from thy ſtruggling neck he broke
Th' inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
And free'd thee by a woman-hero's hand;
He then confirm'd the ſtrong decree:
" Briton, be virtuous and be free;
" Be truth, be ſanctity thy guide:
" Be humble: fear thy God; and fear thou none beſide."

III.

Oft has th' offended pow'r his riſing anger ſhown:
Led on by his avenging hand
Rebellion triumphs in the land: [thrown.
Twice have her barbarous ſons our war-train'd hoſts o'er-
They fell a cheap inglorious prey;
Th' ambitious victor's boaſt was half ſuppreſt,
While heav'n-bred fear, and wild diſmay,
Unman'd the warrior's heart, and reign'd in every breaſt.

IV.

Her arms to foreign lands Britannia bore;
Her arms, auſpicious now no more!
With frequent conqueſts where the ſires were crown'd;
The ſons ill-fated fell, and bit the hoſtile ground:

The tame, war-trading Belgian fled,
While in his cauſe the Briton bled:
The Gaul ſtood wond'ring at his own ſucceſs;
Oft did his hardieſt bands their wonted fears confeſs,
Struck with diſmay, and meditating flight;
While WILLIAM, with his Father's ardour fir'd,
Through all th' undaunted hoſt the generous flame inſpir'd!

V.

But heavier far the weight of ſhame
That ſunk Britannia's naval fame:
In vain ſhe ſpreads her once-victorious ſails:
Or fear, or raſhneſs, in her chiefs prevails;
And wildly theſe prevent, thoſe baſely ſhun the fight;
Content with humble praiſe, the foe
Avoids the long impending blow;
Improves the kind eſcape, and triumphs in his flight.

VI.

The monſtrous age, which ſtill increaſing years debaſe,
Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders new diſgrace,
Firſt, unreſtrained by honour, faith, or ſhame,
Confounding every ſacred name,
The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawleſs luſt profan'd:
Deriv'd from this polluted ſource
The dire corruption held its courſe
Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all the land.

VII.

The rip'ning maid is vers'd in every dangerous art,
That ill adorns the form while it corrupts the heart:
Practis'd to dreſs, to dance, to play,
In wanton maſk to lead the way,
To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye;
With folly's gayeſt partizans to vye
In empty noiſe and vain expence;
To celebrate with flaunting air
The midnight revels of the fair;
Studious of ev'ry praiſe, but virtue, truth, and ſenſe.

VIII.

Thus leſſon'd in intrigue her early thought improves,
Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves:
Soon the gay nymph in Cyprus' train ſhall rove
Free and at large amidſt th' Idalian grove;
Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
Maſk'd in the matron's ſober name,
With many a well-diſſembled wile
The kind, convenient huſband's care beguile:
More deeply vers'd in Venus' myſtic lore,
Yet for ſuch meaner arts too lofty and ſublime,
The proud, high-born, patrician whore,
Bears unabaſh'd her front; and glories in her crime.

IX.

Hither from city and from court
The votaries of love reſort;

The rich, the great, the gay, and the ſevere;
The penſion'd architect of laws;
The patriot, loud in virtue's cauſe;
Proud of imputed worth, the peer:
Regardleſs of his faith, his country, or his name,
He pawns his honour and eſtate;
Nor reckons at how dear a rate
He purchaſes diſeaſe, and ſervitude, and ſhame.

X.

Not from ſuch daſtard ſires, to every virtue loſt,
Sprung the brave youth which Britain once could boaſt:
Who curb'd the Gaul's uſurping ſway,
Who ſwept th' unnumber'd hoſts away,
In Agincourt, and Creſſy's glorious plain;
Who dy'd the ſeas with Spaniſh blood,
Their vainly-vaunted fleets ſubdu'd,
And ſpread the mighty wreck o'er all the vanquiſh'd main.

XI.

No;—'twas a generous race, by worth tranſmiſſive known:
In their bold breaſt their fathers ſpirit glow'd;
In their pure veins their mothers virtue flow'd:
They made hereditary praiſe their own.
The ſire his emulous offspring led
The rougher paths of fame to tread;
The matron train'd their ſpotleſs youth
In honour, ſanctity, and truth;
Form'd by th' united parents care,
The ſons, tho' bold, were wiſe; the daughters chaſte, tho' fair.

XII.

How Time, all-waſting, ev'n the worſt impairs,
And each foul age to dregs ſtill fouler runs!
Our ſires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
Left us, ſtill more degenerate heirs,
To ſpawn a baſer brood of monſter-breeding ſons.

PSYCHE: or the GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

A POEM, written in Imitation of SPENSER.

I.

WHERE early Phœbus ſheds his milder beams,
The happy gardens of Adonis lay:
There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth beſeems.
Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were grey;
Round him in ſweet accord the Seaſons play
With fruits and bloſſoms meint, in goodly gree;
And dancing hand in hand rejoice the lea.
Sick gardens now no mortal wight can ſee,
Ne mote they in my ſimple verſe deſcriven be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords;
Thoſe many trees bluſh forth with ripen'd fruite;
The bluſhing fruite to feaſt invites the birds;
The birds with plenteous feaſts their ſtrength recruite;

And warble ſongs more ſweet than ſhepherd's flute.
The gentle ſtream that roll'd the ſtones among,
Charm'd with the place, almoſt forgot its ſuite;
But liſt'ning and reſponding to the ſong,
Loit'ring, and winding often, murmured elong.

III.

Here Panacea, here Nepenthe grew,
Here Polygon, and each ambroſial weed;
Whoſe vertues could decayed health renew,
And, anſwering exhauſted nature's need,
Mote eath a mortal to immortal feed.
Here lives Adonis in unfading youth;
Celeſtial Venus grants him that rich meed,
And him ſucceſſive evermore renew'th,
In recompence for all his faithful love and truth.

IV.

Not ſhe, I ween, the wanton queen of love,
All buxom as the waves from whence ſhe roſe,
With her twin ſons, who idly round her rove,
One Eros hight, the other Anteros;
Albeit brothers, different as foes:
This ſated, ſullen, apt for bickerment;
That hungry, eager, fit for derring-does.
That flies before, with ſcorching flames ybrent;
This foll'wing douts thoſe flames with peeviſh diſcontent.

V. Celeſtial

V.

Celeſtial Venus does ſuch ribaulds ſhun,
Ne dare they in her purlues to be ſeen;
But Cupid's torch, fair mother's faireſt ſon,
Shines with a ſteady unconſuming ſheen;
Not fierce, yet bright, coldneſs and rage between.
The backs of lyons felloneſt he ſtrod;
And lyons tamely did themſelves amene;
On nature's wild full ſov'reignly he rod;
Wild natures, chang'd, confeſs'd the mild puiſſant god.

VI.

A beauteous Fay, or heav'n-deſcended ſpright,
Sprung from her ſire, withouten female's aid,
(As erſt Minerva did) and Pſyche hight,
In that incloſure happy ſojourn made.
No art ſome heel'd uncomelyneſs betray'd,
But nature wrought her many-colour'd ſtole;
Ne tarniſh'd like an Æthiopian maid,
Scorch'd with the ſuns that ore her beauties roll;
Ne faded like the dames who bleach beneath the pole.

VII.

Nor ſhame, nor pride of borrow'd ſubſtance wrought
Her gay embroidery and ornament:
But ſhe who gave the gilded inſect's coat
Spun the ſoft ſilk, and ſpread the various teint:

The gilded inſect's colours yet were feint
To thoſe which nature for this fairy wove.
Our grannums thus with diff'rent dies beſprent,
Adorn'd in naked majeſty the grove,
Charm'd our great ſires, and warm'd our frozen clime to love.

VIII.

On either ſide, and all adown her back,
With many a ring at equal diſtance plac'd,
Contrary to the reſt, was heben black,
With ſhades of green, quick changing as ſhe paſs'd,
All were on ground-work of bright gold orecaſt.
The black gave livelood to the greeniſh hue,
The green ſtill deep'd the heben ore it lac'd;
The gold, that peep'd atween and then withdrew,
Gave luſtre to them both, and charm'd the wond'ring view.

IX.

It ſeem'd like arras, wrought with cunning ſkill,
Where kindly meddle colours, light, and ſhade:
Here flows the flood; there riſing wood or hill
Breaks off its courſe; gay verdure dies the mead.
The ſtream, depeinten by the glitt'rand braid,
Emong the hills now winding ſeems to hide;
Now ſhines unlook'd for thro' the op'ning glade,
Now in full torrent pours its golden tyde;
Hills, woods, and meads refreſh'd, rejoicing by its ſide.

X. Her

X.

Her Cupid lov'd, whom Pſyche lov'd again.
He, like her parent and her belamour,
Sought how ſhe mote in ſickerneſs remain,
From all malengine ſafe, and evil ſtour.
" Go tender coſſet, ſaid he, forray ore
" Theſe walks and lawnds; thine all theſe buſkets are;
" Thine ev'ry ſhrub, thine ev'ry fruite and flower:
" But 'oh! I charge thee, love, the roſe forbear;
" For prickles ſharp do arm the dang'rous roſiere.

XI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will baniſh love:
" I charge thee, Pſyche, then the roſe forbear.
" When faint and ſick, thy languors to remove,
" To yon ambroſial ſhrubs and plants repair;
" Thou weeteſt not what med'cines in them are:
" What wonders follow their repeated uſe
" N'ote thy weak ſenſe conceive, ſhould I declare;
" Their labour'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
" New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new worlds [produce.

XII.

" Thy term of tryal paſt with conſtancy,
" That wimpling ſlough ſhall fall like filth away;
" On pinions broad, uplifted to the ſky,
" Thou ſhalt, aſtert, thy ſtranger ſelf ſurvey.

" Together,

" Together, Pſyche, will we climb and play;
" Together wander through the fields of air,
" Beyond where ſuns and moons mete night and day.
" I charge thee, O my love, the roſe forbear,
" If thou wouldſt ſcathe avoid. Pſyche, forewarn'd, beware!

XIII.

" How ſweet thy words to my enchanted ear!
(With grateful, modeſt confidence ſhe ſaid)
" If Cupid ſpeak, I could for ever hear:
" Truſt me, my love, thou ſhalt be well obey'd.
" What rich purveyance for me haſt thou made,
" The prickly roſe alone denied! the reſt
" In full indulgence giv'n! 'twere to upbraid
" To doubt compliance with this one requeſt:
" How ſmall, and yet how kind, Cupid, is thy beheaſt!

XIV.

" And is that kindneſs made an argument
" To raiſe me ſtill to higher ſcenes of bliſs?
" Is the acceptance of thy goodneſs meant
" Merit in me for farther happineſs?
" No merit and no argument, I wiſs,
" Is there beſides in me unworthy maid:
" Thy gift the very love I bear thee is.
" Truſt me, my love, thou ſhalt be well obey'd;
" To doubt compliance here, Cupid, were to upbraid."

XV. With-

XV.

Withouten counterfeſance thus ſhe ſpoke;
Unweeting of her frailty. Light uproſe
Cupid on eaſy wings: yet tender look,
And oft reverted eye on her beſtows;
Fearfull, but not diſtruſtful of her vows.
And mild regards ſhe back reflects on him:
With aching eye purſues him as he goes;
With aching heart marks each diminiſh'd limb;
Till indiſtinct, diffus'd, and loſt in air he ſeem.

XVI.

He went to ſet the watches of the eaſt,
That none mote ruſh in with the tyde of wind:
He went to Venus to make fond requeſt
From fleſhly ferm to looſen Pſyche's mind,
And her eftſoons tranſmew. She forelore pin'd;
And mov'd for ſolace to the glaſſy lake,
To view the charms that had his heart entwin'd.
She ſaw, and bluſh'd and ſmil'd; then inly ſpake:
" Theſe charms I cannot chuſe but love, for Cupid's ſake."

XVII.

But ſea-born Venus 'gan with envy ſtir
At bruite of their great happineſs; and ſought
How ſhe might wreak her ſpight: then call'd to her
Her ſons, and op'd what rankled in her thought;

Aſking

Aſking who'd venture ore the mounds to vau't
To breed them ſcathe unwares; to damp the joy
Of bliſsful Venus, or to bring to nought
The liefeſt purpoſe of her darling boy,
Or urge them both their minion Pſyche to deſtroy.

XVIII.

Eros recul'd, and noul'd the work atchieve.
" Behold is th' attempt, ſaid he, averſe from love:
" If love inſpires I could derreign to reave
" His ſpear from Mars, his levin-brond from Jove."
Him Anteros, ſneb'd ſurly. " Galleſs dove!
" Than love's, ſpight's mightier proweſs underſtond:
" If ſpight inſpires I dare all dangers prove:
" And if ſucceſsful, ſtand the levin-brond,
" When hurlen angry forth from Jove's avenging hond."

XIX.

He ſaid, and deffly t'wards the gardens flew;
Horribly ſmiling at his foul empriſe.
When, nearer ſtill and nearer as he drew,
Unſufferable brightneſs wounds his eyes
Forth beaming from the cryſtal walls; he tries
Arrear to move, averted from the blaze.
But now no longer the pure æther buoys
His groſſer body's diſproportion'd peaze;
Down drops, plumb from his tow'ring path, the treachor baſe.

XX. So

XX.

So ore Avernus, or the Lucrine lake,
The wiſtleſs bird purſues his purpos'd flight:
Whether by vapours noy'd that thenceforth break,
Or elſe deſerted by an air too light,
Down tumbles the fowl headlong from his height.
So Anteros aſtonied fell to ground,
Provok'd, but not accoid at his ſtraunge plight.
He roſe, and wending coaſts it round and round
To find unguarded paſs, hopeleſs to leap the mound.

XXI.

As on the margin of a ſtream he ſtood,
Slow rolling from that paradiſe within,
A ſnake's out-caſe untenanted he view'd:
Seizing the ſpoil, albeit it worthleſs been,
He darts himſelf into the vacant ſkin.
In borrow'd gear, th' exulting loſel glides,
Whoſe faded hues with joy fluſh bright again;
Triumphant ore the buoyant flood he rides;
And ſhoots th' important gulph, borne on the gentle tydes.

XXII.

So ſhone the brazen gates of Babylon;
Armies in vain her muniments aſſail:
So ſtrong, no engines could them batter down:
So high, no ladders could the ramparts ſcale;

So flank'd with tow'rs, beſiegers n'ote avail;
So wide, ſufficient harveſts they encloſe:
But where might yields, there ſtratagems prevail.
Faithleſs Euphrates thro' the city flows,
And through his channel pours the unexpected foes.

XXIII.

He ſails along in many a wanton ſpire;
Now floats at length, now proudly rears his creſt:
His ſparkling eyes and ſcales, inſtinct with fire,
With ſplendor as he moves, the waves ore keſt:
And the waves gleam beneath his flaming breaſt.
As through the battle, ſet in full array,
When the ſun walks in radiant brightneſs dreſs'd;
His beams that on the burniſh'd helmets play,
The burniſh'd helms reflect, and ſpread unuſual day.

XXIV.

So on he fares, and ſtately wreaths about,
In ſemblaunce like a ſeraph glowing bright;
But without terror flaſh'd his lightning out,
More to be wonder'd at, than to affright.
The backward ſtream ſoon led the maſker right
To the broad lake, where hanging ore the flood
(Narciſſus like, enamour'd with the ſight
Of his own beauties) the fond Pſyche ſtood,
To mitigate the pains of lonely widowhood.

XXV. Un-

XXV.

Unkenn'd of her, he raught th' embroider'd bank;
And through the tangled flourets weft aſide
To where a roſiere by the river dank,
Luxuriant grew in all its blowing pride,
Not far from Pſyche; arm'd with ſcaly hide
He clamb the thorns, which no impreſſion make;
His glitt'ring length, with all its folds untied,
Plays floating ore the buſh: then ſilence brake,
And thus the nymph, aſtoniſh'd at his ſpeech, beſpake.

XXVI.

" O faireſt, and moſt excellent compleat
" In all perfections, ſov'reign queen of nature!
" The whole creation bowing at thy feet
" Submiſſive pays thee homage! wond'rous creature,
" If ought created thou! for every feature
" Speaks thee a goddeſs iſſued from the ſkie;
" Oh! let not me offend, unbidden waiter,
" At aweful diſtance gazing thus!—But why
" Should gazing thus offend? or how unbidden I?

XXVII.

" The ſun that wakes thoſe flourets from their beds,
" Or opes theſe buds by his ſoft influence,
" Is not offended that they peep their heads,
" And ſhew they feel his pow'r by their quick ſenſe,

" Off'ring at his command, their ſweet incenſe;
" Thus I, drawn here, by thy enliv'ning rays,
" (Call not intruſion my obedience!)
" Perforce, yet willing thrall, am come to gaze,
" To pay my homage meet, and baſk in beauty's blaze."

XXVIII.

Amaz'd ſhe ſtood, nor could recover ſoon:
From contemplation ſuddenly abraid:
Starting at ſpeech unuſual; yet the tune
Struck ſootly on her ear, and concert made
With her own thoughts. Nor with leſs pleaſure ſtray'd
Her eyes delighted o'er his gloſſy ſkin;
Yet frighted at the thorn on which he play'd:
Pleaſure with horror mixt! ſhe hung between
Suſpended; yields, recoils, uncertain where to lin.

XXIX.

At length ſhe ſpoke: " Reptile, no charms I know
" Such as you mention: yet what e'er they are,
" (And nill I leſſen what the gods beſtow)
" Their is the gift, and be the tribute their!
" For them theſe beauties I improve with care,
" Intent to them alone from eve to morn.
" But reed me, reptile, whence this wonder rare,
" That thou haſt ſpeech, as if to reaſon born?
" And how, unhurt you ſport on that forbidden thorn?"

XXX. " Say,

XXX.

" Say, why forbidden thorn? the foe replied:
" To every reptile, every inſect free,
" Has malice harſh to thee alone denied
" The fragrance of the roſe enjoy'd by me?"
" —'Twas love, not malice, form'd the kind decree,
(Half-wroth, ſhe cried:) " Thine all theſe buſkets are,
" Thine fruit and flow'r, were Cupid's words to me:
" But oh! I charge thee, love, the roſe forbear;
" For prickles ſharp to arm the dang'rous roſiere.

XXXI.

" Prickles will pain, and pain will baniſh love:
" I charge thee, Pſyche, then the roſe forbear.
" When faint and ſick, thy languors to remove,
" To yon ambroſial ſhrubs, and plants repair;
" Thou weeteſt not what med'cines in them are.
" What wonders follow their repeated uſe
" N'ote thy weak ſenſe conceive, ſhould I declare:
" Their labour'd balm, and well-concocted juice,
" New life, new forms, new thews, new joys, new worlds
" produce.

XXXII.

" Thy term of tryal paſt with conſtancy,
" Thy wimpling ſlough ſhall fall like filth away;
" On pinions broad up-lifted to the ſkie,
" Thou ſhalt, aſſert, thy ſtranger ſelf ſurvey.

" Together, Pſyche, will we climb and play;
" Together wander through the fields of air,
" Beyond where ſuns and moons mete night and day.
" I charge thee, O my love, the roſe forbear,
" If thou wouldſt ſcathe avoid, Pſyche, forewarn'd, beware!

XXXIII.

Out burſt the frannion into open laugh:
She bluſh'd, and frown'd at his uncivil mirth.
Then, ſoften'd to a ſmile, as hiding half
What mote offend if boldly utter'd forth,
He ſeem'd t' aſſay to give his anſwer birth:
But ſtop'd; and chang'd his ſmiles to looks of ruth.
" Is this (quoth he) fit guerdon for thy worth?
" Does Cupid thus impoſe upon thy youth?
" Dwells then in heav'n ſuch envy, void of love and truth?

XXXIV.

" Is this the inſtance of his tenderneſs,
" To envy Pſyche what to worms is given?
" To cut her off from preſent happineſs
" With feign'd reverſion of a promis'd heav'n?
" By threat'nings falſe from true enjoyments driven!
" How innocent the thorn to touch, he knows:
" Where are my wounds? or where th' avenging levin?
" How ſoftly bluſh theſe colours of the roſe?
" How ſweet (and div'd into the flow'r) its fragrance flows?

XXXV. " Diſad-

XXXV.

" Diſadvantageous are thy terms of tryal;
" No longer Pſyche then the roſe forbear.
" What is to recompence the harſh denyal,
" But dreams of wand'ring thro' the fields of air,
" And joys, I know not what, I know not where!
" As eath, on leafy pinions borne the tree
" Mote ruſh into the ſkies, and flutter there,
" As thou ſoar yon, and quit thy due degree:
" Thou for this world wert made: this world was made for thee.

XXXVI.

" In vain you'd fly to yonder ſhrubs and plants;
" Bitter their taſte, and worthleſs their effect:
" Here is the polychreſt for all thy wants;
" No panacea, like the roſe, expect.
" Mute as my fellow-brutes, as them abject
" And reaſonleſs was I, till haply woke
" By taſting of the roſe, (O weak neglect
" In thee the while!) the dawn of ſapience broke
" On my admiring ſoul, I reaſon'd, and I ſpoke.

XXXVII.

" Nor this the only change; for ſoon I found
" The briſker ſpirits flow in fuller tyde;
" And more than uſual luſtre ſpread around;
" Such virtue has the roſe, in me well tried.

" But wiſe, I ween, thy lover has denied
" Its uſe to thee; I join him too: beware
" The dang'rous roſe.—For ſuch thy beauty's pride
" 'Twere death to gaze on, if improv'd!—Forbear
" To ſharp that wit, too keen!—Touch not the roſiere."

XXXVIII.

Uncheckt, indulg'd, her growing paſſions riſe:
Wonder, to ſee him ſafe, and hear his telling;
Ambition vain, to be more fair and wiſe;
And rage, at Cupid's miſconceiv'd falſe dealing:
Various the guſts, but, all one way impelling,
She plung'd into the boſom of the tree,
And ſnatch'd the roſe, no dreaded pain or quelling.
Off drops the ſnake, nor farther ſtaid to ſee;
But ruſh'd into the flood, and vaniſh'd preſently.

XXXIX.

Full many a thorn her tender body rent;
Full many a thorn within the wounds remain,
And throbbing cauſe continual dreriment:
While gory drops her dainty form diſtain.
She wiſhes her loſt innocence again,
And her loſt peace, loſt charms, loſt love to find;
But ſhame upbraids her with a wiſh ſo vain:
Deſpair ſucceeded, and averſion blind;
Pain fills her tortur'd ſenſe, and horror clouds her mind.

XL. Her

XL.

Her bleeding, faint, diſorder'd, woe-begon,
Stretcht on the bank beſide the fatal thorn,
Venus who came to ſeek her with her ſon,
Beheld. She ſtop'd: And albe heav'nly born,
Ruthful of others woe, began to mourn.
The loſs of Venus' ſmiles ſick nature found:
As froſt-nipt drops the bloom, the birds forelorn
Sit huſh'd, the faded ſun ſpreads dimneſs round;
The clatt'ring thunders craſh, and earthquakes rock the ground.

XLI.

Then arming with a killing frown her brow;
" Die, poor unhappy"—Cupid ſuppliant broke
Th' unfiniſh'd ſentence; and with dueful bow
Beg'd her to doff the keenneſs of her look,
Which Nature feeling to her center ſhook.
" Then how ſhould Pſyche bear it? Spare the maid;
" 'Tis plain that Anteros his ſpight has wroke:
" Shall vengeance due to him, on her be laid?
" Oh! let me run, and reach th' ambroſial balms," he ſaid.

XLII.

" Ah what would Cupid aſk?" the queen replies;
" Can all thoſe balms reſtore her peace again?
" Wouldſt thou a wretched life immortalize;
" Wouldſt thou protract by potent herbs, her pain?

" Love bids her die; thy cruel wiſh reſtrain——
" Why then (quoth he) in looms of fate were wove
" The lives of thoſe, in long ſucceſſive train,
" From her to ſpring, thro' yon bright tracts to rove?
" Due to the ſkyes, and meant to ſhine in fields above?

XLIII.

" Say, would thy goodneſs envy them the light
" Appointed for them, or the good prevent
" Foreſeen from them to flow? eracing quite
" The whole creation thro' avengement?
" One only ſpecies from its order rent,
" The whole creation ſhrivels to a ſhade.——
" —Better all vaniſh'd, ſaid ſhe, than be meint
" In wild confuſion; through free will miſled,
" And tempted to go wrong from puniſhment delay'd."

XLIV.

" Let me that exemplary vengeance bear,
(Benign return'd her amiable ſon:)
" Juſtice on her would loſe its aim; ſevere
" In vain, productive of no good; for none
" Could by that deſolating blow be won.
" So falls each generous purpoſe of the will
" Correct, extinguiſh'd by abortion:
" Whence juſtice would its own intendments ſpill;
" And cut off vertue, by the ſtroke meant vice to kill.

XLV. " Yet

XLV.

" Yet leſt impunity ſhould forehead give
" To vice, in me let guilt adopted find
" A victim; here awhile vouchſafe me live
" Thy proof of juſtice, mixt with mercy kind!"
" —Oh! ſtrange requeſt (quoth ſhe) of pity blind!
" How ſhouldſt thou ſuffer, who didſt ne'er offend?
" How canſt thou bear to be from me diſloin'd?
" To wander here, where nature 'gins to wend
" To waſte and wilderneſs, and pleaſures have an end?"

XLVI.

" You, Venus, ſuffer, (ſaid ſhe) when you ſtrike
" Not for your own, but others foul offence:
" Why not permitted I to do the like,
" When greater good, I ſee, will coul from thence?
" That greater good orepays all puniſhments;
" And makes my ſuff'rings, pleaſure: if they prove
" A means to conquer Anteros, diſpenſe
" Healings to Pſyche's wounds, regain her love,
" And lead her, with her happy ſons, to realms above."

XLVII.

" To thy intreaties Pſyche's life I give,
(Replied th' indulgent mother to her ſon:)
" But yet deform'd, and miniſh'd let her live;
" 'Till thou ſhalt grant a better change foredone;

" Nor

" Nor ſhall that change, but thro' death gates be won.
" This meed be thine, ore her and hers to reign!
" Already Nature puts her horrors on:
" Away!—I to my bow'r of bliſs again!
" Thou to thy taſk of love, and voluntary pain."

XLVIII.

She went; and like a ſhifted ſtage, the ſcene
Vaniſh'd at once; th' ambroſial plants were loſt;
The jarring ſeaſons brought on various teen;
Each ſought, each ſeeking, each by other croſt.
Young ſpring to ſummer flies from winter's froſt;
While ſweltry ſummer thirſts for autumn's bowl,
Which autumn holds to winter; winter toſt
With ſcorn away, young ſpring inflames his ſoul:
Still craving, never pleas'd, thus round and round they roll.

XLIX.

Th' inclement airs bind up the ſluggiſh ſoil;
The ſluggiſh ſoil the toilſome hand requires:
Yet thankleſs pays with ſour harſh fruits the toil;
Ne willing yields, but ragged thorns and briers.
Birds, birds purſue; as hunger's rage inſpires:
Their ſweeteſt ſongs are now but ſongs of woe.
Here from th' encroaching ſhore the wave retires;
There hoarſe floods roar; impetuous torrents flow;
Invade the land, and the ſcarce harveſts overthrow.

L.

Stretcht on the bank eftſoons th' inviting form
Of Pſyche faded; brac'd up lank and ſlim,
Her dwindled body ſhrunk into a worm:
Her make new-moulded, chang'd in ev'ry limb;
Her colours only left, all pale and dim:
Doom'd in a caterpillar's ſhape to lout.
Her paſſions ill ſuch worthleſs thing beſeem;
Pride, rage, and vanity to baniſh out,
She creeping crawls, and drags a loathſome length about.

LI.

How Cupid waſh'd her noiſome filth away;
What arts he tried to win her love again;
By what wiles guileful Ant'ros did aſſay,
By leaſing, ſtill her recreant to maintain,
And render Cupid's kindly labours vain:
Their combat, Cupid's conqueſt, Pſyche's crown,
(My day's ſet taſk here ended) muſt remain
Unſung; far nobler verſe mote they renown:
Unyoke the toiled ſteers, the weary ſun goes down.

JOVI ELEUTHERIO.

Or, an OFFERING to

LIBERTY.

Quiſnam igitur liber? Sapiens, ſibique imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; et in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.

HOR. Serm. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

HAIL LIBERTY! whoſe preſence glads th' abode
Of heav'n itſelf, great attribute of God!
By thee ſuſtain'd, th' unbounded ſpirit runs,
Moulds orbs on orbs, and lights up ſuns on ſuns;
By thee ſuſtain'd, in love unwearied lives,
And uncontroul'd creates, ſupports, forgives:
No pow'r, or time, or ſpace his will withſtood;
Almighty! endleſs! infinite in good!
" If ſo, why not communicate the bliſs,
" And let man know what this great bleſſing is?"
Say what proportion, creature, wouldſt thou claim;
As thy Creator's, in extent, the ſame!

Unleſs

Unleſs his other attributes were join'd
To poiſe the will, and regulate the mind,
Goodneſs to aim, and wiſdom to direct,
What mighty miſchiefs muſt we thence expect?
The maker knows his work; nor judg'd it fit
To truſt the raſh reſolves of human wit:
Which prone to hurt, too blind to help, is ſtill
Alike pernicious, mean it good or ill.

A whim, t' improvements making fond pretence,
Would burſt a ſyſtem in experiments;
Sparrows and Cats indeed no more ſhould fear,
But Saturn tremble in his diſtant ſphere:
Give thee but footing in another world,
Say, Archimedes, where ſhould we be hurl'd?

A ſprightly wit, with liquor in his head,
Would burn a globe to light him drunk to bed:
Th' Epheſian temple had eſcap'd the flame,
And heav'n's high dome had built the madman's fame.

The ſullen might (when malice boil'd within)
Strike out the ſtars to intimate his ſpleen:
Not poppy-heads had ſpoke a Tarquin croſt;
Nature's chief ſpring had broke, and all been loſt.

Nor leſs deſtructive would this licenſe prove,
Tho' thy breaſt flam'd with univerſal love.
In vain were thy benevolence of ſoul;
Soon would thy folly diſconcert the whole.
No rains, or ſnows, ſhould diſcompoſe the air;
But flow'rs and ſun-ſhine drain the weary year:

No clouds ſhould ſully the clear face of day;
No tempeſts riſe,—to blow a plague away.
Mercy ſhould reign untir'd, unſtain'd with blood;
Spare the frail guilty,—to eat up the good:
In their defence, riſe, ſacred Juſtice, riſe!
Awake the thunder ſleeping in the ſkies,
Sink a corrupted city in a minute:
—Wo! to the righteous ten who may be in it.
Pick out the bad, and ſweep them all away!
—So leave their babes, to cats and dogs a prey.

Such pow'r without God's wiſdom and his will,
Were only an omnipotence of ill.
Suited to man can we ſuch pow'r eſteem!
Fiends would be harmleſs, if compar'd with him.

Say then, ſhall all his attributes be given?
His eſſence follows, and his throne of heav'n;
His very unity. Proud wretch! ſhall he
Un-god himſelf, to make a god of thee?

How wide, ſuch luſt of liberty confounds!
Would leſs content thee, prudent mark the bounds!
" Thoſe which th' almighty Monarch firſt deſign'd,
" When his great image ſeal'd the human mind;
" When to the beaſts the fruitful earth was given;
" To fiſh the ocean, and to birds their heaven;
" And all to man: whom full creation, ſtor'd,
" Receiv'd as its proprietor, and lord.
" Ere earth, whoſe ſpacious tract unmeaſur'd ſpreads,
" Was ſlic'd by acres and by roods to ſhreds:

" When

" When trees and ſtreams were made a general good;
" And not as limits, meanly to exclude:
" When all to all belong'd; ere pow'r was told
" By number'd troops, or wealth by counted gold:
" Ere kings, or prieſts, their tyranny began;
" Or man was vaſſal'd to his fellow-man."

O halcyon ſtate! when man begun to live!
A bleſſing, worthy of a god to give!
When on th' unſpotted mind his Maker drew
The heav'nly characters, correct and true.
All uſeful knowlege, from that ſource, ſupply'd;
No blindneſs ſprung from ignorance, or pride:
All proper bleſſings, from that hand, beſtow'd;
No miſchiefs, or for want, or fulneſs, flow'd:
The quick'ning paſſions gave a pleaſing zeſt;
While thankful man ſubmitted to be bleſt.
Simplicity, was wiſdom; temperance, health:
Obedience, pow'r; and full contentment, wealth.
So happy once, was man! till the vain elf
Shook off his guide, and ſet up for himſelf.
Smit with the charms of independency,
He ſcorns protection, raging to be free.
Now, ſelf-expos'd, he feels his naked ſtate;
Shrinks with the blaſt, or melts before the heat:
And blindly wanders, as his fancy leads,
To ſtarve on waſtes, or feaſt on pois'nous weeds.
Now to the ſavage beaſts an obvious prey;
Or crafty men, more ſavage ſtill than they:

No leſs imprudent to his breaſt to take
The friend unfaithful, or th' envenom'd ſnake;
Equally fatal, whether on the Nile,
Or in the city, weeps the crocodile.

Nor yet leſs blindly deviates learned pride;
In Ætna burn'd, or drown'd amid the tide:
Boaſts of ſuperior ſenſe; then raves to ſee
(When contradicted) fools leſs wiſe than he.
Mates with his great Creator; vainly bold
To make new ſyſtems, or to mend the old.
Shapes out a Deity; doubts, then denies:
And drunk with ſcience, curſes God and dies.

Not heav'nly wiſdom, only, is with-held,
But the free bounty of the ſelf-ſown field:
No more, as erſt, from Nature's ready feaſt,
Riſes the ſatisfy'd, but temp'rate gueſt:
Caſt wild abroad, no happy mean preſerves;
By choice he ſurfeits, by conſtraint he ſtarves:
Toils life away upon the ſtubborn plain,
T' extort from thence the ſlow reluctant grain;
The ſlow reluctant grain, procur'd to-day,
His leſs induſtrious neighbour ſteals away:
Hence fiſts and clubs the village-peace confound,
Till ſword and cannon ſpread the ruin round;
For time and art but bring from bad to worſe:
Unequal lots ſucceed unequal force,
Each lot a ſeveral curſe. Hence rich, and poor:
This pines, and dies neglected at the door;

While gouts and fevers wait the loaded meſs,
And take full vengeance for the poor's diſtreſs.

No more the paſſions are the ſprings of life;
But ſeeds of vice, and elements of ſtrife:
Love, ſocial love, t'extend to all deſign'd,
Back to its fountain flows; to ſelf, confin'd.
Source of misfortunes! the fond huſband's wrong;
The maid diſhonour'd, and deſerted young!
The miſchief ſpreads; when vengeance for the luſt
Unpeoples realms, and calls the ruin juſt.
Hence, Troy, thy fate! the blood of thouſands ſpilt,
And orphans mourning for unconſcious guilt.
Thus love deſtroys, for kinder purpoſe giv'n;
And man corrupts the bleſſings meant by heav'n;
Self-injur'd, let us cenſure HIM no more:
Ambition makes us ſlaves, and av'rice poor.

What arts the wild diſorder ſhall controul,
And render peace with virtue to the ſoul?
Out-reaſon intereſt, ballance prejudice;
Give paſſion ears, and blinded error eyes?
Arm the weak hand with conqueſt, and protect
From guile, the heart too honeſt to ſuſpect?
For this, mankind, by ſad experience taught,
Again their ſafety in dependence ſought:
Preſs'd to the ſtandard, ſued before the throne;
And durſt rely on wiſdom not their own.
Hence Saturn rul'd in peace th' Auſonian plains,
While Salian ſongs to virtue won the ſwains,

But pois'nous ſtreams muſt flow from pois'ned ſprings:
The prieſts were mortal, and mere men the kings.
What aid from monarchs, mighty to enſlave?
What good from teachers, cunning to deceive?
Allegiance gives defenſive arms away;
And faith uſurps imperial reaſon's ſway.

Let civil Rome, from faithful records, tell
What royal bleſſings from her Nero fell.
When thoſe, prefer'd all grievance to redreſs,
Bought of their prince a licence to oppreſs:
When uncorrupted merit found no place,
But left the trade of honour to the baſe.
See induſtry, by draining impoſts curſt,
Starve in the harveſt, in the vintage thirſt!
In vain for help th' inſulted matron cries,
'Twas death in huſbands to have ears and eyes:
Fatal were beauty, virtue, wealth, or fame:
No man in aught a property could claim;
No, not his ſex: ſtrange arts the monſter try'd;
And Sporus, ſpight of nature, was his bride.
Unhurt by foes proud Rome for ages ſtands,
Secure from all, but her protector's hands.
Recall your pow'rs, ye Romans, back again;
Unmake the monarch, and ne'er fear the man.
Naked, and ſcorn'd, ſee where the abject flies!
And once un-cæſar'd, ſoon the fidler dies.

Next, holy Rome, thy happineſs declare;
While peace and truth watch round the ſacred chair.

Peace!

Peace!—which from racks and perſecution flows!
Myſterious truths!—which every ſenſe oppoſe!
That God made man, was all th' unlearn'd could reach;
That man makes God th' enlighten'd fathers teach.
Men, blind and partial, need a light divine:
Which popes new trim, and teach it how to ſhine.
Rude nature dreads accuſing guilt, unknown
The balmy doctrine, that dead ſaints atone:
The careful pontiff, merciful to ſave,
Hoards up a fund of merit from the grave;
And righteous hands the equal balance hold,
Nor weigh it out but to juſt ſums of gold.
Sole judge, he deals his pardon, or his curſe;
Not heav'n itſelf the ſentence can reverſe:
Grac'd with his ſcepter, awful with his rod,
This man of ſin uſurps the ſeat of God;
Diſarm'd and unador'd th' Almighty lies,
And quits to ſaints his incenſe, and his ſkies:
No more the object of our fears, or hope;
The creature, and the vaſſal of the pope.
"From fanes and cities ſcar'd, fly ſwift away!"
—To the rude Lybian in his wilds a prey.
"The blood-ſtain'd ſword from the fell tyrant wreſt!"
—Thouſands unſheath'd ſhall threat thy naked breaſt.
"The dogmatiſts imperious aid diſdain!"
—So ſink in brutiſh ignorance again.
"Is there no medium? muſt we victims fall
"To one man's LUST, or to the RAGE of all?

" Is reaſon doom'd a certain ſlave to be,
" To our blind PASSIONS, or a prieſt's DECREE ?"
Hail happy Albion! whoſe diſtinguiſh'd plains
This temp'rate mean, ſo dearly earn'd, maintains!
Senates, (the will of individuals check'd)
The ſtrength and prudence of the realm collect,
Each yields to all; that each may thence receive
The full aſſiſtance, which the whole can give.
For this, thy patriots lawleſs pow'r withſtood,
And bought their children's charter with their blood;
While reverend years, and various letter'd age,
Diſpaſſion'd open the myſterious page;
Not one alone the various judgment ſways,
But prejudice the general voice obeys:
For this, thy martyrs wak'd the bloody ſtrife,
Aſſerting truth with brave contempt of life.
Oh OXFORD! let deliver'd Britain know
From thy fam'd ſeats her ſeveral bleſſings flow.
Th' accouter'd barons, and aſſiſting knights,
In thee prepar'd for council, or for fights,
Plan'd and obtain'd her [a] civil liberty:
Truth found her fearleſs [b] witneſſes in thee;

[a] *By the Oxford proviſions, A. D.* 1258; *at which time the commons are ſuppoſed firſt to have obtained the privilege of repreſentatives in parliament.*

[b] *In the impriſonment, diſputes, and ſufferings of our firſt reformers, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, at Oxford, A. D.* 1554—6.

When

When, try'd as gold, ſaints, from thy tott'ring pyres,
Roſe up to heav'n, Elijah-like, in fires!
Peace to thy walls! and honour to thy name!
May age to age record thy gathering fame!
While thy ſtill favour'd ſeats pour forth their youth,
Brave advocates of liberty and truth!
In fair ſucceſſion riſe to bleſs the realm!
Fathers in church, and ſtateſmen at the helm!

" But factious ſynods thro' reſentment err;
" And venal ſenates private good prefer:
" How wild the faith which wrangling ſophs diſpoſe!
" The laws how harſh of penſion'd aye's and no's!"

Wilt thou by no authority be aw'd,
Self-excommunicated, ſelf-outlaw'd?
Expunge the creed, the decalogue reject?
If they oblige not, nor will they protect.
You fear no God;—convinc'd by what you ſay,
Knaves praiſe your wit, and ſwear your lands away.
Corrupt not wives, eraſe it if you will;
The injur'd huſband blots out,—do not kill.
From God his ſabbaths ſteal, for ſport, not need;
Why hangs the wretch, who ſteals thy purſe for bread?

Or ſhall each ſchiſmatic your faith new mould,
Or ſenates ſtand by patriot mobs controul'd?
Drive back, ye floods! roll, Xanthus, to your ſpring!
Go, crown the people, and ſubject the king;
Break rule to pieces, analyſe its pow'r,
And every atom to its lord reſtore:

As mixt with knaves, or fools, the weak, or brave,
A dupe, a plague, a tyrant, or a ſlave.
" What ſhall I do; how hit the happy mean
" 'Twixt blind ſubmiſſion, and unruly ſpleen?"
Conſult your watch; you guide your actions by't;
And great its uſe, tho' not for ever right.
What tho' ſome think implicit faith be due,
And dine at twelve if their town-clock ſtrike two?
Or others bravely ſquir their watch away,
Diſdain a guide, and gueſs the time of day?
They gueſs ſo lucky, or their parts ſo great,
They come on all affairs, but juſt too late;
You neither chooſe. Nor trav'ling thro' the ſtreet,
Correct its hand by ev'ry one you meet;
Yet ſcruple not, if you ſhould find at one
It points to fix, to ſet it by the SUN.

Aim at the bliſs that's ſuited to thy ſtate,
Nor vainly hope for happineſs compleat;
Some bounds imperfect natures muſt include,
And vice and weakneſs feel defects of good.
Nor is it blind neceſſity alone;
Contriving wiſdom, in the whole, we own:
And in that wiſdom ſatisfy'd may truſt,
In its reſtraints, as merciful, as juſt.
By theſe thy ſelfiſh paſſions it corrects;
By theſe from wrong thy weakneſs it protects;
In ſovereign power thy ſafety's heaven's deſign;
Some faults permitted, as the ſcourge of thine.

Abſurd the wiſh of all men, if expreſt;
Each grieves that he's not lord of all the reſt.
Why then ſhould we complain, or thankleſs live,
Becauſe not bleſt with more than God can give?
Would you be ſafe from others? 'tis but due,
That others alſo ſhould be ſafe from you.
It is not virtue wakes the clam'rous throng;
Each claims th' excluſive privilege, to wrong.
When ceaſeleſs faction muſt embroil the mad;
Alike impatient, under A, or Zad.

How patriot Cromwell fights for liberty!
He ſhifts the yoke, then calls the nation free.
He cannot bear a monarch on the throne;
But vindicates his right—to rule alone.

Macheath roars out for freedom in his cell;
And Tindal wiſely would extinguiſh hell.
Macheath's approv'd by all whom Tyburn awes,
And trembling guilt gives Tindal's page applauſe.
O ſage device, to ſet the conſcience free
From dread! he winks; then ſays that heav'n can't ſee.
Both blindly plan the paradiſe of fools;
Peace without laws, and virtue without rules.

Full of the Roman let the ſchool-boy quote,
And rant all Lucian's rhapſodies by rote.
Gods! ſhall he tremble at a mortal's nod!
His generous ſoul diſdains the tyrant's rod.
Forc'd to ſubmit, at laſt he taſtes the fruit;
Finds wealth and honours bloſſom from its root.

Would thy young ſoul be like the Roman free?
From Romans paint thy form of LIBERTY:
The goddeſs offers gifts from either hand;
[a] Th' auſpicious bonnet, with the PRÆTOR's wand;
The privilege of that would'ſt thou not miſs,
Bend, and ſubmit beneath the ſtroke of this.

See Furioſo on his keeper frown,
Depriv'd the precious privilege to drown;
Greatly he claims a right to his undoing;
The chains that hold him, hold him from his ruin.
Kindly proceed; ſtrict diſcipline diſpenſe;
Till water-gruel low'rs him down to ſenſe.

"Why this to me? am I the froward boy,
"Or knave to wrong, or madman to deſtroy?"
Will thy denial prove that thou art none!
'Tis Newgate's logick: thou art all in one.
Blind to their good, to be inſtructed loth,
[b] Men are but children of a larger growth;
If no ſuperior force the will controul,
Self-love's a villain, and corrupts the ſoul;
Wild and deſtructive projects fire our brains;
We all are madmen, and demand our chains.
Know your own ſphere, content to be a man:
Well pleas'd, to be as happy as you can:
Loſe not all good, by ſhunning ills in vain;
'Tis wiſer to enjoy than to complain.

[a] *In this manner they repreſent* LIBERTY *on their medals.*

[b] *Dryden in All for Love.*

Some

Some evils muſt attend imperfect ſtates;
But diſcontent new worlds of ills creates.

Huſh thy complaints, nor quarrel with thy God;
If juſt the ſtroke, approve and kiſs the rod.
By man if injur'd, turn thy eyes within;
Thou'lt find recorded ſome unpuniſh'd ſin;
Then heav'n acquit: and with regard to man,
Coolly th' amount of good and evil ſcan;
If greater evils wait the wiſh'd redreſs,
Grieve not that thou art free to chuſe the leſs.

Unknown to courts, ambition's thirſt ſubdu'd,
My leſſon is to be obſcurely good;
In life's ſtill ſhade, which no man's envy draws,
* To reap the fruit of government and laws,
In fortune's round, as on the globe, I know
No top, no bottom, no where high or low;
Where-ever ſtation'd, heav'n in proſpect ſtill,
That points to me, the Zenith of her wheel.

" What! double tax'd, unpenſion'd, unprefer'd,
" In ſuch bad times be eaſy? moſt abſurd!"
Yet heav'n vouchſafes the daily bread intreated;
And theſe bad times have left me free to eat it:
My taxes, gladly paid, their nature ſhift;
If juſt, cheap purchaſe; if unjuſt, a gift:
Nor knows ambition any rank ſo great;
My ſervants, kings, and miniſters of ſtate!

* *Legum idcirco ſervi ſumus, ut liberi eſſe poſſimus.*

Cic.

They

They watch my couch, my humble roof defend;
Their toil the means, my happineſs the end.

My freedom to compleat, convinc'd I ſee
* Thy ſervice, Heav'n, is perfect LIBERTY.
The † will, conform'd to thy celeſtial voice,
Knows no reſtraint; for duty is her choice:
What ills thou ſendeſt, thankfully approve,
As kind corrections, pledges of thy love;
In every change, whatever ſtage I run,
My daily wiſh ſucceeds; THY WILL BE DONE.

AN EPISTLE FROM A Swiss Officer to his Friend at Rome.

FROM horrid mountains ever hid in ſnow,
And barren lands, and dreary plains below;
To you, dear ſir, my beſt regards I ſend,
The weakeſt reaſoner, as the trueſt friend.

* Τῷ λογῷ τὸν ἑπόμενον ὄξιον ἔστι μόνος ἐλευθέρως νομίζειν.
PLUT. de Audit.

† Μόνοι γὰρ ἃ δεῖ βέλεσθαι μαθόντες ὡς βέλονται ζῶσι. Ibid.

Your

Your arguments, that vainly ſtrive to pleaſe,
Your arts, your country, and your palaces;
What ſigns of Roman grandeur ſtill remain—
Much you have ſaid; and much have ſaid in vain.
Fine pageants theſe for ſlaves, to pleaſe the eye;
And put the neateſt dreſs on miſery!

Bred up to ſlav'ry and diſſembled pain,
Unhappy man! you trifle with your chain:
But ſhould your friend with your deſires comply,
And ſell himſelf to Rome and ſlavery;
He could not wear his trammels with that art,
Or hide the noble anguiſh of his heart:
You'd ſoon repent the livery that you gave;
For, truſt me, I ſhould make an aukward ſlave.

Falſely you blame our barren rocks and plains,
Happy in freedom and laborious ſwains;
Our peaſants chearful to the field repair,
And can enjoy the labours of the year;
Whilſt yours, beneath ſome tree, with mournful eyes,
Sees for his haughty lord his harveſts riſe:
Then ſilent ſighs; but ſtops his ſlaviſh breath:
He ſilent ſighs: for ſhould he ſpeak, 'tis death.
Hence from our field the lazy grain we call,
Too much for want, for luxury too ſmall:
Whilſt all Campania's rich inviting ſoil
Scarce knows the plowſhare, or the reaper's toil.

In arms we breed our youth. To dart from far,
And aim aright the thunder of the war;

To whirl the faulchion, and direct the blow;
To ward the ſtroke, or bear upon the foe.
Early in hardſhips through the woods they fly,
Nor feel the piercing froſt, or wintry ſky;
Some prowling wolf or foamy boar to meet,
And ſtretch the panting ſavage at their feet:
Inur'd by this, they ſeek a nobler war,
And ſhow an honeſt pride in ev'ry ſcar;
With joy the danger and the blood partake,
Whilſt ev'ry wound is for their country's ſake.
But, you, ſoft warriors, forc'd into the field,
Or faintly ſtrike, or impotently yield;
For well this univerſal truth you know,
Who fights for tyrants is his country's foe.

I envy not your arts, the Roman ſchools,
Improv'd, perhaps, but to inſlave your ſouls,
May you to ſtone, or nerves or beauty give,
And teach the ſoft'ning marble how to live;
May you the paſſions in your colours trace,
And work up every piece with every grace;
In airs and attitudes be wondrous wiſe,
And know the arts to pleaſe, or to ſurprize;
In muſick's ſofteſt ſound conſume the day,
Sounds that would melt the warrior's ſoul away:
Vain efforts theſe, an honeſt fame to raiſe;
Your painters, and your eunuchs, be your praiſe:
Grant us more real goods, you heav'nly powers!
Virtue, and arms, and liberty be ours.

Weak are your offers to the free and brave;
No bribe can purchaſe me to be a ſlave.
Hear me, ye rocks, ye mountains, and ye plains,
The happy bounds of our Helvetian ſwains!
In thee, my country, will I fix my ſeat;
Nor envy the poor wretch, that would be great:
My life and arms I dedicate to thee;——
For, know, it is my int'reſt to be free.

LIFE burthenſome, becauſe we know not how to uſe it.

An EPISTLE.

WHAT, ſir, a month and not one line afford?
'Tis well:—how finely ſome folk keep their word?
I own my promiſe.—But to ſteal an hour,
'Midſt all this hurry—'tis not in my pow'r,
Where life each day does one fix'd order keep,
Succeſſive journies, wearineſs and ſleep.
Or if our ſcheme ſome interval allows,
Some hours deſign'd for thought and for repoſe;
Soon as the ſcatter'd images begin
In the mind to rally—company comes in:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, adieu! there's no more room to think;
For all the day behind is noiſe and drink.
Thus life rolls on, but not without regret;
Whene'er at morning, in ſome cool retreat,
I walk alone:——'tis then in thought I view
Some ſage of old; 'tis then I think of you:
Whoſe breaſt no tyrant paſſions ever ſeize,
No pulſe that riots, blood that diſobeys;
Who follow but where judgment points the way,
And whom too buſy ſenſe ne'er led aſtray.
Not that you joys with moderation ſhun,
You taſte all pleaſures, but indulge in none.
Fir'd by this image, I reſolve anew:
'Tis reaſon calls, and peace and joy's in view.
How bleſs'd a change! a long adieu to ſenſe:
O ſhield me, ſapience! virtue's reign commence!
Alas, how ſhort a reign?—the walk is o'er,
The dinner waits, and friends ſome half a ſcore:
At firſt to virtue firm, the glaſs I fly;
'Till ſome ſly ſot,—"Not drink the family!"
This gratitude is made to plead for ſin;
My trait'rous breaſt a party forms within:
And inclination brib'd, we never want
Excuſe—"'Tis hot, and walking makes one faint."
Now ſenſe gets ſtrength; my bright reſolves decay,
Like ſtars that melt at the approach of day:
Thought dies, and ev'n, at laſt, your image fades away.

My

My head grows warm; all reaſon I deſpiſe:
" To-day be happy, and to-morrow wiſe!"
Betray'd ſo oft, I'm half perſuaded now,
Surely to fail, the firſt ſtep is to vow.

The country lately, 'twas my wiſh: oh there!
Gardens, diverſions, friends, relations, air:
For London now, dear London, how I burn!
I muſt be happy, ſure, when I return.
Whoever hopes true happineſs to ſee,
Hopes for what never was, nor e'er will be:
The neareſt eaſe, ſince we muſt ſuffer ſtill,
Are they, who dare be patient under ill.

Whilom a fool ſaw where a fiddle lay;
And after poring round it, ſtrove to play:
Above, below, acroſs, all ways he tries;
He tries in vain, 'tis diſcord all, and noiſe:
Fretting he threw it by: then thus the lout;
' There's muſick in it, could I fetch it out."
If life does not its harmony impart,
We want not inſtruments, but have not art.
'Tis endleſs to defer our hopes of eaſe,
Till croſſes end, and diſappointments ceaſe.
The ſage is happy, not that all goes right,
His cattle feel no rot, his corn no blight;
The mind for eaſe is fitted to the wiſe,
Not ſo the fool's;——'tis here the difference lies:
Their proſpect is the ſame, but various are their eyes.

The Duty of Employing one's Self.

An EPISTLE.

FEW people know it, yet, dear ſir, 'tis true,
Man ſhould have ſomewhat evermore to do.
Hard labour's tedious, every one muſt own;
But ſurely better ſuch by far, than none.
The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,
Whoſe life at nothing aims, but——to be ſpent;
Such heaven viſits for ſome mighty ill:
'Tis ſure the hardeſt labour, to ſit ſtill.
Hence that unhappy tribe who nought purſue:
Who ſin, for want of ſomething elſe to do.

Sir John is bleſs'd with riches, honour, love;
And to be bleſs'd indeed, needs only move.
For want of this, with pain he lives away,
A lump of hardly-animated clay:
Dull till his double bottle does him right:
He's eaſy, juſt at twelve o'clock at night.
Thus for one ſparkling hour alone he's bleſt;
While ſpleen and head-ach ſeize on all the reſt.

What

What numbers, ſloth with gloomy humours fills!
Racking their brains with viſionary ills.
Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning rage,
What endleſs quarrels at the preſent age!
How many blame! how often may we hear,
"Such vice!—well, ſure, the laſt day muſt be near!"
T' avoid ſuch wild, imaginary pains,
The ſad creation of diſtemper'd brains,
Diſpatch, dear friend! move, labour, ſweat, run, fly!
Do aught—but think the day of judgment nigh.

There are, who've loſt all reliſh for delight:
With them no earthly thing is ever right.
T' expect to alter to their taſte, were vain;
For who can mend ſo faſt, as they complain?
Whate'er you do, ſhall be a crime with ſuch;
One while you've loſt your tongue, then talk too much:
Thus ſhall you meet their waſpiſh cenſure ſtill;
As hedge-hogs prick you, go which ſide you will.
Oh! pity theſe whene'er you ſee them ſwell!
Folks call 'em croſs—poor men! they are not well.
How many ſuch, in indolence grown old,
With vigour ne'er do any thing, but ſcold?
Who ſpirits only from ill-humour get;
Like wines that die, unleſs upon the fret.

Weary'd of flouncing to himſelf alone,
Acerbus keeps a man to fret upon.
The fellow's nothing in the earth to do,
But to ſit quiet and be ſcolded to.

Piſhes and oaths, whene'er the maſter's four'd,
All largely on the ſcape-goat ſlave are pour'd.
This drains his rage; and tho' to John ſo rough,
Abroad you'd think him complaiſant enough.

As for myſelf, whom poverty prevents
From being angry at ſo great expence;
Who, ſhould I ever be inclin'd to rage,
For want of ſlaves, war with myſelf muſt wage;
Muſt rail, and hear; chaſtiſing, be chaſtis'd:
Be both the tyrant, and the tyranniz'd;
I chuſe to labour, rather than to fret:
What's rage in ſome, in me goes off in ſweat.
If times are ill, and things ſeem never worſe;
Men, manners to reclaim,—I take my horſe.
One mile reforms 'em, or if aught remain
Unpurg'd,——'tis but to ride as far again.
Thus on myſelf in toils I ſpend my rage:
I pay the fine; and that abſolves the age.

Sometimes, ſtill more to interrupt my eaſe,
I take my pen, and write——ſuch things as theſe:
Which tho' all other merit be deny'd,
Shew my devotion ſtill to be employ'd.
Add too, tho' writing be itſelf a curſe,
Yet ſome diſtempers are a curſe for worſe:
And ſince 'midſt indolence, ſpleen will prevail,
Since who do nothing elſe, are ſure to rail;
Man ſhould be ſuffer'd thus to play the fool,
To keep from hurt, as children go to ſchool.

You ſhould not rhyme in ſpite of nature?——true;
Yet ſure 'tis greater trouble, if you do;
And if 'tis lab'ring only, men profeſs,
Who writes the hardeſt, writes with moſt ſucceſs.

Thus for myſelf, and friends, I do my part;
Promoting doubly the pains-taking art:
Firſt to myſelf, 'tis labour to compoſe;
To read ſuch lines, is drudgery to thoſe.

On SCRIBLING againſt GENIUS.

An EPISTLE.

NO ſingle rule's more frequently enjoin'd,
Than this; "Obſerve the byaſs of your mind."
However juſt by ev'ry one confeſs'd,
There's not a rule more frequently tranſgreſs'd,
For mortals, to their int'reſt blind, purſue
The thing they like, not that they're fit to do.

This Verro's fault: by frequent praiſes fir'd,
He ſeveral parts had try'd, in each admir'd.
That Verro was not ev'ry way compleat,
'Twas long unknown, and might have been ſo yet:

But muſick-mad, th' unhappy man purſu'd
That only thing heav'n meant he never ſhou'd;
And thus his proper road to fame neglected,
He's ridicul'd for that he but affected.

Wou'd men but act from nature's ſecret call,
Or only, where that fails, not act at all;
If not their ſkill, they'd ſhew at leaſt good ſenſe,——
They'd get no fame——nor wou'd they give offence.

Not that where ſome one merit is deny'd,
Men muſt be ev'ry way unqualify'd;
Nor hold we, like that wrong-concluding wight,
A man can't fiſh——becauſe he cou'd not write.
View all the world around: each man deſign'd
And furniſh'd for ſome fav'rite part you find.
That, ſometimes low: yet this, ſo ſmall a gift,
Proves nature did not turn him quite adrift.
The phlegmatick, dull, aukward, thick, groſs-witted,
Have all ſome clumſy work for which they're fitted.
'Twas never known, in men a perfect void,
Ev'n I and T—— ld might be well employ'd;
Wou'd we our poverty of parts ſurvey,
And follow as our genius led the way.

What then? obedient to that turn of mind
Shou'd men jog on to one dull path confin'd;
From that ſmall circle never dare depart,
To ſtrike at large, and ſnatch a grace from art?
At leaſt with care forbidden paths purſue?
Who quits the road, ſhould keep it ſtill in view:

From

From genius ſome few 'ſcapes may be allow'd;
But ever keep within its neighbourhood.

But C———r, faithleſs to his byaſs ſee,
With giant-ſin oppoſing heav'n's decree.
Still fond where he ſhou'd not, he blunders on
With all that haſte fools make to be undone:
Want of ſucceſs his paſſion but augments;
Like eunuchs rage of love, from impotence.

'Mongſt all the inſtances of genius croſt,
The rhyming tribe are thoſe who err the moſt.
Each piddling wretch who hath but common ſenſe,
Or thinks he hath, to verſe ſhall make pretence:
Why not? 'tis their diverſion, and 'twere hard
If men of their eſtates ſhou'd be debarr'd.
Thus wealth with them gives every thing beſide;
As people worth ſo much are qualify'd:
They've all the requiſites for writing fit,
All but that one———ſome little ſhare of wit.
Give way, ye friends, nor with fond pray'rs proceed
To ſtop the progreſs of a pen full ſpeed.
'Tis heav'n, incens'd by ſome prodigious crime,
Thus for men's ſins determines them to rhyme.
Bad men, no doubt; perhaps 'tis vengeance due
For ſhrines they've plunder'd, or ſome wretch they ſlew.
Whate'er it be, ſure grievous is th' offence,
And grievous is (heaven knows!) its recompence.
At once in want of rhyme, and want of reſt;
Plagues to themſelves, and to mankind a jeſt:

Seduc'd by empty forms of falſe delight——
Such, in ſome men, their deadly luſt to write!

Ev'n I, whoſe genius ſeems as much forgot,
(Mine when I write, as your's when you do not;)
Who gravely thus can other's faults condemn,
My ſelf allowing, what I blame in them;
With no pretence to Phœbus' aid divine,
Nor the leaſt int'reſt in the tuneful Nine,
With all the guilt of impotence in view,
Griev'd for paſt ſins, but yet committing new;
Whate'er the wits may ſay, or wiſe may think,
Am fooling ev'ry way with pen and ink.
When all who wiſh me beſt, begin t' adviſe,
'That being witty, is not being wiſe;
'That if the voice of int'reſt might be heard,
'For one who wears a gown,—wou'd be prefer'd——
Incorrigibly deaf, I feign a yawn;
And mock their juſt concluſions, ere they're drawn.

If to my practice, they oppos'd my theme;
And pointed, how I ſwam againſt the ſtream:
With all the rancour of a bard in rage,
I'd quote 'em half the writers of the age;
Who in a wrath of verſe, with all their might
Write on, howe'er unqualify'd to write.

The MIMICK.

By the Rev. Mr. PITT.

THE Mimick's ductile features claim my lays,
Chang'd to a thouſand ſhapes, a thouſand ways:
Who with variety of arts puts on
All other perſons, and throws off his own;
Whoſe looks well diſciplin'd his will obey,
Bloom at command, or at command decay:
Nor bluſh, my Muſe, thoſe changes to impart,
Which aſk an Ovid's or Apollo's art.

But who, Apollo, all the arts can trace,
All the deceits of that deluſive face?
For lo! in ſight the various artiſt comes;
Lo! how in beauty and in health he blooms:
Its ſmootheſt charms triumphant youth ſupplies,
Laughs in his cheeks, and ſparkles in his eyes.
But ſudden ſee, the ſcene is ſnatch'd away,
See each inverted feature in decay;
His muſcles all relax'd, his face o'ergrown,
Rough and emboſs'd with wrinkles not his own.

He trails his dangling legs: the wond'ring train
Laugh at the ſolemn conduct of his cane,

Rapt thro' the ſcenes of life, he drops his prime;
A cripple ſixty years before his time;
Runs in a moment all his ſtages o'er,
And ſteps from four-and-twenty to fourſcore.

Now he a venerable judge appears,
And the long garb of lazy purple wears;
Like drowſy P***'s looks his aged frame,
His mien, his habit, and addreſs the ſame:
When to the ſneering crowd he liſps a joke,
Puns from the law, or quibbles out of Coke;
With ſettled air, and moſt judicious face,
Nods o'er the cuſhion, council, and the caſe;
Slumbers, and hears by ſtarts the noiſy train;
Catches a period, and drops down again.
And now his hearers in their turn to lull,
Himſelf ſtands up moſt venerably dull;
Talks of old times; commends their loyal zeal,
Their wholſome ſtatutes, diſcipline, and ale;
On different themes beſtows one common praiſe,
The Thames, the ſtreets, the king, and king's highways.

You ſee him quit the bench, and ſtrait appear
An huge old gouty council at the bar;
Bawl for his client, wreſt the tortur'd laws
From their true ſenſe, and mould them to the cauſe;
In ſolemn form harangue the liſt'ning crowd,
And hem and cough emphatically loud;
Bleſt art indeed! and glorious eloquence,
Where empty noiſe ſupplies the want of ſenſe.

For meaning, ſigns, and motions he affords,
And interjections for the want of words.
What ſhape to you, O S**'s, is unknown!
What face, but you adopt into your own!
At the leaſt hint, fictitious crowds you raiſe,
And multiply yourſelf ten thouſand ways:
This moment, to indulge the mirthful vein,
A fool's or doctor's perſon you ſuſtain;
The next reſume yourſelf and ſenſe again.

Am I deceiv'd? or by ſome ſudden ſlight,
A ſtarch'd tub-preacher now he ſtrikes the ſight,
(Quick the tranſition, and unſeen the art!)
Pale and entirely chang'd in ev'ry part,
His ſhort'ned viſage, and fantaſtick dreſs,
The mad fanatick to the life expreſs;
That ſmall ſilk cap; thoſe puritanick hairs,
Crop'd to the quick, and circling round his ears;
That rounded face the Mimick here proclaim,
How very different, yet how ſtill the ſame!
Now he, by juſt degrees, his ſilence breaks;
His frantick ſilence mutt'ring ere he ſpeaks:
Protracted hums the ſolemn farce begin,
And groans and pauſes interrupt the ſcene;
As each in juſt ſucceſſion comes and goes,
Work'd to its pitch, the ſpirit ſtronger grows,
And ſqueezes out his eyes, and twangs his vocal noſe.
Now quick and rapid, and in rage more loud,
A ſtorm of nonſenſe burſts upon the crowd:

His hand and voice proclaim the gen'ral doom,
While this the hour-glaſs ſhakes, and that the room.
On nature's ruins all his doctrines dwell,
And throw wide open every gate of hell.

A thouſand other ſhapes he wears with grace;
A thouſand more varieties of face:
But who, in every ſhape, can count him o'er,
Who multiplies his perſon every hour?
What Muſe his flying features can purſue,
Or keep his wand'ring countenance in view?
Had I a thouſand mouths, a thouſand tongues,
A throat of braſs, and adamantine lungs,
I could not celebrate this Proteus' ſkill,
Who ſhifts his perſon and his face at will;
This Proteus, who out-numbers hoſts alone;
A crowd himſelf; a multitude in one.

An EPISTLE from FLORENCE.

To T. A. Eſq; Tutor to the Earl of P———.

Written in the Year 1740.

By the Honourable ———.

WHen flouriſh'd with their ſtate th' ATHENIAN name,
And Learning and Politeneſs were the ſame,
Philoſophy with gentle art refin'd
The honeſt roughneſs of th' unpractis'd mind:
She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
Guided their ardour, and inſur'd their worth.
She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful ſteel,
Mark'd true Ambition from deſtructive Zeal,
Pointed what luſtre on that laurel blows,
Which Virtue only on her ſons beſtows.
Hence clement CIMON, of unſpotted fame,
Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;
Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous ſpear,
And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;
Or in firm bands of ſocial Peace to bind
Their Country's good, and benefit mankind.
She trim'd the thoughtful Stateſman's nightly oil,
Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,

Or,

Or with him to his ſilent villa ſtole,
Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his ſoul.

To woods and caves ſhe never bade retreat,
Nor fix'd in cloyſter'd monkeries her ſeat:
No lonely precepts to her ſons enjoin'd,
Nor taught them to be men, to ſhun mankind.
CYNICS there were, an uncouth ſelfiſh race,
Of manners foul, and boaſtful of diſgrace:
Brutes, whom no Muſe has ever lov'd to name,
Whoſe Ignominy is their only fame.
No hoſtile Trophies grace their honour'd urn,
Around their tomb no ſculptur'd Virtues mourn;
Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd,
An Art diſcover'd, or a City ſav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
Exalt his hope, and preſs his young career!
Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you
With gentle ſkill direct his early view!
Artful the various ſtudies to diſpenſe,
And melt the ſchoolman's jargon down to ſenſe.

See the pedantick Teacher, winking dull,
The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling ſchool;
Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted faſces ram the leſſon down.
From tortur'd ſtrains of eloquence he draws
Barbarick precepts and unmeaning laws,
By his own ſenſe wou'd TULLY's word expound,
And a new VANDAL tramples claſſick ground.

Perhaps

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
No modern cuſtom can his thoughts engage;
His little farm by GEORGICK rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs,
Still from ARATUS' ſphere or MARO's ſigns,
The future calm or tempeſt he divines,
And fears if the prognoſtick Raven's found
[a] Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What ſcanty precepts! ſtudies how confin'd!
Too mean to fill your comprehenſive mind:
Unſatisfy'd with knowing when or where
Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to FEAR;
On what green medal VIRTUE ſtands expreſs'd,
How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dreſs'd;
Or with wiſe KEN judiciouſly define,
When Pius marks the honorary coin
Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirſting for knowledge, but to know the right,
Thro' judgment's optick guide th' illuſive ſight,
To let in rays on Reaſon's darkling cell,
And Prejudice's lagging miſts diſpel;
For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
And cull ſome uſeful flow'r from each heroick Age.

Thence teach the Youth the neceſſary art,
To know the Judge's from the Critick's part;

[a] *Et ſola in ſicca ſecum ſpatiatur arena.* VIRG.

Show

Show how ignoble is the paſſion, FEAR;
And place ſome patriot Roman's model near;
Their bright examples to his ſoul inſtil,
Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,
The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round;
And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd;
But ſhew how brighter in each honeſt breaſt
Than in her ſhrine, the Goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantaſtick Boy,
Elate with pow'r and ſwell'd with frantick joy,
'Tis not a ſlaviſh Senate, fawning, baſe,
Can ſtamp with honeſt fame a worthleſs race;
Tho' the falſe Coin proclaim him great and wiſe,
The tyrant's life ſhall tell that Coin, it lies.

But when your early Care ſhall have deſign'd
To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind;
When you ſhall pour upon his tender Breaſt
Ideas that muſt ſtand an Age's teſt,
Oh! there imprint with ſtrongeſt deepeſt dye
The lovely form of Goddeſs LIBERTY!
For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
For her in Battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff reſounds
With daſhing ſeas, fair Freedom's honeſt bounds,
Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
Whoſe weight the necks of Gallia's ſons uphold;

Where

Where proudly ſits an iron-ſcepter'd Queen,
And fondly triumphs o'er the proſtrate ſcene,
Cry, That is Empire! ſhun her baleful path,
Her Words are Slavery, and her Touch is Death!
Thro' wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
And murthers half, to make the reſt her prey.

Thus ſpoke each Spartan matron, as ſhe dreſs'd
With the bright cuiraſs her young ſoldier's breaſt;
On the new warrior's tender-ſinew'd thigh,
Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with ſuch precepts, for a cauſe ſo good,
What ſcanty bands the Perſian hoſt withſtood!
Before the ſons of Greece let Aſia tell
How fled her [b] Monarch, how her Millions fell!
When arm'd for LIBERTY, a Few how brave!
How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
No welcome Falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No Voice inſpir'd of favourite Command:
No Peaſant fought for wealthy lands poſſeſs'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breaſt:
They ſaw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil in vain for banquets, not their own;
They ſaw their infant Race to bondage riſe,
And frequent heard the raviſh'd Virgin's cries,
Diſhonour'd but to cool a tranſient guſt
Of ſome luxurious Satrap's barb'rous luſt.

[b] *Xerxes.*

The

The greateſt curſes any Age has known,
Have iſſued from the Temple or the Throne;
Extent of ill from Kings at firſt begins,
But Prieſts muſt aid, and conſecrate their ſins.
The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
When ſinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
But the Prieſt chriſtens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
What conjur'd awe upon the people ſteals!
The choſen HE adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the ſolemn charm, and while
The Prieſt ſome bleſſed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the ſacred greaſe at ev'ry pore:
He ſeems at once to ſhed his mortal ſkin,
And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
And worſhip God's anointed more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to ſuch Kings!
So Miſchief from thoſe hallow'd fountains ſprings.
But bend your eye to yonder harraſs'd plains,
Where King and Prieſt in one united reigns;
See fair Italia mourn her holy ſtate,
And droop oppreſs'd beneath a papal weight:
Where fat Celibacy uſurps the ſoil,
And ſacred Sloth conſumes the peaſant's toil:

The holy Drones monopolize the ſky,
And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
The Chriſtian Cauſe their lewd profeſſion taints,
Unlearn'd, unchaſte, uncharitable Saints.

Oppreſſion takes Religion's hallow'd name,
And Prieſt-craft knows to play the ſpecious game.
Behold how each enthuſiaſtic fool
Of ductile piety, becomes their tool:
Obſerve with how much art, what fine pretence,
They hallow Foppery and combat Senſe.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in ſin,
Whoſe thoughts of heav'n with his laſt hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling ſomewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
And ſqueezes out on the dull idol-board
A ſore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel Crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce Him bleſs'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the ſlight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praiſe above the Saints of old,
And coin his ſinking conſcience into Gold.

Or when ſome Pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to exciſe the land,
The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curſes as his mite he pays!
The ſubtle Prieſt th' invidious name forbears,
Aſks it for holy uſe or venal pray'rs;

Exhibits all their trumpery to ſale,
A bone, a mouldy morſel, or a nail:
Th' idolatrous Devout adore the ſhow,
And in full ſtreams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan object, nothing too profane,
To aid the Romiſh zeal for Chriſtian gain.
Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd Altars ſmoke to other Gods.
PROMETHEUS' Vultur MATTHEW's Eagle proves;
And heav'nly Cherubs ſprout from heathen Loves;
Young GANYMEDE a winged Angel ſtands
By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:
[c] APOLLO, tho' degraded, ſtill can bleſs,
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an S.
Each convert Godhead is apoſtoliz'd,
And JOVE himſelf by [d] PETER's name baptiz'd,
ASTARTE ſhines in Jewiſh MARY's fame,
Still Queen of heav'n, another and the ſame.

While the proud Prieſt the ſacred Tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and diſpeopled plains,
Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive Love:
Behold impriſon'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;

[c] *St. Apollos.*
[d] *At St. Peter's an old ſtatue of Jupiter is turned into one of St. Peter.*

Faint

Faint ſtreams of blood, by long ſtagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damaſk of her cheek;
In vain ſhe pines, the holy Faith withſtands,
What Nature dictates and what God commands:
But if ſome ſanguine He, ſome luſty Prieſt
Of jollier morals taſte the tempting feaſt,
From the ſtrong graſp if ſome poor babe ariſe,
Unwelcome, unindear'd, it inſtant dies,
Or poiſons blaſting ſoon the haſty joy,
Th' imperfect ſeeds of infant life deſtroy.

Fair Modeſty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
From thee the Muſe the groſſer acts muſt hide,
Nor the dark cloiſter's myſtick rites diſplay,
Whence num'rous brawny Monkhood's waſte away,
And unprolifick, tho' forſworn, decay.

Britannia ſmiling, views her golden plains
From mitred bondage free and papal chains;
Her jocund Sons paſs each unburthen'd day
Securely quiet, innocently gay:
Lords of themſelves the happy Ruſticks ſing,
Each of his little tenement the King.
Twice did uſurping Rome extend her hand,
To reinſlave the new-deliver'd land;
Twice were her ſable bands to battle warm'd,
With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murthers arm'd;
• With Peter's ſword and Michael's lance were ſent,
And whate'er ſtores ſupply'd the Church's armament.

• *Addit & Herculeos Arcus Haſtamque Minervæ,*
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli. Juv.

Twice did the gallant Albion race repell
The Jeſuit legions to the gates of hell;
Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took
Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Ariſe, young Peer! ſhine forth in ſuch a cauſe!
Who draws the ſword for Freedom, juſtly draws.
Reflect how dearly was that Freedom bought;
For that, how oft your anceſtors have fought;
Thro' the long ſeries of our princes down,
How wrench'd ſome right from each too potent Crown.

See abject JOHN, that vaſſal-Monarch, ſee!
Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the ſupple knee!
Oh! proſtitution of imperial State!
To a vile Romiſh Prieſt's vile [e] Delegate.
Him the bold Barons ſcorning to obey,
And be the ſubjects of a ſubject ſway;
Heroes whoſe names to lateſt fame ſhall ſhine,
Aw'd by no viſions of a Right Divine,
That bond by eaſtern Politicians wrought,
Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors taught,
To ſtraiter banks reſtrain'd the Royal Will,
That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
See [f] HENRY in his Father's footſteps tread.
Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
His early follies haunt his lateſt hour.

[e] *The Pope's Nuncio.*
[f] *Henry* III.

His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppreſs'd,
No violated Senate's wrongs redreſs'd,
His hoary age ſinks in the feeble wane
Of an inglorious, ſlighted, tedious reign.

The Muſe too long with idle glories fed,
And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
The wanton fain on giddy plumes would ſoar,
To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled ſhore;
Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul,
At [g] EDWARD's and at [h] HENRY's name to fall;
Romantick heroes! prodigal of blood;
What numbers ſtain'd each ill-diſputed flood!
Tools to a Clergy! warring but to feaſt
With ſpoils of provinces each pamper'd Prieſt.
Be dumb, fond Maid; thy ſacred ink nor ſpill
On ſpecious Tyrants, popularly ill;
Nor be thy comely locks with Roſes dight
Of either victor colour, Red or White.

Foil'd the aſſaſſin [i] King, in union blow
The blended flow'rs on ſeventh HENRY's brow.
Peace lights again on the forſaken ſtrand,
And baniſh'd Plenty ré-aſſumes the land.
No nodding creſt the crouching infant frights,
No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;

[g] *Edward* I. *and* II.
[h] *Henry* V.
[i] *Richard* III.

Repoſing ſabres ſeek their ancient place
To briſtle round a gaping [k] GORGON's face.
The wearied arms groteſquely deck the wall,
And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal [l] hall.
But Peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
From her exuberant horn her treaſures rains:
She deals her gifts; but in an uſeleſs hour,
To glut the iron hand of griping Pow'r:
Such LANCASTER, whom harraſs'd Britain ſaw,
Maſk'd in the garb of antiquated Law:
More politick than wiſe, more wiſe than great:
A legiſlator to enſlave the ſtate;
Cooly malicious; by deſign a knave;
More mean than falſe, ambitious more than brave;
Attach'd to Intereſt's more than Honour's call;
More ſtrict than juſt, more covetous than all.

Not ſo the Reveller profuſe, his [m] Son,
His contraſt courſe of tyranny begun;
Robuſt of limb, and fluſh'd with florid grace,
Strength nerv'd his youth, and ſquar'd his jovial face.
To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
In either field the vig'rous monarch ſhone:
Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
But ſhift the ſcene, and view what ſlaughters ſtain
Each frantick period of his barb'rous reign:

[k] *Meduſa's head in the armory at the Tower.*
[l] *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
[m] *Henry* VIII.

A Tyrant

A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;
Sold by one [n] miniſter, to all unjuſt;
Sway'd by each dictate of diſtemper'd luſt;
Changing each worſhip that controul'd the bent
Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent;
Big in unwieldy majeſty and pride,
And ſmear'd with Queens and Martyrs blood, He dy'd.

Paſs we the pious [o] Youth too ſlightly ſeen;
The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romiſh [p] Queen:
Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
Who's ſtill too great, tho' ſome few faults ſhe had,
To catalogue with all thoſe Royal bad.

Ariſe, great JAMES! thy courſe of wiſdom run!
Image of David's philoſophick Son!
He comes! on either hand in ſeemly ſtate,
Knowledge and Peace, his fondled handmaids wait:
Obſcurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatick full,
Thron'd in full ſenate, on his pedant tongue,
Theſe for ſix hours each weighty morning hung;
For theſe each ſtring of royal pow'r he ſtrain'd,
For theſe he ſold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
For theſe he ſquander'd ev'ry prudent ſtore
The frugal Princeſs had reſerv'd before,

[n] *Cardinal Woolſey.*
[o] *Edward* VI.
[p] *Mary.*

On penſion'd ſycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
For theſe he let his beggar'd [q] daughter roam;
Bubbled, for theſe, by Spaniſh art at home;
For theſe, to ſum the bleſſings of his reign,
Poiſon'd one Son [r], and t' other ſent to Spain.

Retire, ſtrict Muſe, and thy impartial verſe
In pity ſpare on CHARLES's bleeding herſe;
Or all his faults in blackeſt notes tranſlate
To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;
To luſtful HENRIETTA's Romiſh ſhade,
Let all his acts of lawleſs pow'r be laid;
Or to the [s] Prieſt, more Romiſh ſtill than her;
And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next [t] Prince, expell'd his native land,
In vain Affliction laid her iron hand;
Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his ſoul
Cou'd ſtamp no virtue, and no vice controul:
Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;
The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, penſioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to miniſters deny'd,
He liv'd an atheiſt, and a bigot dy'd.

[q] *Queen of Bohemia.*
[r] *Prince Henry, and Charles* I.
[s] *Archbiſhop Laud.*
[t] *Charles* II.

The

The reins of Empire, or reſign'd or ſtole,
Are truſted next to JAMES's weak controul;
Him, meditating to ſubvert the laws,
His Hero [u] Son in Freedom's beauteous cauſe
Roſe to chaſtiſe: [w] unhappy ſtill! howe'er
Poſterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Prieſts to ſing,
And all the ills that from their vices ſpring;
While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenges Britain and aſſerts the Main;
To [x] willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his Country's voice affects applauſe;
[y] What time fair Florence on her peaceful ſhore,
Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifler in inglorious eaſe,
Modelling precepts that may ſerve and pleaſe;
Yours is the taſk—and glorious is the plan,
To build the Free, the Senſible, Good Man.

[u] *William* III.

[w] *Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores!* VIRG.

[x] ——————————*Volentes*
Per populos dat jura viamque affectat Olympo. VIRG.

[y] *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat*
Parthenope, ſtudiis florentem ignobilis otî. VIRG.

The

The BEAUTIES.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the Painter.

By the Same.

DEſponding artiſt, talk no more
Of Beauties of the days of yore,
Of Goddeſſes renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' compoſition-piece,
Where every nymph that could at moſt
Some ſingle grace or feature boaſt,
Contributed her favourite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,
'Twas CLOE's cheeks' vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Diſhevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
And CUPID much too fondly preſs'd
His mimick mother THAIS' breaſt.

Antiquity, how poor thy uſe!
A ſingle Venus to produce!
Friend Eckardt, ancient ſtory quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;
Felibien and Freſnoy declaim,
Who talk of Raphael's matchleſs fame,

Of

Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
And Carlo's each Madonna face
As if no Beauties now were made,
But Nature had forgot her trade.
'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line
From heavenly Women, ſtyl'd divine;
They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
And what he could not taſte he drew:
Think you Devotion warm'd his breaſt
When Carlo with ſuch looks expreſs'd
His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
Emotions—not, I'm ſure, of zeal?

In Briton's iſle obſerve the Fair,
And curious chuſe your models there;
Such patterns as ſhall raiſe your name
To rival ſweet Corregio's fame:
Each ſingle piece ſhall be a teſt,
And Zeuxis' patchwork be a jeſt;
Who ranſack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
To bring one Goddeſs on the ſtage:
On your each canvaſs we'll admire
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majeſtick Juno ſhall be ſeen
In [a] HARVEY's glorious aweful mien.
Where [b] FITZROY moves, reſplendent Fair;
So warm her bloom, ſublime her air;

[a] *Miſs Harvey, now Mrs. Phipps.*
[b] *Lady Caroline Fitzroy.*

Her ebon treſſes, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they ſhade her face:
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas ſtands confeſs'd,
Tho' [c] STANHOPE's more than Paris bleſs'd.
So [d] CLEVELAND ſhown in warlike pride,
By Lilly's pencil deify'd:
So [e] GRAFTON, matchleſs dame, commands
The faireſt work of Kneller's hands:
The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
In veins as rich ſtill loves to ſport:
And George's age beholds reſtor'd,
What William boaſted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuſes the Trojan ne'er
Was half ſo puzzled to declare:
Ten Queens of Beauty, ſure I ſee!
Yet ſure the true is [f] EMILY:
Such majeſty of youth and air,
Yet modeſt as the village fair:
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty like the glorious Sun

[c] *Lord Peterſham.*

[d] *The Ducheſs of Cleveland like Pallas, among the beauties at Windſor.*

[e] *The Ducheſs of Grafton, among the beauties at Hampton Court.*

[f] *Lady Emily Lenox, now Counteſs of Kildare.*

Thron'd

Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In ſmiling [g] CAPEL's beauteous look
Rich Autumn's Goddeſs is miſtook,
With poppies and with ſpiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her ſide, in decent line,
Place charming [h] BERKLEY, Proſerpine.
Mild as a ſummer ſea, ſerene,
In dimpled beauty next be ſeen,
[i] AYLESBURY like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-diſpenſing Fair,
Whoſe beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant ſun,
The new Aurora, [k] LYTTLETON.
Such [l] Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in ethereal colours dip'd.
In meaſur'd dance to tuneful ſong
Drew the ſweet Goddeſs, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet ſpread,
The buxom Hours ſhe faireſt led.
The creſcent on her brow diſplay'd,
In curls of lovelieſt brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, [m] STRAFFORD woos the ſight;

[g] *Lady Mary Capel.* [h] *Counteſs of Berkley.*
[i] *Counteſs of Ayleſbury.* [k] *Mrs. Lyttleton.*
[l] *Guido's Aurora in the Reſpigliori Palace at Rome.*
[m] *Counteſs of Strafford.*

The eaſy ſhape, the piercing eye,
The ſnowy boſom's purity,
The unaffected gentle phraſe
Of native wit in all ſhe ſays;
Eckardt, for theſe thy art's too faint:
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe ſmil'd, what bloom divine
On the young Goddeſs lov'd to ſhine,
From [n] CARPENTER we gueſs, or ſee
All-beauteous [o] MANNERS beam from thee.
How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide ſhade,
With roſy hand coquetly throwing
Panſies, beneath her ſweet touch blowing;
How blithe ſhe look'd let [p] FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half ſo well.

Another [q] Goddeſs of the year,
Fair Queen of Summer, ſee, appear;
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting boſom looſely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence ev'ry Goddeſs, envy ſmit,
Muſt own each Stonehouſe meets in [r] PITT.

n *Miſs Carpenter.*
o *Miſs Manners.*
p *Miſs Fanny Maccartney.*
q *Pomona.*
r *Miſs Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt.*

Exhauſted all the heav'nly train,
How many Mortals yet remain,
Whoſe eyes ſhall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part!
Our ſiſter Muſes muſt deſcribe
[s] CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;
And [t] JULIANA with the Nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear [u] Reſemblance gone,
Where all theſe beauties met in One.
Sad fate of beauty! more I ſee,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous Nymphs, here, Painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their [w] ſiſter Grace;
[x] One, matron-like, with ſober grief,
Scarce gives her pious ſighs relief;
While [y] t'other lovely Maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears;
The ſofteſt form, the gentleſt grace,
The ſweeteſt harmony of face;
Her ſnowy limbs, and artleſs move
Contending with the Queen of Love,
While baſhful Beauty ſhuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

[s] *M. Chudleigh.*
[t] *L. Juliana Farmor.*
[u] *L. Sophia Farmor, Counteſs of Granville.*
[w] *Miſs Mary Evelyn.*
[x] *Mrs. Boone.*
[y] *Mrs. Elizabeth Evelyn.*

EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE.

On the Suppreſſion of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, in the Character of the COMICK MUSE, Nov. 4, 1746.

By the ſame.

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we meet
This genial night in Freedom's fav'rite ſeat:
And o'er the [z] two great empires ſtill I reign
Of Covent-Garden, and of Drury-Lane.
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realms impended!
Our ruin artleſs prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our Heroes had in view,
And ſcenes of mimick dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young miſſionary Spark ſucceeded.
But Laws and Liberties are trifling treaſures:
He threaten'd that grave property, your Pleaſures.

For me, an idle Muſe, I ne'er diſſembled
My fears; but ev'n my tragick Siſter trembled:
O'er all her ſons ſhe caſt her mournful eyes,
And heav'd her breaſt more than dramatick ſighs;

[z] *The two great empires of the world I know,*
This of Peru, and that of Mexico. Indian Emperor.

To

To eyes well tutor'd in the trade of grief,
She rais'd a ſmall and well lac'd handkerchief;
And then with decent pauſe—and accent broke,
Her buſkin'd progeny the Dame beſpoke:
" Ah! Sons [b] our dawn is over-caſt, and all
" Theatrick glories nodding to their fall;
" From foreign realms a bloody Chief is come,
" Big with the work of Slav'ry and of Rome.
" A general ruin on his ſword he wears,
" Fatal alike to Audience and to Play'rs.
" For ah! my Sons, what freedom for the Stage,
" When Bigotry with Senſe ſhall battle wage?
" When monkiſh Laureats only wear the bays,
" [c] Inquiſitors Lord Chamberlains of plays?
" Plays ſhall be damn'd that 'ſcap'd the Critick's rage,
" For Prieſts are ſtill worſe Tyrants to the Stage.
" Cato, receiv'd by audiences ſo gracious,
" Shall find ten Cæſars in one St. Ignatius:
" And godlike Brutus here ſhall meet again
" His evil Genius in a Capuchin.
" For hereſy the fav'rites of the pit
" Muſt burn, and excommunicated wit;
" And at one ſtake we ſhall behold expire
" My Anna Bullen, and the Spaniſh Fryar.

[b] *The dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,*
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome. CATO.

[c] *Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of Plays.* POPE.

" Ev'n [d] Tamerlane, whoſe ſainted name appears
" Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,
" Oft as theſe feſtal rites attend the morn
" Of Liberty reſtor'd and WILLIAM born——
" But at That Name, what tranſports flood my eyes?
" What golden viſion's this I ſee ariſe?
" What Youth is he with comelieſt conqueſt crown'd,
" His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?
" What wreaths are theſe that Vict'ry dares to join,
" And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyn?
" Oh! if the Muſe can happy aught preſage
" Of new deliv'rance to the State and Stage;
" If not untaught the characters to ſpell
" Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
" [e] Thou ſhalt be WILLIAM—like the Laſt deſign'd
" The tyrant's ſcourge, and bleſſing of mankind;
" Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
" That teaches happy ſubjects to rebel.
" Naſſau himſelf but half our vows ſhall ſhare,
" Divide our incenſe and divide our pray'r;
" And oft as Tamerlane ſhall lend his fame
" To ſhadow His, thy rival Star ſhall claim
" [f] Th' ambiguous laurel and the double name.

[d] *Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the Aniverſaries of King William's birth and landing.*

[e] *Tu Marcellus eris.* VIRG.

[f] *Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis*
Altiſoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam. JUV.

The

The ENTHUSIAST:

OR THE

LOVER of NATURE.

A POEM.

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

Written in 1740.

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur. MARTIAL.

——————Ut! mihi devio
Rupes, & vacuum nemus
Mirari libet! HORACE.

YE green-rob'd Dryads, oft' at duſky eve
By wondering ſhepherds ſeen, to foreſts brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathleſs wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimic gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obeliſks, and urns
Of high relief; can the long, ſpreading lake,
Or viſta leſſening to the ſight; can Stow,
With all her Attic fanes, ſuch raptures raiſe,
As the thruſh-haunted copſe, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the ruſtling leaves along,

And the briſk ſquirrel ſports from bough to bough,
While from an hollow oak, whoſe naked roots
O'erhang a penſive rill, the buſy bees
Hum drowſy lullabies? The bards of old,
Fair Nature's friends, ſought ſuch retreats, to charm
Sweet Echo with their ſongs; oft' too they met
In ſummer evenings, near ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Or mountain-nymph, or muſe, and eager learnt
The moral ſtrains ſhe taught to mend mankind.
As to a ſecret grot Ægeria ſtole
With patriot Numa, and in ſilent night
Whiſper'd him ſacred laws, he liſt'ning ſat
Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd
Attentive on his urn, and huſh'd his waves.

Rich in her weeping country's ſpoils Verſailles
May boaſt a thouſand fountains, that can caſt
The tortur'd waters to the diſtant heav'ns;
Yet let me chooſe ſome pine-topt precipice
Abrupt and ſhaggy, whence a foamy ſtream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars; or ſome black heath,
Where ſtraggling ſtands the mournful juniper,
Or yew-tree ſcath'd; while in clear proſpect round,
From the grove's boſom ſpires emerge, and ſmoak
In bluiſh wreaths aſcends, ripe harveſts wave,
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
Of Gothick battlements appear, and ſtreams
Beneath the ſun-beams twinkle.—The ſhrill lark,
That wakes the wood-man to his early taſk,

Or love-ſick Philomel, whoſe luſcious lays
Sooth lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
Pitied by liſtening milk-maid, far excel
The deep-mouth viol, the ſoul-lulling lute,
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful ſounds!
That pleaſe not like the choriſters of air,
When firſt they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent deſign like Nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleaſure pours thro' [g] Lincoln's meads;
Can the great artiſt, tho' with taſte ſupreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
Tho' he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly ſcorns
Formality and Method, round and ſquare
Diſdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid ſtrokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thouſand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd roſe,
And golden crocus?—Yet with theſe the maid,
Phillis or Phœbe at a feaſt or wake,
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer ſhe,
In innocence and home-ſpun veſtments dreſs'd,
Than if cœrulean ſaphires at her ears
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-croſs
Heav'd gently on her panting boſom white.

[g] *The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey.*

Yon' ſhepherd idly ſtretch'd on the rude rock,
Liſtening to daſhing waves, and ſea-mews' clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliſs than the proud ammiral,
Amid his veſſels bright with burniſh'd gold
And ſilken ſtreamers, tho' his lordly nod
Ten thouſand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas[h] gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Deſcending ſhook his direful Ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhauſted, to enrich its ſtately head.
More pleas'd he ſlept in poor Evander's cott
On ſhaggy ſkins, lull'd by ſweet nightingales,
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal gueſt, and bade his minſtrels ſound
Soft ſlumb'rous Lydian airs, to ſooth his reſt.

[i] Happy the firſt of men, ere yet confin'd
To ſmoaky cities; who in ſheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-ſunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the ſun and ſhowers,

[h] *Æneid* VIII.
[i] *See Lucretius, lib.* V.

And

And genial earth untillag'd could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,
Or bluſhing berry; by the liquid lapſe
Of murm'ring waters call'd to ſlake their thirſt,
Or with fair nymphs their ſun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly claſp'd their fav'rite youths,
Unaw'd by ſhame, beneath the beechen ſhade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyneſs knew.
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frowns of parents fear'd, nor huſband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,
O whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his coſtly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, t'enchant the ſouls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In earth's firſt infancy (as ſung the [k] bard,
Who ſtrongly painted what he boldly thought)
Tho' the fierce north oft ſmote with iron whip
Their ſhiv'ring limbs, tho' oft the briſtly boar
Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,
And ſcar'd them from their moſs-grown caves to rove
Houſeleſs and cold in dark tempeſtuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging ſeas
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and ſhrieking crew;

[k] *Lucretius.*

In vain the glaſſy ocean ſmil'd to tempt
The jolly ſailor unſuſpecting harm,
For commerce ne'er had ſpread her ſwelling ſails,
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
The daſhing oar: then famine, want, and pine,
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us,
Diſeaſeful dainties, riot and exceſs,
And feveriſh luxury deſtroy. In brakes,
Or marſhes wild unknowingly they crop'd
Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote
While we for powerful poiſons madly roam,
From every noxious herb collecting death.
What tho' unknown to thoſe primæval ſires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's ſkilful hand, unknown
The ſhapely column, and the crumbling buſts
Of aweful anceſtors in long deſcent?
Yet why ſhould man miſtaken deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's foreſts, architect ſupreme!
Say, is the Perſian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or ſofter to the votaries of eaſe
Than bladed graſs, perfum'd with dew-dropt flow'rs?
O taſte corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In ſpecious names of poliſh'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly baniſh Nature's ſimple charms!
All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundleſs charms
Oppreſs'd, O where ſhall I begin thy praiſe,

Where

Where turn th' ecſtatick eye, how eaſe my breaſt
That pants with wild aſtoniſhment and love!
Dark foreſts, and the op'ning lawn, refreſh'd
With ever-guſhing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd cloſe,
So ſweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the diſtant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now ſwelling with the breeze,
The ſound of paſtoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing ſteed, that ſnuffs
His dappled mate, ſtung with intenſe deſire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves bluſh, the azure ſkies,
The chearful ſun that thro' earth's vitals pours
Delight and health and heat; all, all conſpire,
To raiſe, to ſooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praiſe, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whoſe nod
Creation ſtarted from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the grieſly king
Murmur'd to feel his boiſterous power confin'd.

What are the lays of artful Addiſon,
Coldly correct, to Shakeſpear's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,

Strange whiſp'rings of ſweet muſick thro' the air)
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
Oft' ſooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.

Oft near ſome crowded city would I walk,
Liſtening the far-off noiſes, rattling cars,
Loud ſhouts of joy, ſad ſhrieks of ſorrow, knells
Full ſlowly tolling, inſtruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-ſwelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the ſea, attend the ſounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
Ev'n when wild tempeſts ſwallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blaſts, big hail, and rains combine
To ſhake the groves and mountains, would I ſit,
Penſively muſing on th' outrageous crimes
That wake heav'n's vengeance: at ſuch ſolemn hours,
Dæmons and goblins thro' the dark air ſhriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd ſiſters nine,
Rides o'er the earth, and ſcatters woes and death.
Then too, they ſay, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the liſt'ning traveller
Starts fear-ſtruck, while the hollow-echoing vaults
Of pyramids increaſe the deathful ſounds.

But let me never fail in cloudleſs nights,
When ſilent Cynthia in her ſilver car
Thro' the blue concave ſlides, when ſhine the hills,

Twinkle

Twinkle the ſtreams, and woods look tip'd with gold,
To ſeek ſome level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's ſiſter Contemplation ſage,
(Queen of the rugged brow, and ſtern-fixt eye)
To lift my ſoul above this little earth,
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planet's ſong,
And tuneful turning ſpheres: if this debarr'd,
The little Fayes that dance in neighbouring dales,
Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
Shall charm me with aërial notes.——As thus
I wander muſing, lo, what aweful forms
Yonder appear! ſharp-ey'd Philoſophy
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wriſt,
Firſt meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
Serene, who bluſhes at each gazer's ſight;
Then Wiſdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
Trembling, and bent with age; laſt Virtue's ſelf
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her ſide,
A naked boy!—Harraſs'd with fear I ſtop,
I gaze, when Virtue thus—'Whoe'er thou art,
'Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
'In theſe my midnight-walks; depart, and ſay
'That henceforth I and my immortal train
'Forſake Britannia's iſle; who fondly ſtoops
'To Vice, her favourite paramour.'——She ſpoke,
And as ſhe turn'd, her round and roſy neck,

Her

Her flowing train, and long ambroſial hair,
Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.

O who will bear me then to weſtern climes,
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
Yet unpolluted with Iberian ſwords:
The iſles of innocence, from mortal view
Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's ſhade,
Where Happineſs and Quiet ſit enthron'd,
With ſimple Indian ſwains, that I may hunt
The boar and tiger thro' Savannahs wild,
Thro' fragrant deſarts, and thro' citron-groves.
There fed on dates and herbs, would I deſpiſe
The far-fetch'd cates of Luxury, and hoards
Of narrow-hearted Avarice; nor heed
The diſtant din of the tumultuous world.
So when rude whirlwinds rouze the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis ſits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay, nor ſinking ſailors' cries
Diſturb her ſportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantaſtick dance, or for her hair
Weave roſy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the ſoft warbles of her honied voice.

ODE to FANCY.

By the Same.

O Parent of each lovely Muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe,
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine,
No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare,
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magick wand,
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs Lapland's barren ſnow,
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea,
While the vaſt various landſcape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes.

O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Mid fall of waters you reſide,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between,
'Mid foreſts dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one ſtraw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
Where NATURE ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtick on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor,
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt:
There lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Rapt in ſome wild, poetick dream,
In converſe while methinks I rove
With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awoke, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſick in my ear,
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!

Me,

Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where JOY and white-rob'd PEACE reſort,
And VENUS keeps her feſtive court,
Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where LAUGHTER roſe-lip'd HEBE leads;
Where ECHO walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong:
Yet not theſe flowery fields of joy
Can long my penſive mind employ,
Haſte, FANCY, from theſe ſcenes of folly
To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh!
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels and the houſe of woe,
To Gothick churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek;
Or to ſome Abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thouſand widows' ſhrieks I hear,
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe GALLIC ſquadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where Tumult and Deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield!

O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely LAURA ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun;
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou can'ſt place me near my love,
Can'ſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs,

While

While her ruby lips diſpenſe
Luſcious nectar's quinteſſence!
When young-ey'd SPRING profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe,
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
When AUTUMN cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold,
At every ſeaſon let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, FANCY, hear.
O warm, enthuſiaſtick maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to every line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain,
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save when with ſmiles thou bid'ſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,
Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſmite the ſounding lyre,

May riſe above the rhyming throng,
Who with ſome new, unequall'd ſong
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain;
With terror ſhake, with pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t'attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold criticks' ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

STANZAS written on taking the Air after a long Illneſs.

By the Same.

I.

HAIL, genial ſun! I feel thy powerful ray
Strike vigorous health into each languid vein;
Lo, at thy bright approach, are fled away
The pale-ey'd ſiſters Grief, Diſeaſe, and Pain.

II.

O hills, O foreſts, and thou painted mead,
Again admit me to your ſecret ſeats,
From the dark bed of pining ſickneſs free'd,
With double joy I ſeek your green retreats.

III.

Yet once more, O ye rivers, ſhall I lie,
In ſummer evenings on your willow'd banks,
And unobſerv'd by paſſing ſhepherd's eye,
View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.

IV.

Each rural object charms, ſo long unſeen,
The blooming orchards, the white wand'ring flocks,
The fields array'd in ſight-refreſhing green,
And with his looſen'd yoke the wearied ox.

V.

Here let me ſtop beneath this ſpreading buſh,
While Zephyr's voice I hear the boughs among,
And liſten to the ſweet thick-warbling thruſh,
Much have I wiſh'd to hear her vernal ſong.

VI.

The Dryad Health frequents this hallow'd grove,
O where may I the lovely virgin meet?
From morn to dewy evening will I rove
To find her haunts, and lay an off'ring at her feet.

The Two Beavers. A FABLE.

By the Rev. Mr. DUCK.

'TWere well, my friend, for human kind,
Would ev'ry man his bus'neſs mind;
In his own orbit always move,
Nor blame, nor envy thoſe above.

A Beaver, well advanc'd in age,
By long experience render'd ſage,
Was ſkill'd in all the uſeful arts,
And juſtly deem'd a beaſt of parts;
Which he apply'd (as patriots ſhou'd)
In cultivating publick good.

This

This Beaver on a certain day,
A friendly viſit went to pay
To a young couſin, pert and vain,
Who often rov'd about the plain:
With ev'ry idle beaſt conferr'd,
Hearing, and telling what he heard.
The vagrant youth was gone from home,
When th' ancient ſage approach'd his dome;
Who each apartment view'd with care,
But found each wanted much repair.
The walls were crack'd, decay'd the doors,
The corn lay mouldy on the floors;
Thro' gaping crannies ruſh'd amain
The bluſt'ring winds with ſnow and rain;
The timber all was rotten grown,——
In ſhort, the houſe was tumbling down.
The gen'rous beaſt, by pity ſway'd,
Griev'd to behold it thus decay'd;
And while he mourn'd the tatter'd ſcene,
The maſter of the lodge came in.
The firſt congratulations o'er,
They reſt recumbent on the floor;
When thus the young conceited beaſt
His thoughts impertinent expreſs'd.
I long have been ſurpriz'd to find,
The lion grown ſo wond'rous kind
To one peculiar ſort of beaſts,
While he another ſort deteſts;

His royal favour chiefly falls
Upon the ſpecies of jack-alls.
They ſhare the profits of his throne,
He ſmiles on them, and them alone.
Mean while the ferret's uſeful race
He ſcarce admits to ſee his face;
Traduc'd by lies and ill report,
They're baniſh'd from his regal court,
And counted, over all the plain,
Oppoſers of the lion's reign.

Now I conceiv'd a ſcheme laſt night,
Would doubtleſs ſet this matter right:
Theſe parties ſhould unite together;
The lion partial be to neither,
But let them both his favours ſhare,
And both conſult in peace and war.
This method (were this method try'd)
Would ſpread politick baſis wide,
And on a bottom broad and ſtrong,
Support the ſocial union long——
But uncle, uncle, much I fear,
Some have abus'd the lion's ear;
He liſtens to the leopard's tongue;
That curſed leopard leads him wrong:
Were he but baniſh'd far away——
You don't attend to what I ſay!

Why really, couz, the ſage rejoin'd,
The rain and ſnow, and driving wind,

Beat thro' with ſuch prodigious force,
It made me deaf to your diſcourſe.
Now, couz, were my advice purſu'd,
(And ſure I mean it for your good)
Methinks you ſhould this houſe repair;
Be this your firſt and chiefeſt care.
Your ſkill the voice of prudence calls
To ſtop theſe crannies in the walls,
And prop the roof before it falls.
If you this needful taſk perform,
You'll make your manſion dry and warm;
And we may then converſe together,
Secure from this tempeſtuous weather.

CONTENTMENT.

By the Same.

FArewell aſpiring thoughts, no more
My ſoul ſhall leave the peaceful ſhore,
To ſail ambition's main;
Fallacious as the harlot's kiſs,
You promiſe me uncertain bliſs,
And give me certain pain.

A beauteous proſpect firſt you ſhew,
Which ere ſurvey'd you paint anew,
And paint it wond'rous pleaſant:
This in a third is quickly loſt;
Thus future good we covet moſt,
But ne'er enjoy the preſent.

Deluded on from ſcene to ſcene,
We never end, but ſtill begin,
By flatt'ring Hope betray'd;
I'm weary of the painful chace,
Let others run this endleſs race
To catch a flying ſhade.

Let others boaſt their uſeleſs wealth;
Have I not honeſty and health?
Which riches cannot give:
Let others to preferment ſoar,
And, changing liberty for pow'r,
In golden ſhackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I ſhould be wiſe,
'Tis time to ſeek ſubſtantial joys;
Joys out of Fortune's pow'r:
Wealth, honours, dignities, and fame,
Are toys the blind capricious dame
Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come, conſcious Virtue, fill my breaſt,
And bring Content, thy daughter, dreſs'd
In ever-ſmiling charms:
Let ſacred Friendſhip too attend;
A friendſhip worthy of my friend,
Such as my LÆLIUS warms.

With theſe I'll in my boſom make
A bulwark Fortune cannot ſhake,
Tho' all her ſtorms ariſe;
Look down and pity gilded ſlaves,
Deſpiſe ambition's giddy knaves,
And wiſh the Fools were wiſe.

The EDUCATION of ACHILLES.

By Mr. BEDINGFIELD.

I.

AH me! is all our pleaſure mix'd with woe!
Is there on earth no happineſs ſincere?
Muſt ev'n this bitter ſtream of ſorrow flow
From joy's domeſtick ſpring, our children dear?
How oft did Thetis drop the ſilver tear,
When with fond eyes ſhe view'd her darling boy!
How oft her breaſt heav'd with preſaging fear,
Leſt vice's ſecret canker ſhould annoy
Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes deſtroy!

II.

At length, ſo Nereus had her rightly taught,
That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more,
Her imp in prattling infancy ſhe brought
To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hoar,
Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore;
Chiron, whoſe wiſdom flouriſh'd 'bove his peers,
In ev'ry goodly thew, and virtuous lore,
To principle his yet untainted years;
The ſeed that's early ſown, the faireſt harveſt bears.

III.

Far in the covert of a buſhy wood,
Where aged trees their ſtar-proof branches ſpread,
A grott, with grey moſs ever dropping ſtood;
Ne coſtly gems the ſparkling roof diſplay'd,
Ne cryſtal ſquares the pavement rich inlaid,
But o'er the pebbles, clear with glaſſy ſhine,
A limpid ſtream in ſoothing murmurs ſtray'd,
And all around the flow'ring eglantine
Its balmy tendrils ſpread in many a wanton twine.

IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,
Yet ſacred made by men of mickle fame,
Who there in precepts wiſe had leſſon'd been;
Chaſte Peleus, conſort of the ſea-born dame,

Sage

Sage Æſculape, who cou'd the vital flame
(Bleſt leach!) relumine by his healing ſkill;
And Jaſon, who, his father's crown to claim,
Deſcended dreadful from the craggy hill,
And with his portence ſtern did falſe uſurper thrill.

V.

Faſt by the cave a damſel was ypight,
Afraid from earth her bluſhing looks to rear,
Leſt aught indecent ſhou'd offend her ſight,
Leſt aught indecent ſhou'd offend her ear;
Yet wou'd ſhe ſometime deign at ſober chear
Softly to ſmile, but ever held it ſhame
The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,
A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.
Ah! who but churliſh carle would hurt ſo pure a dame?

VI.

With her ſate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,
Plucking from tree-en bough her ſimple food,
And pointing to an urn beſide her feet,
Fill'd with the cryſtal of the wholſome flood:
With her was ſeen, of grave and aweful mood,
Hoary FIDELITY, a matron ſtaid;
And ſweet BENEVOLENCE, who ſmiling ſtood,
Whilſt at her breaſt two fondling infants play'd,
And turtles, billing ſoft, coo'd thro' the echoing glade.

VII.

On t'other ſide, of bold and open air,
Was a fair perſonage hight EXERCISE;
Reclin'd he ſeem'd upon his rough boar-ſpear,
As late ſurceas'd from hardy enterprize;
(For Sloth inglorious did he aye deſpiſe)
Freſh glow'd his cheek with health's vermilion dye,
On his ſleek brow the ſwelling ſweat-drops riſe,
And oft around he darts his glowing eye
To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly company.

VIII.

Not far away was ſage EXPERIENCE plac'd,
With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and ſober plight,
Who weighing well the preſent with the paſt,
Of every accident cou'd read aright.
With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,
Bow-bent with eld, his beard of ſnowy hue,
Yet age's hand mote not empare the ſight,
Still with ſharp ken the eagle he'd purſue,
As thro' the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'rs ſhe flew.

IX.

Here the fond parent left her darling care,
Yet ſoftly breath'd a ſigh as ſhe withdrew;
Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,
Eftſoons imbib'd Inſtruction's hony'd dew,

(For

(For well to file his tongue, ſage Chiron knew)
And learnt to diſcipline his life aright;
To pay to pow'rs ſupreme a reverence due,
Chief to Saturnian Jove, whoſe dreaded might
Wings thro' diſparted clouds the bik'ring lightning's flight.

X.

Aye was the ſtripling wont, ere morning fair
Had rear'd o'er eaſtern waves her roſy tede,
To graſp with tender hand the pointed ſpear,
And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed
Enſhrouded lay, or lion's tawny ſeed.
Oft wou'd great Dian, with her woody train,
Stop in mid chace to wonder at his ſpeed,
Whilſt up the hill's rough ſide ſhe ſaw him ſtrain,
Or ſweep with winged feet along the level plain.

XI.

And when dun ſhades had blent the day's bright eye,
Upon his ſhoulders, with ſlow ſtagg'ring pace,
He brought the prey his hand had done to die,
Whilſt blood with duſt beſprent did foul diſgrace
The goodly features of his glowing face.
When as the ſage beheld on graſſy ſoil
Each panting corſe, whilſt life did well apace,
The panther of his ſpotted pride he'd ſpoil,
To deck his foſter ſon; fit meed of daring toil.

XII. And

XII.

And ever and anon the godlike ſire,
To temper ſtern beheſts with pleaſaunce gay,
Would touch (for well he cou'd) the ſilver lyre;
So ſweetly raviſh'd each enchanting lay,
That Pan, in ſcornful wiſe, wou'd fling away
His ruſtick pipe, and ev'n the ſacred train
Wou'd leave their lov'd Parnaſs' in trim array,
And thought their own Apollo once again
Charm'd his attentive flock, a ſimple ſhepherd ſwain.

XIII.

And ever and anon of worthies old,
Whoſe praiſe Fame's trump thro' earth's wide bounds had ſpread,
To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told;
Pirithous, known for proweſt hardy-head;
Theſeus, whoſe wrath the dire Procruſtes fled;
And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,
When Hydra fell, in loathſome marſhes bred,
In vain againſt the ſon of Jove uprear'd
Head ſprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion ſhear'd.

XIV.

The ſtern-brow'd boy in mute attention ſtood,
To hear the ſage relate each great empriſe;
Then ſtrode along the cave in haughtier mood,
Whilſt varying paſſions in his boſom riſe,

And

And lightning-beams flash from his glowing eyes.
Ev'n now he scorns the prey the desarts yield,
Ev'n now (as hope the future scene supplies)
He shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield,
And braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er the field.

An EPISTLE from S. J. Esq; in the Country, to the Right Hon. the Lord LOVELACE in Town.

Written in the Year 1735.

IN days, my Lord, when mother Time,
Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,
When SATURN first began to rule,
And JOVE was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,

Virtue

Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unſound;
Fierce party-rage each village fires,
With wars of juſtices and 'ſquires;
Attorneys, for a barley ſtraw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law;
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And ſome for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parſon the beſt preacher,
The tinker ſome a better teacher;
Theſe to the Church they fight for, ſtrangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While thoſe, a more believing people,
Can ſwallow all things——but a ſteeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how theſe matters go,
And equally deteſt the ſtrife
And uſual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little ſhare
Of its diverſions, or its care;
For ſeldom I with 'ſquires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-ſeſſions, or cock-fighting;

But

But then no farm I occupy,
With ſheep to rot and cows to dye:
Nor rage I much, or much deſpair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a ſnare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in faſhion;
The great commiſſions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia ſcarlet, edg'd with gold,
Or the white ſtaff high-ſheriffs hold;
The repreſentative's careſſing,
The judge's bow, the biſhop's bleſſing.
Nor can I for my ſoul delight
In the dull feaſt of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you ſend three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With ſuperfluity of breeding
Firſt makes you ſick, and then with feeding.
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,
You wou'd next time ſuch plagues avoid,
And viſit without previous notice,
JOHN, JOHN a coach!—I can't think who 'tis,
My lady cries, who ſpies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
Lord, how unlucky!—waſhing-day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is ſomething hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;

The yard's with lines of linen croſs'd,
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is loſt:
Theſe difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room,
Then there's ſuch trampling over-head,
Madam you'd ſwear was brought to bed;
Miſs in a hurry burſts the lock,
To get clean ſleeves to hide her ſmock;
The ſervants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dreſſes, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs ſqueak, fowls ſcream, and green geeſe flutter.
Now after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuſe, ſir,—on a ſudden—
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and colly-flow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each ſide;
And by and by the ſecond courſe
Comes lagging like a diſtanc'd horſe:
A ſalver then to church and king,
The butler ſweats, the glaſſes ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toaſts go round,
Bawdy and politicks abound;

And as the knight more tipſy waxes,
We damn all miniſters and taxes.
At laſt the ruddy ſun quite ſunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and ſtones,
Enough to diſlocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' ſinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!

But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor buſineſs, nor diverſions pleaſe me,
You'll aſk, my Lord, how time I ſpend?
I anſwer, with a book, or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are ſtill my higheſt joy,
Theſe earlieſt pleaſe, and lateſt cloy.
Sometimes o'er diſtant climes I ſtray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;
Bound o'er rough ſeas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forſake my elbow chair.
Sometimes ſome fam'd hiſtorian's pen,
Recals paſt ages back agen,
Where all I ſee, through every page,
Is but how men with ſenſeleſs rage

Each other rob, deſtroy, and burn,
To ſerve a prieſt's, or ſtateſman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always aſſes much the ſame.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works at variance ſet,
Strive hard who ſhall the victory get;
Preſbytery and epiſcopacy
There fight ſo long, it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce diſpute
With reprobation abſolute;
There ſenſe kicks tranſubſtantiation,
And reaſon pecks at revelation.
With learned NEWTON now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Viſit new worlds, and for a minute
This old one ſcorn, and all that's in it:
And now with labouring BOYLE I trace
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleaſing admiration ſee
Matter's ſurpriſing ſubtlety;
As how the ſmalleſt lamp diſplays,
For miles around, its ſcatter'd rays;
Or how (the caſe ſtill more t' explain)
[a] A fart, that weighs not half a grain,

[a] *See Boyle's Experiments.*

The

The atmoſphere will oft perfume
Of a whole ſpacious drawing-room.

Sometimes I paſs a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Paſt pleaſures, and in hoping more:
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flow'rs with rapture view,
And ſparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas riſe
Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I, free from ſtrife,
Spend an inglorious country life;
Theſe are the joys I ſtill purſue,
When abſent from the town and you:
Thus paſs long ſummer ſuns away,
Buſily idle, calmly gay;
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, or wiſhing more;
Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And ſeeing, in all publick places,
The ſame vain fops and painted faces,
Wou'd ſometimes kindly condeſcend
To viſit a dull country friend:
Here you'll be ever ſure to meet
A hearty welcome, tho' no treat,

One who has nothing elſe to do,
But to divert himſelf and you:
A houſe, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits ſmoak, drink and roar;
Choice books, ſafe horſes, wholſome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

To a LADY in Town, ſoon after her leaving the Country.

By the Same.

WHilſt you, dear maid, o'er thouſands born to reign,
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,
The cooling breeze and ev'ning walk forſake
For ſtifling crowds, which your own beauties make;
Thro' circling joys while you inceſſant ſtray,
Charm in the Mall, and ſparkle at the play;
Think (if ſucceſſive vanities can ſpare
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,
Left in theſe plains all wretched, and alone,
To weep with fountains, and with echos groan,
And mourn inceſſantly that fatal day,
That all my bliſs with CHLOE ſnatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,
Muſick, verſe, all I try, but try in vain;
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,
Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice.

Nor HANDEL's, nor CORELLI's tuneful airs
Can harmonize my ſoul, or ſooth my cares;
Thoſe once-lov'd med'cines unſucceſsful prove,
Muſick, alas, is but the voice of love!
In vain I oft harmonious lines peruſe,
And ſeek for aid from POPE's and PRIOR's Muſe;
Their treach'rous numbers but aſſiſt the foe,
And call forth ſcenes of ſympathiſing woe;
Here HELOISE mourns her abſent lover's charms,
There panting EMMA ſighs in HENRY's arms;
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,
And in their tender ſorrows read my own.

Reſtleſs ſometimes, as oft the mournful dove
Forſakes her neſt forſaken by her love,
I fly from home, and ſeek the ſacred fields,
Where CAM's old urn its ſilver current yields,
Where ſolemn tow'rs o'er-look each moſſy grove,
As if to guard it from th' aſſaults of love;
Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes
But lately made whole colleges her prize;
Her ſons, tho few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,
Nor DULLNESS ſuccour to her thouſands lend;
Love like a fever with infectious rage
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the froſt of age;
To gaze at her, ev'n DONS are ſeen to run,
And leave unfiniſh'd pipes, and authors—ſcarce begun.
So HELEN look'd, and mov'd with ſuch a grace,
When the grave ſeniors of the TROJAN race

Were forc'd thoſe fatal beauties to admire,
That all their youth conſum'd, and ſet their town on fire.

At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I ſpend the day,
An unconcern'd ſpectator of the play;
There pitileſs obſerve the ruin'd heir
With anger fir'd, or melting with deſpair:
For how ſhould I his trivial loſs bemoan,
Who feel one, ſo much greater, of my own?
There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,
Wait the deciſion of two rival dice,
While long diſputes 'twixt *ſeven* and *five* remain,
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,
Without one wiſh I ſee the guineas ſhine,
Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.
Now ſee, prepar'd their utmoſt ſpeed to try,
O'er the ſmooth turf the bounding racers fly!
Now more and more their ſlender limbs they ſtrain,
And foaming ſtretch along the velvet plain!
Ah ſtay! ſwift ſteeds, your rapid flight delay,
No more the jockey's ſmarting laſh obey:
But rather let my hand direct the rein,
And guide your ſteps a nobler prize to gain;
Then ſwift as eagles cut the yielding air,
Bear me, oh bear me to the abſent fair.

Now when the winds are huſh'd, the air ſerene,
And chearful ſun-beams gild the beauteous ſcene,
Penſive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I ſtray,
Where-e'er or choice, or chance directs the way;

Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,
Or diſtant bluiſh hills, or ſilver floods:
Now harmleſs birds in ſilken nets inſnare,
Now with ſwift dogs purſue the flying hare;
Dull ſports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigued at length I willingly retire
To a ſmall ſtudy, and a chearful fire,
There o'er ſome folio pore; I pore, 'tis true,
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you;
I hear you, ſee you, feaſt upon your eyes,
And claſp with eager arms the lovely prize.
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,
Whilſt I by dear reflection live again;
But ev'n theſe joys are too ſublime to laſt,
And quickly fade, like all the real ones paſt:
For juſt when now beneath ſome ſilent grove
I hear you talk—and talk perhaps of love,
Or charm with thrilling notes the liſt'ning ear,
Sweeter than angels ſing, or angels hear,
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,
The pleaſing viſion in a moment's gone,
And I once more am wretched and alone.

So when glad ORPHEUS from th' infernal ſhade
Had juſt recall'd his long-lamented maid,
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,
Loſt in eternal night—again ſhe dies.

To the Right Hon. the Lady MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY, preſented with a Collection of POEMS.

By the Same.

THE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,
And verſe a tribute ſacred to the fair,
Hence in each age the loveliеſt nymph has been,
By undiſputed right, the Muſes' queen;
Her ſmiles have all poetick boſoms fir'd,
And patronis'd the verſe themſelves inſpir'd:
LESBIA preſided thus in Roman times,
Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er Britiſh rhymes,
And preſent bards to MARGARETTA bow,
For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's houſe, in theſe dull buſy days,
Alone we hope for patronage, or praiſe;
He to our ſlighted labours ſtill is kind,
Beneath his roof w'are ever ſure to find
(Reward ſufficient for the world's neglect)
Charms to inſpire, and goodneſs to protect;
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,

Form'd

Form'd for our glory and ſupport, ye ſeem,
Our conſtant patron he, and you our theme.
Where ſhou'd poetick homage then be pay'd?
Where ev'ry verſe, but at your feet be lay'd?
A double right you to this empire bear,
As firſt in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illuſtrious maid! in whoſe ſole perſon join'd
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,
Charms that might warrant all her ſex's pride,
Without one foible of her ſex to hide;
Good nature, artleſs as the bloom that dies
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.
Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you theſe lines approve,
Theſe children ſprung from idleneſs, and love,
Cou'd they (but ah how vain is the deſign!)
Hope to amuſe your hours, as once they've mine,
Th' ill judging world's applauſe, and critick's blame
Alike I'd ſcorn; your approbation's fame.

CHLOE

CHLOE to STREPHON.

A SONG.

By the Same.

TOO plain, dear youth, theſe tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heav'n's ſake let it ſuffice
You reign triumphant there:
Forbear your utmoſt pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your ſway;
Preſs not for what I muſt deny,
For fear I ſhou'd obey.

Cou'd all your arts ſucceſsful prove,
Wou'd you a maid undo,
Whoſe greateſt failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, wou'd you uſe that very pow'r
You from her fondneſs claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of ſpotleſs fame?

Ah!

Ah! ceaſe, my dear, to do an ill,
Becauſe perhaps you may!
But rather try your utmoſt ſkill
To ſave me, than betray:

Be you yourſelf my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not purſue;
Since 'tis a taſk for me too hard,
To fight with love and you.

To the Right Honourable the EARL of CHESTERFIELD, on his being inſtalled Knight of the GARTER.

By the Same.

THeſe trophies, STANHOPE, of the lovely dame,
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,
Who with ſuch juſt propriety can wear,
As thou, the darling of the gay and fair?
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeneſs, love,
With one conſent thy ſovereign's choice approve!
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,
Herſelf, and GARTER, both were ſurely thine.

To a LADY, ſent with a Preſent of Shells and Stones deſign'd for a GROTTO.

By the Same.

With gifts like theſe, the ſpoils of neighb'ring ſhores,
The Indian ſwain his ſable love adores,
Off'rings well ſuited to the duſky ſhrine
Of his rude goddeſs, but unworthy mine:
And yet they ſeem not ſuch a worthleſs prize,
If nicely view'd by philoſophick eyes;
And ſuch are yours, that nature's works admire
With warmth like that, which they themſelves inſpire.

To ſuch how fair appears each grain of ſand,
Or humbleſt weed, as wrought by nature's hand!
How far ſuperior to all human pow'r
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r!
In all her births, tho' of the meaneſt kinds,
A juſt obſerver entertainment finds,
With fond delight her low productions ſees,
And how ſhe gently riſes by degrees;
A ſhell, or ſtone he can with pleaſure view,
Hence trace her nobleſt works, the heav'ns—and you.

Be-

Behold, how bright theſe gaudy trifles ſhine,
The lovely ſportings of a hand divine!
See with what art each curious ſhell is made,
Here carv'd in fret-work, there with pearl inlaid!
What vivid ſtreaks th' enamel'd ſtones adorn,
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn!
Yet ſtill not half their charms can reach our eyes,
While thus confus'd the ſparkling Chaos lies;
Doubly they'll pleaſe, when in your Grotto plac'd,
They plainly ſpeak the fair diſpoſer's taſte;
Then glories yet unſeen ſhall o'er them riſe,
New order from your hand, new luſtre from your eyes.

How ſweet, how charming will appear this Grot,
When by your art to full perfection brought!
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,
There bubbling currents through the ſhell-work flow;
Here coral mix'd with ſhells of various dies,
There poliſh'd ſtone will charm our wond'ring eyes;
Delightful bow'r of bliſs! ſecure retreat!
Fit for the Muſes, and STATIRA's ſeat.

But ſtill how good muſt be that fair-one's mind,
Who thus in ſolitude can pleaſure find!
The Muſe her company, good-ſenſe her guide,
Reſiſtleſs charms her pow'r, but not her pride:
Who thus forſakes the town, the park, and play,
In ſilent ſhades to paſs her hours away;
Who better likes to breathe freſh country air,
Than ride impriſon'd in a velvet chair,

And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice;
Prefers her books, and conſcience void of ill,
To conſorts, balls, aſſemblies, and quadrille:
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots ſees,
For groves the play-houſe quits, and beaus for trees.

Bleſt is the man, whom heav'n ſhall grant one hour
With ſuch a lovely nymph, in ſuch a lovely bow'r!

To a LADY, in anſwer to a LETTER wrote in a very fine Hand.

By the Same.

WHilſt well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,
Throughout the finiſh'd piece we ſee diſplay'd
Th' exacteſt image of the lovely maid;
Such is her wit, and ſuch her form divine,
This pure, as flows the ſtyle thro' ev'ry line,
That, like each letter, exquiſitely fine.

See with what art the ſable currents ſtain
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in ſilver ſnow
Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;

Thus jetty curls in ſhining ſinglets deck
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:
See, like ſome virgin, whoſe unmeaning charms
Receive new luſtre from a lover's arms,
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breaſt,
By her fair hand and flowing pen impreſs'd,
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
And with new life and new ideas glows;
Freſh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
And ſhines each moment brighter from its ſtains.

Let mighty love no longer boaſt his darts,
That ſtrike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts;
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
Wound full as ſure, and at a diſtance too:
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
From pole to pole you ſend your great commands,
To diſtant climes in vain the lover flies,
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'ſcapes your eyes;
So thoſe, who from the ſword in battle run,
But periſh victims to the diſtant gun.

Beauty's a ſhort-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
But theſe are charms no ages can devour;
Theſe, far ſuperior to the brighteſt face,
Triumph alike o'er time, as well as ſpace.
When that fair form, which thouſands now adore,
By years decay'd, ſhall tyrannize no more,
Theſe lovely lines ſhall future ages view,
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight
The curious piece, and wiſh like you to write!
Alas, vain hope! that might as well aſpire
To copy PAULO's ſtroke, or TITIAN's fire:
Ev'n now your ſplendid lines before me lie,
And I in vain to imitate them try;
Believe me, fair, I'm practiſing this art,
To ſteal your hand, in hopes to ſteal your heart.

The ART of DANCING. A POEM.

Inſcrib'd to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730. By the Same.

Inceſſu patuit Dea. VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the ſmooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Eaſy with care, and ſprightly tho' ſerene,
To mark th' inſtructions echoing ſtrains convey,
And with juſt ſteps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be preſent, all ye ſacred Choir,
Blow the ſoft flute, and ſtrike the ſounding lyre;
When FIELDING bids your kind aſſiſtance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;

Oh

Oh may her eyes (to her this verſe is due)
What firſt themſelves inſpir'd, vouchſafe to view!
Hail loftieſt art! thou can'ſt all hearts inſnare
And make the faireſt ſtill appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do,
Unleſs ſhe borrows half her arms from you!
Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeleſs charms,
Or care to claſp a ſtatue in their arms;
But breaſts of flint muſt melt with fierce deſire,
When art and motion wake the ſleeping fire:
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for awhile our wond'ring eyes command,
But ſtill, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeleſs piece can never warm the heart;
So fair a nymph, perhaps, may pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,
But when her charms are in the dance diſplay'd,
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:
This ſets her beauty in the faireſt light,
And ſhews each grace in full perfection bright;
Then, as ſhe turns around, from every part,
Like porcupines ſhe ſends a piercing dart;
In vain, alas! the fond ſpectator tries
To ſhun the pleaſing dangers of her eyes,
For, Parthian-like, ſhe wounds as ſure behind,
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:
Whether her ſteps the Minuet's mazes trace,
Or the ſlow Louvre's more majeſtick pace,

Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
Or ſprightly Jigg diſplays the nimble fair,
At every ſtep new beauties we explore,
And worſhip now, what we admir'd before:
So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,
The beauteous goddeſs, whilſt unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
Seem'd ſome fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
But when ſhe mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien
And graceful ſtep confeſs'd bright Beauty's queen,
New glories o'er her form each moment riſe,
And all the Goddeſs opens to his eyes.

Now haſte, my Muſe, purſue thy deſtin'd way,
What dreſſes beſt become the dancer, ſay;
The rules of dreſs forget not to impart,
A leſſon previous to the dancing art.

The ſoldier's ſcarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilſt the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly ſpeaks divinity within;
The milk-maid ſafe thro' driving rains and ſnows,
Wrapt in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
Whilſt the ſoft Belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the ſilken ſhoe, and truſts her boſom bare:
The woolly drab, and Engliſh broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horſeman from the beating ſtorm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy ſweat;

Rather

Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or gloſſy paduaſoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his ſhoulders preſs;
But airy, light, and eaſy be his dreſs;
Thin be his yielding ſoal, and low his heel,
So ſhall he nimbly bound, and ſafely wheel.
But let not precepts known my verſe prolong,
Precepts which uſe will better teach, than ſong;
For why ſhould I the gallant ſpark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fobb enlivening ſpirits wear,
And pungent ſalts to raiſe the fainting fair?
Or hint, the ſword that dangles at his ſide,
Should from its ſilken bandage be unty'd?
Why ſhould my lays the youthful tribe adviſe,
Leſt ſnowy clouds from out their wigs ariſe;
So ſhall their partners mourn their laces ſpoil'd,
And ſhining ſilks with greaſy powder ſoil'd?
Nor need I, ſure, bid prudent youths beware,
Leſt with erected tongues their buckles ſtare,
The pointed ſteel ſhall oft' their ſtocking rend,
And oft' th' approaching petticoat offend.
And now, ye youthful fair, I ſing to you,
With pleaſing ſmiles my uſeful labours view:
For you the ſilkworms fine-wrought webs diſplay,
And lab'ring ſpin their little lives away,
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,

For you the ſea reſigns its pearly ſtore,
And earth unlocks her mines of treaſur'd ore;
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts beſtows,
Unleſs yourſelves with art thoſe gifts diſpoſe.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dreſs preſcrib'd can ſuit with all;
One brighteſt ſhines when wealth and art combine
To make the finiſh'd piece compleatly fine;
When leaſt adorn'd, another ſteals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;
In ſome are ſuch reſiſtleſs graces found,
That in all dreſſes they are ſure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids deſpiſe,
And gems but borrow luſtre from their eyes.

Let the fair Nymph, in whoſe plump cheeks is ſeen
A conſtant bluſh, be clad in chearful green;
In ſuch a dreſs the ſportive ſea-nymphs go;
So in their graſſy bed freſh roſes blow:
The laſs whoſe ſkin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow ſhould o'er-come her own:
While maids grown pale with ſickneſs or deſpair,
The ſable's mournful dye ſhould chooſe to wear;
So the pale moon ſtill ſhines with pureſt light,
Cloath'd in the duſky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all thoſe treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts,
Dancing's a touchſtone that true beauty tries,
Nor ſuffers charms that Nature's hand denies;

Tho'

Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The roſy bluſh, and ſkin of lovely hue,
Yet ſoon the dance will cauſe the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of ſnow:
So ſhine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilſt frozen gems beſpangle all the ground,
Thro' the clear cryſtal of the glitt'ring ſnow,
With ſcarlet dye the bluſhing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories riſe,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes:
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The ſplendid ſcenes, their glories fade away,
The fields reſign the beauties not their own,
And all their ſnowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in ſuch momentous points adviſe,
I ſhould condemn the hoop's enormous ſize,
Of ills I ſpeak by long experience found,
Oft' have I trod th' immeaſurable round,
And mourn'd my ſhins bruis'd black with many a wound.
Nor ſhou'd the tighten'd ſtays, too ſtraightly lac'd,
In whale-bone bondage gall the ſlender waiſt;
Nor waving lappets ſhou'd the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft' will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd:

So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
Together join'd in ſome ill-fated hour,
The more they ſtrive their freedom to regain,
The faſter binds th' indiſſoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be diſgrac'd,
Ever be ſure to tye her garter faſt,
Leſt the loos'd ſtring, amidſt the public ball,
A wiſh'd for prize to ſome proud fop ſhould fall,
Who the rich treaſure ſhall triumphant ſhew,
And with warm bluſhes cauſe her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the ſelf-ſame ways
She humbles many, ſome delights to raiſe)
It happen'd once, a fair illuſtrious dame
By ſuch neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if Fame ſays true:
Hence ſtill, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
Tho' long ſince moulder'd in the duſky tomb,
Still thy loſt Garter is thy ſov'reign's care,
And what each royal breaſt is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Leſt they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aſide,
A toy at once diſplay'd, for uſe and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that by magick charms,
Cools your own breaſt, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard ſhall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs, that in this little weapon dwell?

What verſe can e'er explain its various parts,
Its numerous uſes, motions, charms and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft' extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When ſecret ſorrows her ſad boſom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:
Its ſticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with ſecret ſhame,
Dies to conſent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its ſhake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?
Forbear, my Muſe, th' extenſive theme to ſing,
Nor truſt in ſuch a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name,
Say from what cauſe it firſt deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.
Once in Arcadia, that fam'd ſeat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
An eaſy ſhape, and ſweetly-blooming face,
FANNY the damſel's name, as chaſte as fair,
Each virgin's envy, and each ſwain's deſpair;
To charm her ear the rival ſhepherds ſing,
Blow the ſoft flute, and wake the trembling ſtring,
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
Whilſt FANNY's name reſounds thro' ev'ry grove,
And ſpreads on every tree, inclos'd in knots of love;

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.
'Twas when the ſummer ſun, now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had ſcorch'd the glowing ſky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling ſhade,
To ſhun the heat, this lovely nymph was lay'd;
The ſultry weather o'er her cheeks had ſpread
A bluſh, that added to their native red,
And her fair breaſts, as poliſh'd marble white,
Were half conceal'd, and half expos'd to ſight;
ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Obſerv'd the beauteous maid, as thus ſhe lay,
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And ſuck'd in poiſon at the dangerous ſight;
He ſighs, he burns; at laſt declares his pain,
But ſtill he ſighs, and ſtill he wooes in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardleſs of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneaſy with her own;
But ſtill complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one Zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the ſultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales inceſſant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

CANTO II.

NOW ſee prepar'd to lead the ſprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well dreſs'd youths advance;
The ſpacious room receives its jovial gueſt,
And the floor ſhakes with pleaſing weight oppreſs'd:
Thick rang'd on every ſide, with various dyes
The fair in gloſſy ſilks our ſight ſurprize:
So, in a garden bath'd with genial ſhow'rs,
A thouſand ſorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips riſe,
And in a gay confuſion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
Large ſconces ſhed their ſparkling beams of light,
Their ſparkling beams that ſtill more brightly glow,
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair
With breathing Zephyrs move the circling air,
The ſprightly fiddle, and the ſounding lyre
Each youthful breaſt with gen'rous warmth inſpire;
Fraught with all joys the bliſsful moments fly,
While muſic melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whoſe ſuperior place
It firſt belongs the ſplendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his choſen fair;
The fair ſhall not his kind requeſt deny,
But to the pleaſing toil with equal ardor fly.

But ſtay, raſh pair, not yet untaught advance,
Firſt hear the Muſe, ere you attempt to dance:
* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted veſſels glide;
By art the chariot ſcours the duſty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the ſtrait'ning rein;
To art our bodies muſt obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful eaſe to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd, and free,
Hence loſt in error and uncertainty,
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But every maſter taught a diff'rent way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
Thro' various hands in wild confuſion toſs'd,
Its ſteps were alter'd, and its beauties loſt;
Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, roſe,
And did the dance in characters compoſe,
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And every ſtep in laſting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleaſing art ſhall ſpread,
And every dance in ev'ry clime be read,

* *Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,*
Arte leves currus. OVID.

† ——— *Nec audit currus habenas.* VIRG.

‡ *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters in French, ſince tranſlated by Weaver.*

By

By diſtant maſters ſhall each ſtep be ſeen,
Tho' mountains riſe, and oceans roar between;
Hence, with her ſiſter arts, ſhall Dancing claim
An equal right to univerſal fame,
And ISAAC's rigadoon ſhall live as long,
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's ſong.

Wiſe Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Diſpenſes various gifts to every land,
To every nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for ſome peculiar arts;
To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
Muſic and verſe are ſoft ITALIA's charms;
BRITANNIA juſtly glories to have found
Lands unexplor'd, and ſail'd the globe around:
But none will ſure preſume to rival FRANCE,
Whether ſhe forms, or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
The ſprightly Rigadoon and Louvre ſlow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and the ſmooth Bretagne,
With all thoſe dances of illuſtrious fame,
* That from their native country take their name,
With theſe let every ball be firſt begun,
Nor country dance intrude till theſe are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to ſing,
Firſt gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing,

* *French dances.*

And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muſes all his raptur'd ſoul inſpire,
At once to heav'n he ſores in lofty odes,
And ſings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight ſo high,
He then deſcends to ſofter elegy;
And if in elegy he can't ſucceed,
In paſt'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
So ſhould the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his ſtrength, his weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himſelf he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's ſlow majeſtic dance;
If theſe he fears to reach, with eaſy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the Country-dance confine his care.
Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be your firſt thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain ſhall mend,
Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to ſtart the youthful couple ſtand;
Let them awhile their nimble feet reſtrain,
And with ſoft taps beat time to ev'ry ſtrain:

So

So for the race prepar'd two courſers ſtand,
And with impatient pawings ſpurn the ſand.

In vain a maſter ſhall employ his care,
Where Nature once has fix'd a clumſy air;
Rather let ſuch, to country ſports confin'd,
Purſue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'ſquire deſpiſe,
A mien effeminate would I adviſe;
With equal ſcorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance——but on the woman's ſide.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
A ſtupid dulneſs, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Aſleep, like ſpinning-tops, run round and round;
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and ſkip from ſide to ſide.

True dancing, like true wit, is beſt expreſs'd
By nature only to advantage dreſs'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to pleaſe a curious eye,
Good judges no ſuch tumblers tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, becauſe they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that every ſtander-by
No glaring errors in your ſteps can ſpy,
The dance and muſic muſt ſo nicely meet,
Each note ſhould ſeem an echo to your feet;
A nameleſs grace muſt in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er expreſs, or precepts tell,

Not to be taught, but ever to be ſeen
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's eaſy mien:
'Tis ſuch an air that makes her thouſands fall,
When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball;
Smooth as CAMILLA ſhe ſkims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes ſlain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
(Like all terreſtrial joys) can pleaſe no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refuſing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each ſtraggler in:
But ere they come, permit me to diſcloſe,
How firſt, as legends tell, this paſtime roſe.

In ancient times (ſuch times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illuſtrious ARTHUR wore,
In ſome fair op'ning glade, each ſummer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her ſilver light,
On the ſoft carpet of a graſſy field,
The ſporting fairies their aſſemblies held:
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
Some with ſoft notes bade mellow pipes reſound,
And muſic warble thro' the groves around;
Oft' lonely ſhepherds by the foreſt ſide,
Belated peaſants oft' their revels ſpy'd,
And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,
Their gueſts diverted with the wond'rous tale.

In-

Inſtructed hence, throughout the Britiſh iſle,
And fond to imitate the pleaſing toil,
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
And bears its flow'ry honours to the ſky,
The ruddy maids, and ſun-burnt ſwains reſort;
And practiſe every night the lovely ſport;
On every ſide Æolian artiſts ſtand,
Whoſe active elbows ſwelling winds command,
The ſwelling winds harmonious pipes inſpire,
And blow in ev'ry breaſt a generous fire.

Thus taught at firſt the country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran,
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art:
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleaſing exerciſe approv'd;
Hence the loud fiddle, and ſhrill trumpet's ſounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and ſilks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect luſtre ſhine.

So rude at firſt the tragic Muſe appear'd,
Her voice alone by ruſtic rabble heard,
Where twiſting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd ſpectators ſat beneath the ſhade,
The homely ſtage with ruſhes green was ſtrew'd,
And in a cart the ſtrolling actors rode:
Till time at length improv'd the great deſign,
And bade the ſcenes with painted landſkips ſhine;

Then art did all the bright machines diſpoſe,
And theatres of Parian marble roſe,
Then mimic thunder ſhook the canvas ſky,
And Gods deſcended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let every youth prepare
To chooſe a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain would be here th' inſtructed Muſe's voice,
If ſhe pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is expreſs'd,
And charms in different forms each different breaſt;
A ſnowy ſkin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilſt nut-brown cheeks another's boſom fires.
Small waiſts and ſlender limbs ſome hearts enſnare,
While others love the more ſubſtantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments ſway,
Your reaſon rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage nooſe,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, chooſe:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect ſkill
When ſhe ſhould move, and when ſhe ſhould be ſtill,
Who uninſtructed can perform her ſhare,
And kindly half the pleaſing burthen bear.
Unhappy is that hopeleſs wretch's fate,
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial ſtate
With a poor, ſimple, unexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And ſuch is his, with ſuch a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind;

Still muſt his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach ſo faſt, as ſhe can ſtray,
Beneath her follies he muſt ever groan,
And ever bluſh for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each ſide, the well-pair'd couples ſtand!
Each youthful boſom beating with delight,
Waits the briſk ſignal for the pleaſing fight;
While lovely eyes, that flaſh unuſual rays,
And ſnowy bubbies pull'd above the ſtays,
Quick buſy hands, and bridling heads declare,
The fond impatience of the ſtarting fair.
And ſee the ſprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with ſlow ſteps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring:
So, in a wheel with rapid fury toſs'd,
The undiſtinguiſh'd ſpokes are in the motion loſt.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,
To no ſtrict ſteps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The Muſe's precepts here wou'd uſeleſs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the muſic's voice attend,
By this inſtructed, he can ne'er offend;
If to his ſhare it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be ſure to tread;
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their ſteps the winding maze purſue.

In every Country-dance a ſerious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find;
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we purſue:
Thus in Round-dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As ſoon as one from his own conſort flies,
Another ſeizes on the lovely prize:
Awhile the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer ſteals her from his arms,
New ones ſucceed, the laſt is ſtill her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconſtant fair!

Where can philoſophers, and ſages wiſe,
Who read the curious volumes of the ſkies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's univerſal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confuſion ſtray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the ſky,
Now near approach, and now far diſtant fly,
Now meet in the ſame order they begun,
And then the great celeſtial dance is done.

Where can the mor'liſt find a juſter plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
Awhile thro' juſtling crowds we toil, and ſweat,
And eagerly purſue we know not what.
Then when our trifling ſhort-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd ſit down, juſt where we firſt begun.

Tho'

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquiſitely fair,
Let not her charms ſo much engage your heart,
That you neglect the ſkilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes ſhould hear,
Still whiſp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you ſhould be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all others ſteps delay:
But when the finiſh'd dance you once have done,
And with applauſe thro' ev'ry couple run,
There reſt awhile: there ſnatch the fleeting bliſs,
The tender whiſper, and the balmy kiſs;
Each ſecret wiſh, each ſofter hope confeſs,
And her moiſt palm with eager fingers preſs;
With ſmiles the fair ſhall hear your warm deſires,
When muſick melts her ſoul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleaſing toil purſue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams diſplays,
And the dull candles ſhine with fainter rays,
Then when the ſun juſt riſes o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almoſt ſet in ſleep,
With ready hands, obſequious youths, prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each choſen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be ſpread,

Around her ſhoulders let this arm be caſt,
Whilſt that from cold defends her ſlender waiſt;
With kiſſes warm her balmy lips ſhall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry ſnow;
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold ſmall beer;
Ah, thoughtleſs fair! the tempting draught refuſe,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muſe;
Let the ſad conſequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for preſent joy,
Deſtruction lurks within the pois'nous doſe,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled noſe.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The Muſe has play'd the kind inſtructor's part,
Thro' every maze her pupils ſhe has led,
And pointed out the ſureſt paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddeſs ſings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
And ſleep's ſilk cords tie down each drowſy eye;
Delightful dreams their pleaſing ſports reſtore,
And ev'n in ſleep they ſeem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finiſh'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilſt birds in air, or fiſh in ſtreams we find,
Or damſels fret with aged partners join'd;

As

As long as nymphs ſhall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a ſermon hear;
So long the brighteſt eyes ſhall oft peruſe
The uſeful lines of my inſtructive Muſe;
Each belle ſhall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau ſhall read them——if he can.

THE MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746. By the Same.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

JUST broke from ſchool, pert, impudent, and raw;
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour poſts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Meaſures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing ſo ſtrange all o'er,
As never ages paſt produc'd before:

A monſter of ſuch complicated worth,
As no one ſingle clime could e'er bring forth:
Half atheiſt, papiſt, gameſter, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.
Next, becauſe bus'neſs now is all the vogue,
And who'd be quite polite muſt be a rogue,
In parliament he purchaſes a ſeat,
To make th' accompliſh'd Gentleman compleat.
There ſafe in ſelf-ſufficient impudence,
Without experience, honeſty, or ſenſe,
Unknowing in her int'reſt, trade, or laws,
He vainly undertakes his country's cauſe:
Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
Torrents of nonſenſe burſt; like bottled ale,
Tho' ſhallow, muddy; briſk, tho' mighty dull;
Fierce without ſtrength; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and ſolitaire,
The liberty of BRITAIN he ſupports,
And ſtorms at place-men, miniſters, and courts;
Now in crop'd greaſy hair, and leather breeches,
He loudly bellows out his patriot ſpeeches;
Kings, lords, and commons ventures to abuſe,
Yet dares to ſhew thoſe ears he ought to loſe.
From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,
There ſits with countenance erect, and wiſe,
And talks of games of whiſt, and pig-tail pies.

Plays

Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,
Himſelf unknowingly has help'd to make;
Trembling and anxious, ſtakes his utmoſt groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought:
Next morn diſowns the loſſes of the night,
Becauſe the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politicks, and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;
So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;
Nay, leſt one human paſſion e'er ſhould move
His ſoul to friendſhip, tenderneſs, or love,
To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breaſt,
To ſteel it to the faſhionable teſt.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;
Inſenſible to all that's good, or kind,
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;
For love too buſy, and for wit too grave,
A harden'd, ſober, proud, luxurious knave,
By little actions ſtriving to be great,
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this ſo bad is his ſucceſs,
That as his fame improves, his rents grow leſs;
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
With his eſtate his intereſt too is done,
His honeſt borough ſeeks a warmer ſun.

For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,
His independent voters cease to roar:
And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty, and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown
For public liberty, than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone:
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,
And, from the hand he hates, implores support:
The minister, well pleas'd at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands;
A ribband and a pension buy the slave,
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory;
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot roar;
But silent votes, and with court trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.
In craft political a bankrupt made,
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade;

Turns downright ſharper, lives by ſucking blood,
And grows, in ſhort, the very thing he wou'd:
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes ſpent,
And lends them ready caſh at cent per cent,
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers and wives,
Till death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes,
And, groaning for the betts he loſes by't, he dies.

THE MODERN
FINE LADY.

——————— *Miſeri quibus*
Intentata nites. HOR.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,
The ſpritely dance, the ſoft Italian air,
The toſs of quality, and high-bred fleer,
Now lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year.
Wing'd with diverſions all her moments flew,
Each, as it paſs'd, preſenting ſomething new;

Breakfaſts

Breakfaſts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera, or a play;
Then *Brag*'s eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly uſher in the morn again.

For love no time has ſhe, or inclination,
Yet muſt coquet it for the ſake of faſhion;
For this ſhe liſtens to each fop that's near,
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a ſneer,
And the cropt enſign nuzzles in her ear.
But with moſt warmth her dreſs and airs inſpire
Th' ambitious boſom of the landed 'ſquire,
Who fain would quit plump Dolly's ſofter charms,
For wither'd lean *right honourable* arms;
He bows with reverence at her ſacred ſhrine,
And treats her as if ſprung from race divine,
Which ſhe returns with inſolence and ſcorn,
Nor deigns to ſmile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers croſs'd,
Her fortune, health, and reputation loſt;
Her money gone, yet not a tradeſman paid,
Her fame, yet ſhe ſtill damn'd to be a maid,
Her ſpirits ſink, her nerves are ſo unſtrung,
She weeps, if but a handſome thief is hung:
By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers preſs'd,
But moſt for ready caſh for play diſtreſs'd,
Where can ſhe turn?—the 'ſquire muſt all repair,
She condeſcends to liſten to his pray'r,
And marries him at length in mere deſpair.

But

But ſoon th' endearments of a huſband cloy,
Her ſoul, her frame incapable of joy:
She feels no tranſports in the bridal bed,
Of which ſo oft ſh' has heard, ſo much has read;
Then vex'd, that ſhe ſhould be condemn'd alone
To ſeek in vain this philoſophick ſtone,
To abler tutors ſhe reſolves t'apply,
A proſtitute from curioſity:
Hence men of ev'ry ſort, and ev'ry ſize,
Impatient for heav'n's cordial drop, ſhe tries;
The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
The ruddy templar newly on the town,
Th' Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
The brimful parſon, and th' exhauſted rake.

But ſtill malignant Fate her wiſh denies,
Cards yield ſuperior joys, to cards ſhe flies;
All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,
Again ſhe plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in Ruin's frightful jaws!
Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws;
Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor ſpare
The gilded chariot, or the toſſel'd chair,
For lonely ſeat ſhe's forc'd to quit the town,
And *Tubbs* conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the ſtones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er preſs'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well known ſtreets,
And envies ev'ry cinder-wench ſhe meets:

And now the dreaded country firſt appears,
With ſighs unfeign'd the dying noiſe ſhe hears
Of diſtant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then ſtarts and trembles at the ſight of trees.
Silent and ſullen, like ſome captive queen,
She's drawn along, unwilling to be ſeen,
Until at length appears the ruin'd *hall*
Within the graſs green moat, and ivy'd wall,
The doleful priſon where for ever ſhe,
But not, alas! her griefs, muſt bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradeſmen meet,
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with ſtubble bonfires light the ſtreet,
While bells her ears with tongues diſcordant grate,
Types of the nuptial tyes they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns ſhe to return one aukward bow,
But bounces in diſdaining once to ſpeak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now ſee her in the ſad decline of life,
A peeviſh miſtreſs, and a ſulky wife;
Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
Her inſolence, and title only left;
Severely humbled to her one-horſe chair,
And the low paſtimes of a country fair:

Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
Too proud one friendly viſit to repay,
Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
Shunning, and ſhunn'd by all of human kind,
Ev'n robb'd of the laſt comfort of her life,
Inſulting the poor curate's callous wife,
Pride, diſappointed pride, now ſtops her breath,
And with true ſcorpion rage ſhe ſtings herſelf to death.

AN ESSAY on VIRTUE.

To the Honourable PHILIP YORKE, Eſq;

By the Same.

Atque ipſa utilitas juſti prope mater et æqui. HOR.

THOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can ſpoil
With the leaſt vice of each luxuriant ſoil,
Say, YORKE, (for ſure, if any, you can tell)
What Virtue is, who practiſe it ſo well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely ſeen:
By what ſure marks her eſſence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place

Set

Sets up ſome fancy'd idol of its own,
A vain pretender to her ſacred throne?
In man, too oft a well-diſſembled part,
A ſelf-denying pride in woman's heart,
In ſynods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour uſurps her honours, and her name.
Whoe'er their ſenſe of virtue wou'd expreſs,
'Tis ſtill by ſomething they themſelves poſſeſs.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage;
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence;
To conſtancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unaſk'd to chaſtity confine it.

But have we then no law beſides our will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obſtruct our ſight,
Then doubt if ſuch a thing exiſts as light;
For no leſs plain wou'd nature's law appear,
As the meridian ſun unchang'd, and clear,
Wou'd we but ſearch for what we were deſign'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life we then ſhould plainly ſee,
For to purſue that end muſt Virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of power, or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a deſire his bleſſings to diffuſe,
And fear leſt millions ſhould exiſtence loſe;

His

His goodneſs only could his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence ſoul, and ſenſe diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
Make happineſs as infinite as ſpace;
Thouſands of ſuns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd ſpecies live thro' every part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and ſkies
Myriads of creatures ſtill ſucceſſive riſe;
Scarce buds a leaf, or ſprings the vileſt weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our ſmell,
But on its fragrant boſom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to ſhare
The daily bounties of their Maker's care;
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliſs.

Nature ſo plain this primal law diſplays,
Each living creature ſees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care
The publick good, and juſtly taſtes its ſhare.
All underſtand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill;
Mankind excepted; lord of all beſide,
But only ſlave to folly, vice, and pride;

Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others woe, and courts his own;
Racks and deſtroys with tort'ring ſteel and flame,
For lux'ry brutes, and man himſelf for fame:
Sets Superſtition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own:
Hence are his altars ſtain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilſt offended heav'n he ſtrives in vain
T' appeaſe by faſts, and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How eaſy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not ſtrive to mend the laws of God:
For his own ſake no duty he can aſk,
The common welfare is our only taſk;
For this ſole end his precepts, kind as juſt,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and luſt,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others good, for ſuch are crimes alone:
For this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can ſecure and bleſs mankind.
Thus is the publick ſafety Virtue's cauſe,
And happineſs the end of all her laws;
For ſuch by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'reſt are the ſame.

But hold, cries out ſome Puritan divine,
Whoſe well-ſtuff'd cheeks with eaſe and plenty ſhine,

Is this to faſt, to mortify, refrain,
And work ſalvation out with fear and pain?
We own, the rigid leſſons of their ſchools
Are widely diff'rent from theſe eaſy rules;
Virtue, with them, is only to abſtain
From all that nature aſks, and covet pain;
Pleaſure and vice are ever near a-kin,
And, if we thirſt, cold water is a ſin:
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they ſay,
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miſs their way;
God is a being cruel and ſevere,
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,
In ſun-ſhine for awhile to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.

Miſtaken men, too piouſly ſevere!
Thro' craft miſleading, or miſled by fear;
How little they God's counſels comprehend,
Our univerſal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bliſs mankind,
This globe our ſportive nurſery aſſign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feaſts us with ev'ry joy our ſtate can bear:
Each ſenſe, touch, taſte, and ſmell diſpenſe delight,
Muſick our hearing, beauty charms our ſight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their ſpoils reſign,
Its pearl the rock preſents, its gold the mine;
Beaſts, fowl, and fiſh their daily tribute give
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live:

Seaſons but change, new pleaſures to produce,
And elements contend to ſerve our uſe:
Love's gentle ſhafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of ſenates, churches, courts, and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant ſtate.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cauſe, or mutual wrongs;
Or if ſome ſtripes from Providence we feel,
He ſtrikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps ſometimes afflicts us here,
To guide her views to a ſublimer ſphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taſte,
And wean us from delights that cannot laſt.
Our preſent good the eaſy taſk is made,
To earn ſuperior bliſs, when this ſhall fade;
For, ſoon as e'er theſe mortal pleaſures cloy,
His hand ſhall lead us to ſublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little ſorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childiſh tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliſs and virtue grow with like increaſe;
From ſtrength to ſtrength our ſouls for ever guide,
Thro' wond'rous ſcenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each ſtage we ſhall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights beſtow.

Oh! would mankind but make theſe truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,

Were once theſe maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happineſs our end,
How ſoon muſt reaſon o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and ſuperſtition fail!

None wou'd hereafter then with groundleſs fear
Deſcribe th' Almighty cruel and ſevere,
Predeſtinating ſome without pretence
To heav'n, and ſome to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endleſs pains for tranſient crimes,
And fav'ring ſects or nations, men or times.
To pleaſe him, none would fooliſhly forbear
Or food, or reſt, or itch in ſhirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe, or teach,
What reaſon contradicts, or cannot reach;
None wou'd fierce zeal for piety miſtake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's ſake,
Or think ſalvation to one ſect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown nice,
Wou'd in one female frailty ſum up vice,
And cenſure thoſe, who, nearer to the right,
Think Virtue is but to diſpenſe delight.

No ſervile tenets wou'd admittance find,
Deſtructive of the rights of human-kind;
Of pow'r divine, hereditary right,
And non-reſiſtance to a tyrant's might:
For ſure that all ſhou'd thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict juſt revers'd.

No moraliſts then, righteous to exceſs,
Wou'd ſhow fair Virtue in ſo black a dreſs,
That they, like boys, who ſome feign'd ſpright array,
Firſt from the ſpectre fly themſelves away:
No preachers in the terrible delight,
But chuſe to win by reaſon, not affright;
Not conjurers like, in fire and brimſtone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our ſage interpreters of laws,
Wou'd fatten on obſcurities, and flaws,
But rather nobly careful of their truſt,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted duſt,
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the juſt.

No more applauſe wou'd on ambition wait,
And laying waſte the world be counted great,
But one good-natur'd act more praiſes gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thouſands ſlain;
No more wou'd brutal rage diſturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and diſcord ceaſe;
Our own and others good each hour employ,
And all things ſmile with univerſal joy;
Virtue with Happineſs her conſort join'd,
Wou'd regulate and bleſs each human mind,
And man be what his Maker firſt deſign'd.

The FEMALE DRUM:

Or, The Origin of CARDS. A Tale.

Addreſs'd to the Honourable Miſs CARPENTER.

THOU, whom to counſel is to praiſe,
With candor view theſe friendly lays,
Nor, from the vice of gaming free,
Believe the ſatire points at thee;
Who truth and worth betimes can'ſt prize,
Nor yet too ſprightly to be wiſe,
But hear this tale of ancient time,
Nor think it vain, tho' told in rhyme.

Elate with wide extended pow'r,
Sworn rivals from the natal hour,
AV'RICE and SLOTH, with hoſtile art
Contended long for woman's heart;
She fond of wealth, afraid of toil,
Still ſhifted the capricious ſmile;
By turns, to each the heart was ſold,
Now bought with eaſe, and now with gold;
Scarce either graſp the ſov'reign ſway,
When chance revers'd the proſp'rous day.

The doubtful ſtrife was ſtill renew'd,
Each baffled oft, but ne'er ſubdu'd;
When Av'rice ſhew'd the glitt'ring prize,
And hopes and fears began to riſe,
Sloth ſhed on ev'ry buſy ſenſe
The gentle balm of indolence.
When Sloth had ſcreen'd, with artful night,
The ſoft pavilion of delight;
Stern Av'rice, with reproachful frown,
Would ſcatter thorns amongſt her down.

Thus each by turns the realm controul'd,
Which each in turn deſpair'd to hold;
At length unable to contend,
They join to chuſe a common friend,
To cloſe in love the long debate,
Such love, as mutual fears create;
A friend they choſe, a friend to both,
Of Av'rice born, and nurs'd by Sloth;
An artful nymph, whoſe reign began
When Wiſdom ceas'd to dwell with man;
In Wiſdom's aweful robes array'd,
She rules o'er politicks and trade;
And by the name of Cunning known,
Makes wealth, and fame, and pow'r her own.

In queſt of Cunning then they rove
O'er all the windings of the grove,
Where twining boughs their ſhade unite,
For Cunning ever flies the light;

At

At length thro' maze perplex'd with maze,
Through tracts confus'd, and private ways,
With ſinking hearts and weary feet,
They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat;
There, watchful at the gate, they find
SUSPICION, with her eyes behind;
And wild ALARM, awaking, blows
The trump that ſhakes the world's repoſe.

The gueſts well known, ſalute the guard,
The hundred gates are ſoon unbarr'd;
Through half the gloomy cave they preſs,
And reach the wily queen's receſs;
The wily queen diſturb'd, they view,
With ſchemes to fly, though none purſue;
And, in perpetual care to hide,
What none will ever ſeek, employ'd.

"Great queen (they pray'd) our feuds compoſe,
"And let us never more be foes."
"This hour (ſhe cries) your diſcord ends,
"Henceforth, be SLOTH and AV'RICE friends;
"Henceforth, with equal pride, prepare
"To rule at once the captive fair."

Th' attentive pow'rs in ſilence heard,
Nor utter'd what they hop'd or fear'd,
But ſearch in vain the dark decree,
For CUNNING loves obſcurity;
Nor wou'd ſhe ſoon her laws explain,
For CUNNING ever joys to pain.

She then before their wond'ring eyes,
Bid piles of painted paper riſe;
" Search now theſe heaps, (ſhe cries) here find
" Fit emblem of your pow'r combin'd."
The heap to AV'RICE firſt ſhe gave,
Who ſoon deſcry'd her darling Knave:
And SLOTH, ere Envy long cou'd ſting,
With joyful eyes beheld a King.

" Theſe gifts (ſaid CUNNING) bear away,
" Sure engines of deſpotick ſway;
" Theſe charms diſpenſe o'er all the ball,
" Secure to rule where'er they fall.
" The love of cards, let SLOTH infuſe,
" The love of money ſoon enſues;
" The ſtrong deſire ſhall ne'er decay,
" Who plays to win, ſhall win to play;
" The breaſt, where Love had plann'd his reign,
" Shall burn, unquench'd, with luſt of gain;
" And all the charms that wit can boaſt,
" In dreams of better luck be loſt."

Thus neither innocent, nor gay,
The uſeleſs hours ſhall fleet away,
While TIME o'erlooks the trivial ſtrife,
And, ſcoffing, ſhakes the ſands of life;
Till the wan maid, whoſe early bloom
The vigils of quadrille conſume;
Exhauſted, by the pangs of play,
To SLOTH and AV'RICE falls a prey.

To Mr. FOX, written at FLORENCE.

In Imitation of HORACE, Ode 4. Book 2.

By the late Lord H——y.

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum.

THOU deareſt youth, who taught me firſt to know
What pleaſures from a real friendſhip flow,
Where neither intereſt nor deſign have part,
But all the warmth is native of the heart;
Thou know'ſt to comfort, ſooth, or entertain,
Joy of my health, and cordial of my pain.
When life ſeem'd failing on her lateſt ſtage,
And fell diſeaſe anticipated age,
When waſting ſickneſs and afflictive pain,
By Eſculapius' ſons oppos'd in vain;
Forc'd me reluctant, deſperate, to explore
A warmer ſun, and ſeek a milder ſhore;
Thy ſteady love with unexampled truth,
Forſook each gay companion of thy youth,
Whate'er the proſp'rous or the great employs,
Bus'neſs and int'reſt, and love's ſofter joys,

The

The weary ſteps of mis'ry to attend,
To ſhare diſtreſs, and make a wretch thy friend.
If o'er the mountain's ſnowy height we ſtray,
Where Carthage firſt explor'd the vent'rous way;
Or thro' the tainted air of Rome's parch'd plains,
Where Want reſides, and Superſtition reigns;
Chearful and unrepining, ſtill you bear
Each dangerous rigour of the various year;
And kindly anxious for thy friend alone,
Lament his ſuff'rings and forget thy own.
Oh! would kind Heav'n, theſe tedious ſuff'rings paſt,
Permit me Ickworth, reſt, and health at laſt,
In that lov'd ſhade, my youth's delightful ſeat,
My early pleaſure, and my late retreat,
Where laviſh Nature's favourite bleſſings flow,
And all the ſeaſons all their ſweets beſtow:
There might I trifle careleſly away
The milder evening of life's clouded day,
From bus'neſs and the world's intruſion free,
With books, with love, with beauty, and with thee;
No farther want, no wiſh yet unpoſſeſs'd
Could e'er diſturb this unambitious breaſt.
Let thoſe who Fortune's ſhining gifts implore,
Who ſue for glory, ſplendor, wealth, or power,
View this unactive ſtate, with ſcornful eyes,
And pleaſures they can never taſte, deſpiſe;
Let them ſtill court that goddeſs' falſer joys,
Who, while ſhe grants their pray'r, their peace deſtroys.

I envy

I envy not the foremoſt of the great,
Not Walpole's ſelf, directing Europe's fate;
Still let him load Ambition's thorny ſhrine,
Fame be his portion, and contentment mine.
But if the gods, ſiniſter ſtill, deny
To live in Ickworth, let me there but die;
Thy hand to cloſe my eyes in death's long night,
Thy image to attract their lateſt ſight:
Then to the grave attend thy poet's herſe,
And love his mem'ry as you lov'd his verſe.

To the Same. From Hampton-Court, 1731.

By the Same.

Bono loco res humanæ ſunt, quod nemo, niſi vitio ſuo, miſer eſt.
SENECA in Epiſt.

WHILST in the fortunes of the gay and great,
The glare of courts, and luxury of ſtate;
All that the meaner covet and deplore,
The pomp of wealth, and inſolence of power:
Whilſt in theſe various ſcenes of gilded life,
Of fraud, ambition, policy, and ſtrife;
Where every word is dictated by art,
And ev'ry face the maſk of ev'ry heart;

Whilſt

Whilſt with ſuch diff'rent objects entertain'd,
In all that's really felt, and all that's feign'd,
I ſpeculate on human joys and woes,
Till from my pen the verſe ſpontaneous flows;
To whom theſe artleſs off'rings ſhould I bring,
To whom theſe undigeſted numbers ſing,
But to a friend?—and to what friend but you,
Safe, juſt, ſincere, indulgent, kind and true?
Diſdain not then theſe trifles to attend,
Nor fear to blame, nor ſtudy to commend.
Say, where falſe notions erring I purſue,
And with the plauſible confound the true:
Correct with all the freedom that I write;
And guide my darken'd reaſon with thy light.

Thee partial heaven has bleſs'd, profuſely kind,
With wit, with judgment, and a taſte refin'd.
Thy fancy rich, and thy obſervance true,
The laſt ſtill wakeful, and the firſt ſtill new.
Rare bleſſings! and to few divided known,
But giv'n united to thyſelf alone.
Inſtruction are thy words, and lively truth,
The ſchool of age, and the delight of youth.

When men their various diſcontents relate,
And tell how wretched this our mortal ſtate;
That life is but diverſify'd diſtreſs,
The lot of all, and hardly more or leſs;
That kings and villagers have each their ſhare,
Theſe pinch'd with mean, and thoſe with ſplendid care;

That

That ſeeming pleaſure is intrinſick woe,
And all call'd happineſs, deluſive ſhow;
Food only for the ſnakes in Envy's breaſt,
Who often grudges what is ne'er poſſeſs'd;
Say, for thou know'ſt the follies of mankind,
Can'ſt tell how obſtinate, perverſe, and blind;
Say, are we thus oppreſs'd by Nature's laws,
Or of our miſeries, ourſelves the cauſe?

Sure oft, unjuſtly, we impute to Fate
A thouſand evils which ourſelves create;
Complain that life affords but little joy,
And yet that little fooliſhly deſtroy.
We check the pleaſures that too ſoon ſubſide,
And break the current of too weak a tide.
Like Atalanta, golden trifles chace,
And baulk that ſwiftneſs which might win the race;
For life has joys adapted to each ſtage,
Love for our youth, ambition for our age.
But wilful man inverting her decrees,
When young would govern, and when old would pleaſe,
Covets the fruits his autumn ſhou'd beſtow,
Nor taſtes the fragrance whilſt the bloſſoms blow.
Then far-fled joys in vain he would reſtore,
His appetite unanſwer'd by his pow'r:
Round beauty's neck he twiſts his wither'd arms,
Receiv'd with loathing to her venal charms:
He rakes the aſhes, when the fire is ſpent,
Nor gains fruition, tho' he gains conſent.

But can we ſay 'tis Providence's fault,
If thus untimely all her gifts are ſought,
If ſummer-crops which muſt decay we keep,
And in the winter would the harveſt reap?
When brutes, with what they are allow'd content,
Liſten to Nature, and purſue her bent,
And ſtill their pow'r with their ambition weigh'd,
Gain what they can, but never force a trade:
A thouſand joys her happy followers prove,
Health, plenty, reſt, ſociety, and love.
To us alone, in fatal ign'rance proud,
To deviate from her dictates 'tis allow'd:
That boaſted gift our reaſon to believe,
Or let caprice, in reaſon's garb, deceive.
To us the noble privilege is given
Of wiſe refining on the will of heav'n.
Our ſkill we truſt, but lab'ring ſtill to gain
More than we can, loſe what we might obtain.
Will the wiſe elephant deſert the wood,
To imitate the whale and range the flood?
Or will the mole her native earth forſake,
In wanton madneſs to explore the lake?
Yet man, whom ſtill ideal profit ſways,
Than thoſe leſs prudent, and more blind than theſe,
Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the ſeas.
And when his raſhneſs its deſert has found,
The fool ſurviving, weeps the fool that's drown'd.

Herds

Herds range the fields, the feather'd kind the grove,
Chuſe, woo, careſs, and with promiſcuous love,
As taſte and nature prompt, adhere, or rove;
They meet with pleaſure, and with eaſe they part,
For beaſts are only coupled by the heart.
The body ſtill accompanies the mind,
And when this wanders, that is unconfin'd:
The love that join'd the fated pair once fled,
They change their haunts, their paſture, and their bed.
No four-legg'd ideots drag, with mutual pain,
The nat'ral cement paſs'd, an artful chain:
Th' effect of paſſion ceaſes with the cauſe,
Clogg'd with no after-weight of forms or laws:
To no dull rules of cuſtom they ſubmit,
Like us they cool, but when they cool, they quit.

Nor find we in the wood, the ſea, or plain,
One e'er elected o'er the reſt to reign.
If any rule, 'tis force that gives the law,
What brutes are bound in voluntary awe?
Do they, like us, a pageant idol raiſe,
Swoln with falſe pride, and flatter'd by falſe praiſe?
Do they their equal, ſometimes leſs, revere?
At once deteſt and ſerve, deſpiſe and fear?
To ſtrength inferior do they bend the knee?
With ears and eyes of others hear and ſee?
Or ever veſt a mortal god with pow'r
To do thoſe wrongs they afterwards deplore?

Theſe inſtitutions are of man alone,
Marriage and monarchy are both our own.
Public oppreſſion, and domeſtic ſtrife,
Are ills which we ourſelves annex'd to life,
God never made a huſband, king, or wife.
Boaſt then, oh man! thy profitable gain,
To folly poliſh'd, civiliz'd to pain.

Here would I launch into the various field
Of all the cares our prejudices yield;
What multiply'd examples might be told,
Of pains they give, and joys that they withold?
When to credulity tradition preaches,
And ign'rance practiſes what error teaches!

Wou'd any feather'd maiden of the wood,
Or ſcaly female of the peopled flood,
When luſt and hunger call'd, its force reſiſt?
In abſtinence, or chaſtity perſiſt?
And cry, 'If heaven's intent was underſtood,
'Theſe taſtes were only given to be withſtood.'
Or wou'd they wiſely both theſe gifts improve,
And eat when hungry, and when am'rous love?

Yet ſuperſtition, in religion's name,
With future puniſhment and preſent ſhame,
Can fright weak woman from her lover's arms,
Who weeps with mutual pain her uſeleſs charms;
Whilſt ſhe, poor wretch! conſum'd in ſecret fires,
With pow'r to ſeize, foregoes what ſhe deſires,

Till beauty fades and inclination dies,
And the fair tree, the fruit ungather'd, dies.

But are theſe ills, the ills which heav'n deſign'd?
Are we unfortunate, or are we blind?
If in poſſeſſion of our wiſhes curs'd,
Bath'd in untaſted ſprings we die with thirſt;
If we make miſeries, what were bleſſings meant,
And benefits convert to puniſhment?

When in the ſpring the wiſe induſtrious bees
Collect the various bloom from fragrant trees,
Extract the liquid ſweet of ev'ry flow'r,
And cull the garden to enrich their ſtore:
Should any pedant bee of all the hive,
From this or that perfume the plund'rers drive,
And ſay, that he by inſpiration knows,
The ſacred, tempting, interdicting roſe,
By heav'n's command, tho' ſweeteſt, uſeleſs grows:
Think you the fool would ever be obey'd,
And that the lye would grow into a trade?
Ev'n Turks would anſwer, no——and yet, we ſee
The vine, that roſe, and Mahomet, that bee.
To theſe, how many proofs I yet could add,
That man's ſuperior ſenſe is being mad?
That none, refining, their true int'reſt view,
But for the ſubſtance, ſtill the ſhade purſue.
That oft perverſe, and prodigal of life,
(Our pow'r and will at everlaſting ſtrife)

We waſte the preſent for the future hour,
And, miſer-like, by hoarding, ſtill are poor.
Or fooliſhly regretful of the paſt,
The good which yet remains neglect to taſte.

Nor need I any foreign proof to bring,
Myſelf an inſtance of the truths I ſing.
Whilſt in a court, repugnant to my taſte,
From my lov'd friend theſe precious hours I waſte,
Why do I vainly here thy abſence mourn,
And not anticipate thy wiſh'd return?
Why ſtay my paſſage to thoſe happy fields,
Where fate in thee my ev'ry pleaſure yields?
Fortune allows the bleſſings I refuſe,
And ev'n this moment, were my heart to chuſe,
For thee I ſhould forſake this joyleſs crowd,
And not on paper think, but think aloud:
With thy lov'd converſe fill the ſhorten'd day,
And glad my ſoul—Yet here unpleas'd I ſtay,
And by mean, ſanguine views of int'reſt ſway'd,
By airy hopes, to real cares betray'd;
Lament a grievance which I might redreſs,
And wiſh that happineſs I might poſſeſs.

The POET's PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy ſight I found favour, Apollo,
Defend me from all the diſaſters which follow:
From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
From the drudges in proſe, and the triflers in rhyme:
From the patch-work and toils of the royal ſack-bibber,
Thoſe dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER:
From ſervile attendance on men in high places,
Their worſhips, and honours, and lordſhips, and graces:
From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee;
From being careſs'd to be left in the lurch,
The tool of a party, in ſtate or in church:
From dull thinking blockheads, as ſober as Turks,
And petulant bards who repeat their own works:
From all the gay things of a drawing-room ſhow,
The ſight of a Belle, and the ſmell of a Beau:
From buſy back-biters, and tatlers, and carpers,
And ſcurvy acquaintance of fidlers and ſharpers:
From old politicians, and coffee-houſe lectures,
The dreams of a chymiſt, and ſchemes of projectors:
From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a penſion,
The tricks of a gameſter, and oaths of an enſign;

From ſhallow free-thinkers in taverns diſputing,
Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting:
From the conſtant good fare of another man's board,
My lady's broad hints, and the jeſts of my lord:
From hearing old chymiſts prelecting *de oleo*,
And reading of Dutch commentators in folio:
From waiting, like GAY, whole years at White-hall;
From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of ſmall:
From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums:
From the pranks of ridottoes and court-maſquerades,
The ſnares of young jilts, and the ſpite of old maids:
From a ſaucy dull ſtage, and ſubmitting to ſhare
In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r:
From CURL and ſuch Printers as wou'd ha' me curs'd
To write ſecond parts, let who will write the firſt:
From all pious patriots, who would to their beſt,
Put on a new tax, and take off an old teſt:
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
And the great rogues, who keep all the leſſer in awe:
From a poor country cure, that living interment,
With a wife and no proſpect of any preferment:
From ſcribbling for hire, when my credit is ſunk,
To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk:
From 'ſquires, who divert us with jokes at their tables,
Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their ſtables:
From the nobles and commons, who bound in ſtrict league are
To ſubſcribe for no book, yet ſubſcribe to Heidegger:

From the cant of fanaticks, the jargon of ſchools,
The cenſures of wiſemen, and praiſes of fools:
From criticks who never read Latin or Greek,
And pedants, who boaſt they read both all the week:
From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,
Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel:
If ever thou didſt, or wilt ever befriend me,
From theſe, and ſuch evils, APOLLO, defend me,
And let me be rather but honeſt with no-wit,
Than a noiſy nonſenſical half-witted poet.

An EPISTLE to a LADY.

WHEN the heart akes with anguiſh, pines with grief,
And heav'n and you alike deny relief;
When ev'n the flatt'rer Hope is no where found,
'Tis hard to feel the ſmart, and not lament the wound.
Permit me then to ſigh one laſt adieu,
Nor ſcorn a ſorrow friendſhip owes to you:
A friendſhip modeſty might well return;
A ſorrow, cruelty itſelf might mourn.
Think how the miſer, pierc'd with inward pain,
Looks down with horror on the troubled main,
Or wildly roams along the rocky coaſt,
T' explore his treaſures in the tempeſt loſt;

Hates his own ſafety, chides the waves that roll'd
Himſelf aſhore, but ſunk his dearer gold.
Like him afflicted, penſive, and forlorn,
I look on life and all its pomp with ſcorn.
You was the ſweetner of each buſy ſcene;
You gave the joy without, the pain within.
Pleaſure and you were both ſo near ally'd,
That when I loſt the one, the other dy'd;
Pain too has laviſh'd all her killing ſtore;
Nor can ſhe add, nor can I ſuffer more.

In vain I view'd you with as chaſte a fire,
As angels mingle, or as ſaints admire;
By reaſon prompted, paſſion had no part,
A virtuous ardour, that refin'd the heart.
In vain I ſought a friendſhip free from fault,
Where ſex and beauty were alike forgot:
A friendſhip by the nobleſt union join'd,
The female ſoftneſs, and the manly mind.
Courage to conquer evils, or endure;
Sweetneſs to ſooth the pain, and ſmiles to cure.
Scandal, a buſy fiend, in Truth's diſguiſe,
Like Fame all cover'd o'er with ears and eyes,
Learns the fond tale, and ſpreads it as ſhe flies.
Nor ſpreads alone, but alters, adds, defames,
Affects to pity, tho' her duty blames.
Feigns not to credit all ſhe ſees or hears,
But hopes the evil only in her fears.

Pretends to weigh the fact in even ſcale,
And wiſh, at leaſt, that juſtice may prevail.
Inſinuates, diſſembles, lyes, betrays,
Plays the whole hypocrite ſuch various ways,
That Innocence itſelf muſt ſuffer wrong,
And Honour bleed the prey of Slander's tongue.

Such is my fate, ſo grievous my diſtreſs,
Condemn'd to ſuffer, but deny'd redreſs:
Too fond of joy, too ſenſible of pain,
To part with all that's dear, and not complain:
Too delicate to injure what I love,
To aſk the pity fame will ne'er approve.
What more remains, then, but to drop my claim,
And by my conduct juſtify my flame?
Burſt the dear bands that to my heart-ſtrings join,
And ſacrifice my peace to purchaſe thine?

As the fond mother, who delirious eyes
Her dying babe, will ſcarce believe it dies:
But ſtrains it ſtill with tranſport in her arms,
Dwells on its lips and numbers o'er its charms;
Pleads that it ſlumbers, and expects, in vain,
To ſee the little cherub live again:
So my torn heart muſt all the ſorrows prove
That torture conſtancy, or ſadden love:
Yet fondly follow your dear image ſtill,
Fancy I hear you ſpeak, I ſee you ſmile:
Doat on a phantom, idolize the name,
And wiſh the ſhade and ſubſtance were the ſame.

Alas!

Alas! how fruitleſs is the idle pray'r!
The joy's imagin'd, real the deſpair.
Like Adam forc'd his Eden to forego,
I loſe my only paradiſe below,
And dread the proſpect of ſucceeding woe.

GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

A FABLE.

From Monſ. De la Motte, Book 5. Fable 6.

As Genius, Virtue, Reputation,
Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation
Agreed to roam; then paſs the ſeas,
And viſit Italy and Greece:
By travel to improve their parts,
And learn the languages and arts;
Not like our modern fops and beaus,
T' improve the pattern of their cloaths:

Thus Genius ſaid; — "Companions dear,
"To what I ſpeak, incline an ear.
"Some chance, perhaps, may us divide:
"Let us againſt the worſt provide,
"And give ſome ſign by which to find
"A friend thus loſt, or left behind.

"For

" For me, if cruel fate ſhould ever
" Me and my dear companions ſever,
" Go, ſeek me 'midſt the walls of Rome,
" At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb;
" Or elſe at Virgil's ſacred ſhrine,
" Lamenting with the mournful Nine."

Next VIRTUE, pauſing;—(for ſhe knew
The places were but very few,
Where ſhe could fairly hope to ſtay
Till her companions came that way;)
" Paſs by (ſhe cry'd) the court, the ball,
" The maſquerade and carnival,
" Where all in falſe diſguiſe appear,
" But Vice, whoſe face is ever bare;
" 'Tis ten to one, I am not there.
" CÆLIA, the loveliеſt maid on earth!
" I've been her friend, e'er ſince her birth;
" Perfection in her perſon charms,
" And virtue all her boſom warms;
" A matchleſs pattern for the fair:
" Her dwelling ſeek, you'll find me there."

Cry'd REPUTATION; " I, like you,
" Had once a ſoft companion too;
" As fair her perſon, and her fame,
" And COQUETTISSA was her name.
" Ten thouſand lovers ſwell'd her train;
" Ten thouſand lovers ſigh'd in vain:

Where-

" Where-e'er ſhe went, the danglers came;
" Yet ſtill I was her favourite flame,
" Till once,—('twas at the public ſhow)
" The play being done, we roſe to go;
" A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,
" His neck ſtiff yok'd in ſolitaire,
" With clean white gloves firſt made approach,
" Then begg'd to lead her to her coach:
" She ſmil'd, and gave her lilly hand;
" Away they trip it to the Strand:
" A hackney-coach receiv'd the pair,
" They went to———but, I won't tell where.
" Then loſt ſhe Reputation quite,
" Friends take example from that night,
" And never leave me from your ſight.
" For oh! if cruel fate intends
" Ever to part me from my friends,
" Think that I'm dead; my death deplore,
" But never hope to ſee me more!
" In vain you'll ſearch the world around;
" Loſt Reputation's never to be found.

MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE:

OR THE

TWO SPARROWS. A FABLE.

From Monſ. DE LA MOTTE, Book 4. Fable 21.

A Grove there was, by nature made,
Of trees that form'd a pleaſing ſhade;
Where warbled, ever free from care,
The wing'd muſicians of the air.
Here tun'd the Nightingale her throat;
The Thruſh there thrill'd her piercing note;
The Finch, Lark, Linnet, all agree
To join the ſylvan harmony.

Two amorous Sparrows choſe this place;
The ſofteſt of the feather'd race:
The MARS and VENUS of the grove;
Leſs fam'd for ſinging than for love.
The ſongſters warbled ſweet; while they
As ſweetly bill'd their time away.
So cloſely ſeated were the two,
Together you wou'd think they grew:
The twig was tender where they ſate,
And bent beneath their little weight;

But ſcarcely in their lives was known
To bear the one, when one was flown.
When hunger call'd, they left the wood,
Together ſought the field for food;
When thirſty, in the ſhallow rills
Together dip'd their little bills.
When PHOEBUS ſitting in the weſt,
And thick'ning ſhades invite to reſt,
They homeward bent their mutual flight:
Thus paſs'd their day, thus paſs'd their night.
The caſtle, where theſe lovers lay,
Was in a hollow oak, they ſay:
There, ſide by ſide, all night they kept,
Together walk'd, together ſlept:
And mixing amorous diſport,
They made their winter-evening ſhort.
Tho' free, 'twas left to either's mind,
To chuſe a mate from all their kind,
She only lov'd the loving he;
He only lov'd the lovely ſhe.

Pure JOY, poor mortals ſeldom find;
Her footman, SORROW, waits behind:
And FATE impartial deals to all
The honey'd potion mix'd with gall.
This pair, on an unhappy day,
Too far together chanc'd to ſtray:
Benighted, and with ſnares beſet,
Our MARS and VENUS in a net,

Alas!

Alas! were caught.—O change of ſtate!
A little cage is now their fate.
No more they ſeek the ſpacious grove:
No more they burn with mutual love:
Their paſſion changes with their life;
And ſoon they fall from love to ſtrife.
Their little ſouls with growing rage
High ſwell; they flutter round the cage:
Forget the ſlender twig, where late,
Cloſe ſide by ſide in love they ſate;
One perch is now too ſmall to hold
The fiery mate and chirping ſcold:
They peck each other o'er their food;
And thirſt to drink each other's blood.
Two cages muſt the pair divide;
Or death the quarrel will decide.

A picture this of human life!
The modern huſband, and the wife.
Who e'er in courtſhip ſaw a pair,
So kind as he, as ſhe ſo fair?
The kiſſes that they gave each other,
You'd think had ſeal'd their lips together;
Each vows to each a mutual flame;
And dreams, 'twill always laſt the ſame;
But fix them once in HYMEN's chains,
And each alternately complains.
The honey-moon is ſcarce declin'd,
But all the honey of their mind
Is gone; and leaves the ſting behind.

The ſcene of love is vaniſh'd quite:
They pout, grow peeviſh, ſcold, and fight.
Two tables feed each parted gueſt;
Two beds receive the pair to reſt:
And law alone can end the ſtrife,
With ſeparate-maintenance for life.

An INSCRIPTION.

Quercus loquitur.

O YE!

WHO by retirement to theſe ſacred groves
Impregnate fancy, and on thought divine
Build harmony—If ſudden glow your breaſt
With inſpiration, and the rapt'rous ſong
Burſts from a mind unconſcious whence it ſprang:

—Know that the ſiſters of theſe hallow'd haunts,
Dryad or Hamadryad, tho' no more
From Jove to man prophetick truths they ſing;
Are ſtill attendant on the lonely bard,
Who ſtep by ſtep theſe ſilent woods among
Wanders contemplative, lifting the ſoul
From lower cares, by every whiſp'ring breeze
Tun'd the poetick mood; and fill the mind
With truths oracular, themſelves of old
Deign'd utter from the Dodonean ſhrine.

ODE to WISDOM.

By a LADY.

THE ſolitary bird of night
Thro' the thick ſhades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-ſhook tow'r;
Where, ſhelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philoſophick gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the ſolemn ſound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And ſighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of PALLAS! I attend,
And faithful to thy ſummons, bend
At WISDOM's aweful ſeat.

She loves the cool, the ſilent eve,
Where no falſe ſhews of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray.
Here Folly drops each vain diſguiſe,
Nor ſport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the beam of day.

O PALLAS! queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the ſenſe, and mends the heart,
Bleſt ſource of purer joys:
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental ſight
With pleaſure and ſurprize:

At thy unſpotted ſhrine I bow;
Attend thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild deſires:
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To ſhun the fruitleſs wiſh of fools,
To nobler views aſpires.

Not FORTUNE's gem, AMBITION's plume,
Nor CYTHEREA's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let AV'RICE, VANITY, and PRIDE,
Thoſe envy'd glitt'ring toys, divide
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By ſtudious thoughts refin'd:
For Wealth, the ſmiles of glad Content;
For Pow'r, its ampleſt, beſt extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When FORTUNE drops her gay parade,
When PLEASURE's tranſient roſes fade,
And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels riſe
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's ſneer, the ſtupid lye
Of ignorance and ſpite:
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiſcerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noiſe and ſtrife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I reſt:
Purſue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where PLATO's ſacred ſpirit roves,
In all thy beauties dreſs'd.

He bade Iliſſus' tuneful ſtream
Convey thy philoſophick theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good:
Attentive Athens caught the ſound,
And all her liſt'ning ſons around
In aweful ſilence ſtood:

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
Confeſs'd the potent voice of TRUTH,
And felt its juſt controul:
The Paſſions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's ſoft perſuaſive charms
O'er all their ſenſes ſtole.

Thy breath inſpires the POET's ſong,
The PATRIOT's free, unbiaſs'd tongue,
The HERO's gen'rous ſtrife;
Thine are Retirement's ſilent joys,
And all the ſweet engaging ties
Of ſtill domeſtick life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
To the ſupreme all-perfect Mind
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wiſdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal ſource
Of intellectual light.

O ſend her ſure, her ſteady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road:
The miſts of error to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my ſoul
To happineſs and good.

Beneath her clear diſcerning eye
The viſionary ſhadows fly
Of Folly's painted ſhow:
She ſees thro' ev'ry fair diſguiſe,
That all but VIRTUE's ſolid joys
Are vanity and woe.

To a GENTLEMAN,

On his intending to cut down a GROVE to enlarge his Proſpect.

By the Same.

IN plaintive ſounds, that tun'd to woe
The ſadly ſighing breeze,
A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! ſtop thy ſacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the ſhade,
Where Nature form'd a ſilent haunt
For Contemplation's aid.

Can'ſt thou, the ſon of ſcience, bred
Where learned Iſis flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in ſhelt'ring groves,
The Grecian genius roſe?

Within the plantane's ſpreading ſhade,
  Immortal PLATO taught;
And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
  Of ARISTOTLE's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
  And bleſs the Tuſcan bloom;
Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate
  Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen ſhade,
  From each inſpiring bough
The Muſes wove th' unfading wreaths
  That circled VIRGIL's brow.

Reflect before the fatal ax
  My threaten'd doom has wrought;
Nor ſacrifice to ſenſual taſte
  The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that bluſh
  On India's ſunny coaſt,
Can recompence thee for the worth
  Of one idea loſt.

My ſhade a produce may ſupply,
  Unknown to ſolar fire;
And what excludes APOLLO's rays,
  Shall harmonize his lyre.

THE ESTIMATE of LIFE,

IN THREE PARTS.

A POEM.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq;

PART I.

MELPOMENE: or, The Melancholy.

——— *Reason thus with Life;*
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would weep.

SHAKESP. Meas. for Meas.

OFFSPRING of folly and of noise,
Fantastick train of airy joys,
Cease, cease your vain delusive lore,
And tempt my serious thoughts no more,

Ye horrid forms, ye gloomy throng,
Who hear the bird of midnight's ſong;
Thou too, DESPAIR, pale ſpectre, come,
From the ſelf-murd'rer's haunted tomb,
While ſad MELPOMENE relates,
How we're afflicted by the fates.

What's all this wiſh'd-for empire, Life?
A ſcene of mis'ry, care, and ſtrife;
And make the moſt, that's all we have
Betwixt the cradle and the grave.
The being is not worth the charge,
Behold the eſtimate at large.
Our youth is ſilly, idle, vain;
Our age is full of care and pain;
From wealth accrues anxiety;
Contempt and want from poverty;
What trouble buſineſs has in ſtore!
How idleneſs fatigues us more!
To reaſon, th' ignorant are blind;
The learned's eyes are too refin'd;
Each wit deems every wit his foe,
Each fool is naturally ſo;
And ev'ry rank and ev'ry ſtation
Meet juſtly with diſapprobation.
Say, man, is this the boaſted ſtate,
Where all is pleaſant, all is great?
Alas! another face you'll ſee,
Take off the vail of vanity.

Is aught in pleaſure, aught in pow'r,
Has wiſdom any gift in ſtore,
To make thee ſtay a ſingle hour ?

Tell me, ye youthful, who approve
Th' intoxicating ſweets of love,
What endleſs nameleſs throbs ariſe,
What heart-felt anguiſh and what ſighs,
When jealouſy has gnaw'd the root,
Whence love's united branches ſhoot.
Or grant that Hymen lights his torch,
To lead you to the nuptial porch,
Behold ! the long'd-for rapture o'er !
Deſire begins to loſe its pow'r,
Then cold indifference takes place,
Fruition alters quite the caſe ;
And what before was extaſy,
Is ſcarcely now civility.
Your children bring a ſecond care ;
If childleſs, then you want an heir ;
So that in both alike you find
The ſame perplexity of mind.
Do pow'r or wealth more comfort own ?
Behold yon pageant on a throne,
Where ſilken ſwarms of flattery
Obſequious wait his aſking eye.
But view within his tortur'd breaſt,
No more the downy ſeat of reſt,

Suſpicion caſts her poiſon'd dart,
And Guilt, that ſcorpion, ſtings his heart.

Will knowledge give us happineſs?
In that, alas! we know there's leſs,
For every pang of mental woe
Springs from the faculty, to *know*.

Hark! at the death-betok'ning knell
Of yonder doleful paſſing-bell,
Perhaps a friend, a father's dead,
Or the lov'd partner of thy bed!
Perhaps thy only ſon lies there,
Breathleſs upon the ſable bier!
Say, what can eaſe the preſent grief,
Can former joys afford relief?
Thoſe former joys remember'd ſtill,
The more augment the recent ill,
And where you ſeek for comfort, gain
Additional increaſe of pain.
What woes from mortal ills accrue!
And what from natural enſue!
Diſeaſe and caſualty attend
Our footſteps to the journey's end;
The cold catarrh, the gout and ſtone,
The dropſy, jaundice, join'd in one,
The raving fever's inward heat,
The pale conſumption's fatal ſweat,
And thouſand more diſtempers roam,
To drag us to th' eternal home.

And when ſolution ſets us free
From priſon of mortality,
The ſoul dilated joins in air,
To go, alas! we know not where,
And the poor body will become
A clod within a lonely tomb.
Reflection ſad! ſuch bodies muſt
Return, and mingle with the duſt!
But neither ſenſe nor beauty have
Defenſive charms againſt the grave,
Nor virtue's ſhield, nor wiſdom's lore,
Nor true religion's ſacred pow'r;
For as that charnel's earth you ſee,
E'en, my EUDOCIA, you will be.

PART II.

CALLIOPE: or, The Chearful.

Inter cuncta leges et percunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum.

HOR. Lib. 1. Ep. 18.

GRIM Superſtition, hence away
To native night, and leave the day,
Nor let thy helliſh brood appear,
Begot on Ignorance and Fear.
Come, gentle Mirth, and Gaiety,
Sweet daughter of Society;

Whilſt

Whilſt fair CALLIOPE purſues
Flights worthy of the chearful muſe.

O Life, thou great eſſential good,
Where ev'ry bleſſing's underſtood!
Where Plenty, Freedom, Pleaſure meet,
To make each fleeting moment ſweet,
Where moral Love and Innocence,
The balm of ſweet Content diſpenſe,
Where Peace expands her turtle wings,
And Hope a conſtant requiem ſings,
With eaſy thought my breaſt inſpire,
To thee I tune the ſprightly lyre.
From Heav'n this emanation flows,
To Heav'n again the wand'rer goes:
And whilſt employ'd beneath on earth,
Its boon attendants, Eaſe and Mirth,
Join'd with the Social Virtues three,
And their calm parent Charity,
Conduct it to the ſacred plains
Where Happineſs terreſtrial reigns.
'Tis Diſcontent alone deſtroys
The harveſt of our ripening joys;
Reſolve to be exempt from woe,
Your reſolution keeps you ſo.
Whate'er is needful man receives,
Nay more ſuperfluous Nature gives,
Indulgent parent, ſource of bliſs,
Profuſe of goodneſs to exceſs!

For thee 'tis, man, the zephyr blows,
For thee the purple vintage flows,
Each flow'r its various hue diſplays,
The lark exalts her vernal lays,
To view yon azure vault is thine,
And my EUDOCIA's form divine.

Hark! how the renovating Spring
Invites the feather'd choir to ſing,
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow
On ev'ry ſhrub, and ev'ry bough,
Their little airs a leſſon give,
They teach us mortals how to live,
And well adviſe us whilſt we can,
To ſpend in joy the vital ſpan.
Ye gay and youthful all advance,
Together knit in feſtive dance,
See blooming HEBE leads the way,
For youth is Nature's holiday.
If dire Misfortune ſhould employ
Her dart to wound the timely joy,
Solicit Bacchus with your pray'r,
No earthly goblin dares come near,
Care puts an eaſier aſpect on,
Pale Anger ſmooths her threat'ning frown,
Mirth comes in Melancholy's ſtead,
And Diſcontent conceals her head.
The thoughts on vagrant pinions fly,
And mount exulting to the ſky;

Thence with enraptur'd views look down
On golden empires all their own.

Or let, when Fancy ſpreads her ſails,
Love waft you on with eaſier gales,
Where in the ſoul-bewitching groves,
EUPHROSINE, ſweet goddeſs, roves;
'Tis rapture all, 'tis extaſy!
An earthly immortality!
This all the ancient Bards employ'd,
'Twas all the ancient Gods enjoy'd,
Who often from the realms above
Came down on earth t' indulge in love.

Still there's one greater bliſs in ſtore,
'Tis virtuous Friendſhip's ſocial hour,
When goodneſs from the heart ſincere
Pours forth Compaſſion's balmy tear,
For from thoſe tears ſuch tranſports flow,
As none but friends, and angels know.

Bleſt ſtate! where ev'ry thing conſpires
To fill the breaſt with heav'nly fires!
Where for a while the ſoul muſt roam,
To preconceive the ſtate to come,
And when thro' life the journey's paſt,
Without repining or diſtaſte,
Again the ſpirit will repair,
To breathe a more celeſtial air,
And reap, where bleſſed beings glow,
Completion of the joys below.

PART III.

TERPSICHORE: or, The Moderate.

— δίδε δ' αγαθον τε κακον τε.

HOM. Od. θ.

Hæc ſatis eſt orare Jovem. Qui donat et auſert,
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mi animum ipſe parabo.

HOR. Lib. 1. Ep. 18.

DESCEND, Aſtræa, from above,
Where Jove's celeſtial daughters rove,
And deign once more to bring with thee
Thy earth-deſerting family,
Calm Temperance, and Patience mild,
Sweet Contemplation's heavenly child,
Reflection firm, and Fancy free,
Religion pure, and Probity,
Whilſt all the Heliconian throng
Shall join TERPSICHORE in ſong.
Ere man great Reaſon's lord was made,
Or the world's firſt foundations laid,
As high in their divine abodes,
Conſulting fate the mighty gods,
Jove on the chaos looking down,
Spoke thus from his imperial throne:
" Ye deities and potentates,
" Aerial powr's, and heav'nly ſtates,

" Lo,

" Lo, in that gloomy place below,
" Where darkneſs reigns and diſcord now,
" There a new world ſhall grace the ſkies,
" And a new creature form'd ariſe,
" Who ſhall partake of our perfections,
" And live and act by our directions,
" (For the chief bliſs of any ſtation
" Is nought without communication)
" Let therefore ev'ry godhead give
" What this new being ſhould receive,
" But care important muſt be had,
" To mingle well of good and bad,
" That by th' allaying mixture, he
" May not approach to deity."

The ſovereign ſpake, the gods agree,
And each began in his degree:
Behind the throne of Jove there ſtood
Two veſſels of celeſtial wood,
Containing juſt too equal meaſures,
One fill'd with pain, and one with pleaſures;
The gods drew out from both of theſe,
And mix'd 'em with their eſſences,
(Which eſſences are heav'nly ſtill,
When undiſturb'd by nat'ral ill,
And man to moral good is prone,
Let but the moral pow'rs alone,
And not pervert 'em by tuition,
Or conjure 'em by ſuperſtition)

Hence man partakes an equal ſhare
Of pleaſing thoughts and gloomy care;
And Pain and Pleaſure e'er ſhall be,
As * PLATO ſays, in company.
Receive the one, and ſoon the other
Will follow to rejoin his brother.
Thoſe who with pious pain purſue
Calm Virtue by her ſacred clue,
Will ſurely find the mental treaſure
Of Virtue, only real pleaſure:
Follow the pleaſurable road,
That fatal Siren reckons good,
'Twill lead thee to the gloomy cell,
Where Pain and Melancholy dwell.
Health is the child of Abſtinence,
Diſeaſe, of a luxurious ſenſe;
Deſpair, that helliſh fiend, proceeds
From looſen'd thoughts, and impious deeds;
And the ſweet offspring of Content,
Flows from the mind's calm government.
Thus, man, thy ſtate is free from woe,
If thou would'ſt chuſe to make it ſo.
Murmur not then at Heav'n's decree,
The gods have given thee liberty,
And plac'd within thy conſcious breaſt,
Reaſon, as an unerring teſt,
And ſhould'ſt thou fix on miſery,
The fault is not in them, but thee.

* *See the* PHÆDO *of Plato.*

The PLEASURE of POETRY.

An ODE.

By Mr. VANSITTART.

I.

HAPPY the babe whoſe natal hour
The Muſe propitious deigns to grace,
No frowns on his ſoft fore-head lowr,
No cries diſtort his tender face;
But o'er her child, forgetting all her pangs,
Inſatiate of her ſmiles, the raptur'd parent hangs.

II.

Let ſtateſmen on the ſleepleſs bed
The fate of realms and princes weigh,
While in the agonizing head
They form ideal ſcenes of ſway;
Not long, alas! the fancied charms delight,
But melt, like ſpectre-forms, in ſilent ſhades of night.

III. Ye

III.

Ye heavy pedants, dull of lore,
Nod o'er the taper's livid flame;
Ye miſers, ſtill increaſe your ſtore;
Still tremble at the robber's name:
Or ſhudd'ring from the recent dream ariſe,
While viſionary fire glows dreadful to your eyes.

IV.

Far other joys the Muſes ſhow'r
Benignant, on the aching breaſt,
'Tis theirs in the lone, chearleſs hour,
To lull the lab'ring heart to reſt:
With bright'ning calms they glad the proſpect drear,
And bid each groan ſubſide, and dry up ev'ry tear.

V.

From earthly miſts, ye gentle Nine!
Whene'er you purge the viſual ray,
Sudden the landſcapes fairer ſhine,
And blander ſmiles the face of day:
Ev'n Chloe's lips with brighter vermil glow,
And on her youthful cheek the roſe-buds freſher blow.

VI.

When Boreas ſounds his fierce alarms,
And all the green-clad nymphs are fled,
Oh! then I lie in Fancy's arms
On fragrant May's delicious bed:
And thro' the ſhade, ſlow-creeping from the dale,
Feel on my drowſy face the lilly-breathing gale.

VII.

Or on the mountain's airy height
Hear Winter call his howling train,
Chas'd by the Spring and Dryads light,
That now reſume their bliſsful reign:
While ſmiling Flora binds her Zephyr's brows,
With ev'ry various flow'r that Nature's lap beſtows.

VIII.

More potent than the Sybil's gold
That led Æneas' bold emprize,
When you, Calliope, unfold
Your laurel branch, each phantom flies!
Slow cares with heavy wings beat the dull air,
And dread, and pale-ey'd grief, and pain and black deſpair.

IX.

With you Elyſium's happy bow'rs,
The manſions of the glorious dead,
I viſit oft, and cull the flow'rs
That riſe ſpontaneous to your tread;
Such active virtue warms that pregnant earth,
And heav'n with kindlier hand aſſiſts each genial birth.

X.

Here oft I wander thro' the gloom,
While pendent fruit the leaves among,
Gleams thro' the ſhade with golden bloom,
Where lurk along the feather'd throng,
Whoſe notes th' eternal ſpring unceaſing chear,
Nor leave in mournful ſilence half the drooping year.

XI.

And oft I view along the plain
With ſlow and ſolemn ſteps proceed
Heroes and chiefs, an aweful train,
And high exalt the laurell'd head:
Submiſs I honour every ſacred name,
Deep in the column grav'd of adamantine fame.

XII.

But ceaſe, my Muſe, with tender wing
Unfledg'd, etherial flight to dare,
Stern Cato's bold diſcourſe to ſing,
Or paint immortal Brutus' air;
May Britain ne'er the weight of ſlav'ry feel,
Or bid a Brutus ſhake for her his crimſon ſteel!

XIII.

Lo! yonder negligently laid
Faſt by the ſtream's impurpled ſide,
Where thro' the thick-entangled ſhade,
The radiant waves of nectar glide,
Each ſacred poet ſtrikes his tuneful lyre,
And wakes the raviſh'd heart, and bids the ſoul aſpire.

XIV.

No more is heard the plaintive ſtrain,
Or pleaſing Melancholy's ſong,
Tibullus here forgets his pain,
And joins the love-exulting throng;
For Cupid flutters round with golden dart,
And fiercely twangs his bow at ev'ry rebel heart.

XV.

There ſtretch'd at eaſe Anacreon gay;
And on his melting Leſbia's breaſt,
With eye half-rais'd Catullus lay,
And gaz'd himſelf to balmy reſt:
While Venus' ſelf thro' all the am'rous groves
With kiſſes freſh-diſtill'd ſupply'd their conſtant loves.

XVI.

Now Horace' hand the ſtring inſpir'd,
My ſoul, impatient as he ſung,
The Muſe unconquerable fir'd,
And heavenly accents ſeiz'd my tongue;
Then lock'd in admiration ſweet I bow'd,
Confeſs'd his potent art, nor could forbear aloud. *

XVII.

Hail glorious bard! whoſe high command,
A thouſand various ſtrings obey,
While joins and mixes to thy hand
At once the bold and tender lay!
Nor mighty Homer down Parnaſſus' ſteep,
Rolls the full tide of verſe ſo clear, and yet ſo deep.

XVIII.

O could I catch one ray divine
From thy intolerable blaze!
To pour ſtrong luſtre on my line,
And my aſpiring ſong to raiſe;
Then ſhould the Muſe her choiceſt influence ſhed,
And with eternal wreaths entwine my lofty head.

* *Milton.*

XIX.

XIX.

Then would I ſing the ſons of Fame,
Th' immortal chiefs of ancient age,
Or tell of love's celeſtial flame,
Or ope fair friendſhip's ſacred page,
And leave the ſullen thought and ſtruggling groan,
To take their watchful ſtands around the gaudy throne.

The POWER of POETRY.

I.

WHEN tuneful Orpheus ſtrove by moving ſtrains
To ſooth the furious hate of rugged ſwains:
The liſt'ning multitude was pleas'd,
Ev'n rapine drop'd her raviſh'd prey,
Till by the ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd,
Each ſavage heard his rage away;
And now o'ercome, in kind conſent they move,
And all is harmony, and all his love!

II.

Not ſo, when Greece's chief by heav'n inſpir'd,
With love of arms each glowing boſom fir'd:
But now the trembling ſoldier fled
Regardleſs of the glorious prize;
And his brave thirſt of honour dead,
He durſt not meet with hoſtile eyes;
Whilſt glittering ſhields and ſwords, war's bright array,
Were either worn in vain, or baſely thrown away.

III.

Soon as the hero by his martial ſtrains,
Had kindled virtue in their frozen veins:
Afreſh the warlike ſpirit grows,
Like flame, the brave contagion ran,
See in each ſparkling eye it glows,
And catches on from man to man!
Till rage in every breaſt to fear ſucceed;
And now they dare, and now they wiſh to bleed!

IV.

With different movements fraught, were Maro's lays,
Taught flowing grief, and kind concern to raiſe:
He ſung Marcellus' mournful name!
In beauty's, and in glory's bloom,
Torn from himſelf, from friends, from fame,
And rapt into an early tomb!
He ſung, and ſorrow ſtole on all,
And ſighs began to heave, and tears began to fall!

V.

But Rome's high empreſs felt the greateſt ſmart,
Touch'd both by nature, and the poet's art:
For as he ſung the mournful ſtrain,
So well the hero's portraiture he drew,
She ſaw him ſicken, fade again,
And in deſcription bleed anew.
Then pierc'd, and yielding to the melting lay,
She ſigh'd, ſhe fainted, ſunk, and died away.

VI.

Thus numbers once did human breaſts controul!
Ah! where dwells now ſuch empire o'er the ſoul?
Tranſported by harmonious lays,
The mind is melted down, or burns:
With joy o'er Windſor-foreſt ſtrays,
Or grieves when Eloiſa mourns:
Still the ſame ardour kindles every line,
And our own POPE is now, what VIRGIL was, divine.

To a Young Lady with FONTENELLE's Plurality of Worlds.

IN this ſmall work, all nature's wonders ſee,
The ſoften'd features of philoſophy.
In truth by eaſy ſteps you here advance,
Truth as diverting, as the beſt romance.
Long had theſe arts to ſages been confin'd,
None ſaw their beauty, till by poring blind;
By ſtudying ſpent, like men that cram too full,
From Wiſdom's feaſt they roſe not chear'd, but dull:
The gay and airy ſmil'd to ſee 'em grave,
And fled ſuch wiſdom like Trophonius' cave.
Juſtly they thought they might thoſe arts deſpiſe,
Which made men ſullen, ere they could be wiſe.

Brought

Brought down to ſight, with eaſe you view 'em here;
Tho' deep the bottom, yet the ſtream is clear.
Your flutt'ring ſex, ſtill valued ſcience leſs;
Careleſs of any but the arts of dreſs.
Their uſeleſs time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or ſome new-born play;
The beſt, perhaps, a few looſe hours might ſpare
For ſome unmeaning thing, miſcall'd a pray'r.
In vain the glitt'ring orbs, each ſtarry night,
With mingling blazes ſhed a flood of light:
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence ſaw 'em riſe;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the ſtars were ſuns ſo widely ſown,
None dreamt of other worlds, beſides our own.
Well might they boaſt their charms, when ev'ry fair
Thought this world all; and her's the brighteſt here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inſpires,
For thoſe thin trifles which your ſex admires;
Aſſert your claim to ſenſe, and ſhew mankind,
That reaſon is not to themſelves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whoſe beauty's aweful ſhrine,
'Twere ſacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought ſo greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without controul,
If we except the beauties of your ſoul!
Shou'd all beholders feel the ſame ſurprize;
Shou'd all who ſee you, ſee you with my eyes;

Were

Were no ſick blaſts to make that beauty leſs;
Shou'd you be what I think, what all confeſs:
'Tis but a narrow ſpace thoſe charms engage;
One iſland only, and not half an age!

SONG.

To SYLVIA.

By D. G.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the paſſion void of art,
The pure, the conſtant flame.

Tho' ſighing ſwains their torments tell,
Their ſenſual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous ſhell,
But ſlight the inward gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment wets deſire.

By

By age your beauty will decay,
  Your mind improves with years;
As when the bloſſoms fade away,
  The rip'ning fruit appears:

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my ſuit,
  And bleſs the future hour,
That Damon, who can taſte the fruit,
  May gather ev'ry flower!

To the Author of the *Farmer's Letters*, which were written in IRELAND in the Year of the Rebellion, by HENRY BROOKE, Eſq; 1745.

By the Same.

OH thou, whoſe artleſs, free-born genius charms,
  Whoſe ruſtick zeal each patriot boſom warms;
Purſue the glorious taſk, the pleaſing toil,
Forſake the fields and *till* a nobler ſoil;
Extend the *Farmer*'s care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and *cultivate* the mind;
There *plant* religion, reaſon, freedom, truth,
And *ſow the ſeeds* of virtue in our youth:

Let

Let no *rank weeds* corrupt, or *brambles* choak,
And ſhake the *vermin* from the Britiſh oak;
From *northern blaſts* protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our paſtures from the *wolves of Rome.*
On Britain's liberty, *ingraft* thy name,
And *reap the harveſt* of immortal fame!

VERSES written in a Book called, *Fables for the Female Sex.*

By the Same.

WHILE here the poet points the charms
Which bleſs the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And wit preſerves the flame;

How prudence, virtue, ſenſe agree,
To form the happy wife:
In Lucy, and her book, I ſee,
The Picture, and the Life.

VERSES written in SYLVIA's PRIOR.

By the Same.

UNtouch'd by love, unmov'd by wit,
I found no charms in MATTHEW's lyre,
But unconcern'd read all he writ,
Tho' love and Phœbus did inſpire:

Till SYLVIA took her favourite's part,
Reſolv'd to prove my judgment wrong;
Her proofs prevail'd, they reach'd my heart,
And ſoon I felt the poet's ſong.

Upon a LADY's EMBROIDERY.

By the Same.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddeſs at her art defy'd;
But ſoon the daring mortal fell
The hapleſs victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, CHLOE, and ſubmit;
For you'll more ſurely feel her hate,
Who rival both her Art and Wit.

DEATH

DEATH and the DOCTOR.

Occaſion'd by a Phyſician's lampooning a Friend of the AUTHOR.

By the Same.

AS Doctor * * muſing ſate,
Death ſaw, and came without delay:
Enters the room, begins the chat
With, "Doctor, why ſo thoughtful, pray?"

The Doctor ſtarted from his place,
But ſoon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous caſe,
How trade was low, and friends were few.

"Away with fear," the phantom ſaid,
As ſoon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice and mend your trade,
"We both are loſers if you fail.

"Go write, your wit in ſatire ſhow,
"No matter, whether ſmart, or true;
"Call * * names, the greateſt foe
"To dullneſs, folly, pride, and you.

"Then

" Then copies ſpread, there lies the trick,
" Among your friends beſure to ſend 'em :
" For all who read will ſoon grow ſick,
" And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

" Thus trade increaſing by degrees,
" Doctor, we both ſhall have our ends :
" For you are ſure to have your fees,
" And I am ſure to have your friends.

INSCRIPTIONS on a Monument to the Memory of a Lady's favourite Bullfinch.

By the Same.

On the Front of the Stone.

Memoriæ
Blandientis Volucris
Hunc Lapidem
poſuit
D——G——
et hoc
Nobiliſſimæ Luciæ
Officii ſui
Teſtimonium
quale quale eſt
dicavit.

On

On the Right Side.

THE goddeſſes of wit and love,
Have patroniz'd the owl and dove;
From whoſe protection both lay claim
To immortality and fame:

Could wit alone, or beauty, give
To birds the ſame prerogative;
My double claim had fate defy'd,
And [a] LUCY's fav'rite ne'er had dy'd.

[a] *Counteſs of R——d.*

On the Left Side.

THO' here my body lies interr'd,
I ſtill can be a tell-tale bird;
If DAVID ſhould pollute theſe ſhades,
And wanton with my lady's maids;
Or DICK ſneak out to field or park,
To play with MOPSY in the dark;
Or WILL, that noble, generous youth,
Should err from wiſdom, taſte, and truth;
And bleſs'd with all that's fair and good,
Should quit a feaſt for groſſer food:
I'll riſe again a reſtleſs ſprite,
Will haunt my lonely cage by night;
There ſwell my throat and plume my wing,
And every tale to LUCY ſing.

The TRIAL of SELIM the PERSIAN.

For divers High Crimes and Miſdemeanours.

THE court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The council with inſtruction fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.

But firſt 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetick helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And ſimiles to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have ſaid)
To call deſcription to our aid.

Begin we then (as firſt 'tis fitting)
With the three CHIEFS in judgment ſitting.
Above the reſt, and in the chair,
Sat FACTION with diſſembled air;
Her tongue was ſkill'd in ſpecious lyes,
And murmurs, whence diſſentions riſe:
A ſmiling maſk her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;

With ſtudy'd blandiſhments ſhe bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat ENVY, hideous to the ſight;
Her ſnaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbad diſguiſe;
Pale diſcontent, and ſullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead ſate:
Her left-hand clench'd, her cheek ſuſtain'd,
Her right (with many a murder ſtain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to ſtrike,
With ſtarts of rage, and aim oblique.
Laſt on the left was CLAMOUR ſeen,
Of ſtature vaſt, and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks, and frantick eyes,
She ſent her yellings to the ſkies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow ſedition o'er the land.
With theſe, four more of leſſer fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
HYPOCRISY with ſmiling grace,
And IMPUDENCE with brazen face,
CONTENTION bold, with iron lungs,
And SLANDER with her hundred tongues.

The walls in ſculptur'd tale were rich,
And ſtatues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in FACTION's cauſe,
And periſh'd for contempt of laws.

The roof in vary'd light and ſhade,
The ſeat of ANARCHY diſplay'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematick figure known)
CONFUSION rag'd, and LUST obſcene,
And RIOT with diſtemper'd mien,
And OUTRAGE bold, and MISCHIEF dire,
And DEVASTATION clad in fire.
Prone on the ground, a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her ſhield with many a ſtab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her ſpear revers'd:
And near her crouch'd, amidſt the ſpoils,
A lion painted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner ſtood,
And modeſt pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the council, and the crowd,
And with ſubmiſſive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now, in humbler ſtrains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.

Th' indictment grievouſly ſet forth,
That SELIM, loſt to truth and worth,
(In company with one WILL P—T
And many more, not taken yet)
In FORTY-FIVE, the royal palace
Did enter, and to ſhame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forſake,
And did accept, receive and take,

With miſchievous intent and baſe,
Value unknown, a certain place.

He was a ſecond time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's ſhare,
(Which parſons want, and he might ſpare)
In letter to one GILBERT WEST,
He, the ſaid SELIM, did atteſt,
Maintain, ſupport, and make aſſertion
Of certain points, from PAUL's converſion;
By means whereof the ſaid apoſtle
Did many an unbeliever joſtle,
Starting unfaſhionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.

A third charge run, that knowing well
Wits only eat, as pamphlets ſell,
He, the ſaid SELIM, notwithſtanding
Did fall to anſw'ring, ſhaming, branding
Three curious Letters to the Whigs;
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable ſin,
An author, modeſt and deſerving,
Was deſtin'd to contempt and ſtarving;
Againſt the king, his crown and peace,
And all the ſtatutes in that caſe.

The pleader roſe with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd——

But not to damp the Muſe's fire
With rhet'rick ſuch as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And ſift the matter from the form.
Virtue and ſocial love, he ſaid,
And honour from the land were fled;
That PATRIOTS now, like other folks,
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes;
While OPPOSITION dropp'd her creſt,
And courted pow'r for wealth and reſt.
Why ſome folks laugh'd, and ſome folks rail'd,
Why ſome ſubmitted, ſome aſſail'd,
Angry or pleas'd——all ſolv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The ſons of CLAMOUR grew ſo ſickly,
They look'd for diſſolution quickly;
Their weekly Journals finely written,
Were ſunk in privies all beſh—n;
Old-England and the London-Evening,
Hardly a ſoul was found believing in,
And Caleb, once ſo bold and ſtrong,
Was ſtupid now, and always wrong.

Aſk ye whence roſe this foul diſgrace?
Why SELIM has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cauſe to ſhame;
Proving that people, void of blame,
Might ſerve their country and their king,
By making both the ſelf-ſame thing.

By

By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by ſtrange arts deceiv'd)
That Miniſters were ſometimes right,
And meant not to deſtroy us quite.

That bart'ring thus in ſtate affairs,
He next muſt deal in ſacred wares:
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And ſmuggle in the goſpel-trade.
And all this zeal to re-inſtate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in ſhoals,
Like children ſniv'ling for their ſouls,
And ladies gay, from ſmut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their Bibles;
Erecting conſcience for a tutor,
To damn the preſent by the future.
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterneſs, and woe,
With ſhort tranſitions of delight,
To ſet the ſhatter'd ſpirits right.
Then why ſuch mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding ſhort-liv'd mirth and laughter
By fears of what may come hereafter?
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe an hell:

And if there ſhould be one, no doubt
Men of themſelves would find it out.

But SELIM's crimes, he ſaid, went further,
And barely ſtopp'd on this ſide murther;
One yet remain'd to cloſe the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd ſpeak at large.
And firſt 'twas needful to premiſe,
That tho' ſo long (for reaſons wiſe)
The preſs inviolate had ſtood,
Productive of the publick good;
Yet ſtill, too modeſt to abuſe,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whoſe.
That great improvements, of late days
Were made, to many an author's praiſe,
Who, not ſo ſcrupulouſly nice,
Proclaim'd the perſon with the vice,
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the reſt for granted.
Upon this plan, a Champion [b] roſe,
Unrighteous greatneſs to oppoſe,
Proving the man *inventus non eſt*,
Who trades in pow'r, and ſtill is honeſt;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto ſoundly;
But chief his anger was directed
Where people leaſt of all ſuſpected;

[b] *Author of the Letters to the Whigs.*

And

And SELIM, not ſo ſtrong as tall,
Beneath his graſp appear'd to fall.
But INNOCENCE (as people ſay)
Stood by, and ſav'd him in the fray.
By her aſſiſted, and one TRUTH,
A buſy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his ſtrength anew,
And at the foe a letter threw,
His weakeſt part the weapon found,
And brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground.
Hence OPPOSITION fled the field,
And IGN'RANCE with her ſev'n-fold ſhield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner, with his Whore and Bully,
Muſt prove for ev'ry foe too hard,
Who never fought with ſuch a guard.

But TRUTH and INNOCENCE, he ſaid,
Would ſtand him here in little ſtead,
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.

Of witneſſes a fearful train
Came next th' indictments to ſuſtain;
DETRACTION, HATRED, and DISTRUST,
And PARTY, of all foes the worſt,
MALICE, REVENGE, and UNBELIEF,
And DISAPPOINTMENT, worn with grief,
DISHONOUR foul, unaw'd by ſhame,
And every fiend that vice can name.

All

All theſe in ample form depos'd
Each fact the triple charge diſclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter ſort,
And aſking vengeance from the court.

The pris'ner ſaid in his defence,
That he indeed had ſmall pretence
To ſoften facts ſo deeply ſworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might ſtill be urg'd to ward the ſentence;
That he had held a place ſome years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives baſe,
The indictment there miſtook the caſe;
And tho' he had betray'd his truſt,
In being to his country juſt,
Neglecting FACTION and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might ceaſe,
And jarring parties mix in peace.

That what he wrote to GILBERT WEST
Bore hard againſt him, he confeſs'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reaſon'd for Belief, not Practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Tho' Practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,

That

That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and ſenſe;
But whether this was truth or whim,
He would not ſay; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now;
If they admitted it, 'twas well,
If not, he never talk'd of hell,
Nor even hop'd to change men's meaſures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleaſures.

One accuſation, he confeſs'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the reſt;
Three Patriot-Letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to ſhame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lye;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul diſhonour to his neighbour?
And he's a moſt unchriſtian elf,
Who others damns to ſave himſelf.
Beſides, as all men knew, he ſaid,
Theſe Letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuſe
For proſtitution and abuſe;
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the writer change his ſide;

He wiſh'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he ſhould have bought, not ſtarv'd him.

The court, he ſaid, knew all the reſt,
And muſt proceed as they thought beſt;
Only he hop'd ſuch reſignation
Would plead ſome little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, atteſt it)
He did in humbleſt form requeſt it,
To be from puniſhment exempt,
And only ſuffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
INTEGRITY and HONOUR ſwore,
BENEVOLENCE and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
RELIGION, ſober dame, attended,
And, as ſhe could, his cauſe befriended;
She ſaid, 'twas ſince ſhe came from college
She knew him introduc'd by KNOWLEDGE;
The man was modeſt and ſincere,
Nor farther could ſhe interfere.
The MUSES begg'd to interpoſe,
But ENVY with loud hiſſings roſe,
And call'd them women of ill fame;
Liars, and proſtitutes to ſhame;

And ſaid, to all the world 'twas known,
SELIM had had them ev'ry one.
The pris'ner bluſh'd, the MUSES frown'd,
When ſilence was proclaim'd around,
And FACTION, riſing with the reſt,
In form the pris'ner thus addreſs'd.

You, SELIM, thrice have been indicted,
Firſt, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to diſgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a PLACE.
Next, INFIDELITY to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive FREETHINKING to a ſtand,
And with RELIGION vex the land.
And laſtly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral ſpite,
You have an AUTHOR's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.

Theſe crimes ſucceſſive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourſelf, with ſhame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the juſtice of the court
May ſuffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I ſuſpend,
To reaſon as from friend to friend.

And firſt, that you, of all mankind,
With KINGS and COURTS ſhould ſtain your mind!

You!

You! who were OPPOSITION's lord!
Her nerves, her ſinews, and her ſword!
That you at laſt, for ſervile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!—
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more—for you to urge your hate,
And back the church, to aid the ſtate!
For you to publiſh ſuch a letter!
You! who have known RELIGION better!
For you, I ſay, to introduce
The fraud again!—There's no excuſe.
And laſt of all, to crown your ſhame,
Was it for you to load with blame
The writings of a Patriot-Youth,
And ſummon INNOCENCE and TRUTH
To prop your cauſe?—Was this for you?—
But juſtice does your crimes purſue;
And ſentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by me, the court ordains.

" That you return from whence you came,
" There to be ſtripp'd of all your fame
" By vulgar hands; that once a week
" Old-England pinch you till you ſqueak;
" That ribbald pamphlets do purſue you,
" And lyes and murmurs, to undo you,
" With ev'ry foe that WORTH procures,
" And only VIRTUE's friends be YOURS."

The TROPHY,

BEING

SIX CANTATAS

To the Honour of his ROYAL HIGHNESS

WILLIAM, Duke of CUMBERLAND;

Expreſſing the juſt Senſe of a grateful Nation,
in the ſeveral Characters of

The VOLUNTEER, The POET, The PAINTER, } { The MUSICIAN, The SHEPHERD, The RELIGIOUS.

By ——.

Set to Muſick by Dr. GREENE. 1746.

CANTATA I. The VOLUNTEER.

RECITATIVE.

DEEP in a foreſt's ſhadowy ſeat,
A youth enjoy'd his calm retreat,
Deaf to the din of civil rage,
And diſcord of the impious age;

When

When viſionary ſleep depreſs'd
His drowſy lids, and thus alarm'd his reſt.
Two rival forms immenſely bright
Appear'd, and charm'd his mental ſight;
Honour and Pleaſure ſeem'd deſcending,
On each her various train attending,
Of decent, ſober, great, and plain,
Of gay, fantaſtick, loud, and vain.
With confident, yet charming grace,
Pleaſure firſt brake the ſilence of the place.

AIR.

Enjoy with me this calm retreat,
Diſſolv'd in eaſe thine hours ſhall flow;
With love alone thy heart ſhall beat,
And his be all th' alarms you know:
Cares to ſooth, and life befriend,
Pleaſures on your nod attend.

CHORUS.

Cares to ſooth, and life befriend,
Pleaſures on your nod attend.

RECITATIVE.

Her decent front ſtrait Honour ſhew'd,
Where mingled ſcorn and anger glow'd;
Contempt of Pleaſure's flow'ry reign
Inrag'd at all her abject train;
And thus in rapid ſtrains expreſs'd
The tumults of her honeſt breaſt.

AIR.

Riſe, youth—thy country calls thee from thy ſhade
Behold her tears,
And hear her cries:
Religion fears,
And Freedom dies,
Amid the horrors of War's dreadful trade.
Thy country groans: forego thy ſhade—
'Tis Honour calls thee to her aid.

CHORUS.

Thy country groans: forego thy ſhade—
'Tis Honour calls thee to her aid.

RECITATIVE.

The youth awoke—and ſtarting wide,
Sleep, with its viſion, left his ſide.
His ſoul th' idea fill'd alone;
The heroick form, the piercing tone
Of Honour on his memory play'd,
And all his heart confeſs'd the heav'nly maid.

AIR.

Sweet object of my choice,
Adieu, thou calm receſs!
My bleeding country's voice
Tears me from thy embrace.

From muſing water-falls,
From ſhades and flow'ry meads,
'Tis virtuous Honour calls,
And princely WILLIAM leads.

From all a father's love,
From all a nation's care,
Behold where BRITAIN's Jove
Sends forth his god of war:

'Gainſt mountains cap'd with ſnows,
'Gainſt foul Rebellion's rage
The willing Hero goes
Gigantick war to wage——
The gen'rous heart what flow'ry ſcenes can pleaſe,
Or tempt to waſte his youth in uſeleſs eaſe!

CHORUS.

The gen'rous heart what flow'ry ſcenes can pleaſe,
Or tempt to waſte his youth in uſeleſs eaſe!

CANTATA II. The POET.

AIR.

Give me, indulgent Muſe, to rove
The mazes of thy laurel'd grove,
To chooſe a wreath for WILLIAM's brow
Above Sybilla's golden bough.

RECITATIVE.

I walk—I wander here and there——
How can I chooſe where all is fair?
This I prefer, and that refuſe——
Guide me, my ſtill-inſpiring Muſe.
I ſaid, and pluck'd the choſen wreath:
Large drops of blood diſtill'd beneath;

A ſigh now ſhook the weeping tree,
And thus a vocal ſound
Brake from the recent wound,
And ſet the form of beauteous Daphne free.

AIR.

Coy Daphne you behold in me;
For WILLIAM's ſake I willing bleed.
No wreath but this from Phœbus' tree
Is worthy him, who Britain freed.
Leſs fair was Phœbus' chace for unſought fame,
Be his the wreath, who woo'd and won the dame.

CANTATA III. The PAINTER.

AIR.

Sweet mimick thou of Nature's face,
Thy pencil take, thy colour ſpread;
On thy canvas curious trace
Every virtue, every grace,
That hovers round our WILLIAM's head.

RECITATIVE.

Let Victory before him fly,
And Fortitude with ſtedfaſt eye;
Let Prudence with her mirrour haſte,
Studious of future by the paſt;
With Induſtry in vigour blooming,
And Science knowing much, yet leſs aſſuming.

To group the piece, and ſwell the train,
With Hydra heads Rebellion draw,
Spouting at ev'ry vein
The blood of thouſands ſlain;
Thouſands too few to glut her rav'nous maw:
Paint her panting, ſinking, dying,
Paint her ſons at diſtance flying.
Paint Britannia full of ſmiles,
Scarce recover'd from her toils;
Paint Juſtice ready to avenge her pain,
Dragging the monſter in her maſſy chain:
Near her paint Mercy crown'd: ſoft-ſmiling let her ſtand,
With arm out-ſtretch'd to ſtop her juſt, determin'd hand.

AIR.

Ceaſe to declaim, the artiſt cries,
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,——
See, by degrees the features riſe:
Behold them all in WILLIAM's face.

CANTATA IV. The MUSICIAN.

RECITATIVE.

O various power of magick ſtrains,
To damp our joys and ſooth our pains!
Ev'ry movement of the will
Obedient owns the artiſt's ſkill.
Thus in gay notes, and boaſtful words,
The maſter of the tuneful chords;

But ſoon he found his boaſt was air,
His love ſtill blaſted with deſpair,
And Chloe cold, or ſeeming cold
To all the tuneful tales he told.

AIR.

To love when he tun'd the ſoft lyre,
It ſigh'd and it trembled in vain;
Tho' warm'd by his amorous fire,
The fair one ne'er anſwer'd his ſtrain.

RECITATIVE.

Hear, cries the artiſt, pow'r divine,
Great leader of the tuneful Nine;
Teach thy votary to ſwell
With love-inſpiring ſtrains the ſhell,
Such as pleaſe my Chloe beſt,
And eaſieſt glide into her breaſt.

AIR.

No more I woo in warbling ſtrains,
No more I ſing the lover's pains
To cold and careleſs ears:
To warlike notes I tune the ſtring,
The ſong to WILLIAM's praiſe I ſing——
The nymph with rapture hears.

CANTATA V. The SHEPHERD.

RECITATIVE.

Beneath an oak's indulgent ſhade
A ſhepherd at his eaſe was laid;

He pluck'd the bough, the wreath he wove
Sacred to WILLIAM, and to love,
And taught the vocal woods around
His name and Delia's to reſound.

AIR.

Of peace reſtor'd the ſhepherd ſung,
And plenty ſmiling o'er the fields;
Of peace reſtor'd the woodlands rung,
And all the ſweets that quiet yields;
Of love he ſung and Delia's charms,
And all reſtor'd by WILLIAM's arms.

RECITATIVE.

Driv'n from his native ſoil belov'd,
By coſt and care not unimprov'd,
A northern ſwain himſelf betook
To reſt, in that ſequeſter'd nook.
One fav'rite lamb eſcap'd the ſpoil,
The only meed of all his toil;
Which now o'erſpent he drove before,
Now fondling in his boſom bore.
He heard, and ſtrait the cauſe requir'd,
With wonder more than envy fir'd.

AIR.

Say, ſwain, by what good pow'r
Thou wing'ſt the fleeting hour,
With ſtrains that wonder move,
And tell of eaſe and love;

While I by war's alarms
Am forc'd from ſafety's arms;
From home and native air,
And all their ſocial care.
Say, ſwain, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Again, replied the ſwain, repair
To northern fields and native air;
Again thy kindly home review,
And all its ſocial cares renew.
Within what cave, or foreſt deep,
To grief indulgent, or to ſleep,
Haſt thou eſcap'd the gen'ral joy,
Sweet gift of BRITAIN's fav'rite BOY?

AIR.

'Twas WILLIAM's toil this leiſure gave,
By him I tune my oaten reed,
By him yon golden harveſts wave,
By him theſe herds in ſafety feed:
Him ſhall our grateful ſongs declare
Ever to Britiſh ſhepherds dear.

DUET.

Him ſhall our grateful ſongs declare,
Ever to Britiſh ſhepherds dear.

CANTATA VI. The RELIGIOUS.

RECITATIVE.

Here, tyrant Superſtition, ugly fiend,
Harpy with an angel's face,
Monſter in Religion's dreſs,
Thy impious pray'rs and bloody viſions end.

Hence, with thy ſiſter Perſecution, go——
Hence with all her pleaſing dreams
Of martyrs' groans, and virgins' ſcreams,
The ſtretching rack, and horrid wheel,
Slow fires, and conſecrated ſteel,
And ev'ry prieſtly implement of woe,
And ev'ry threat'ned tool of hoodwink'd zeal,
Ingenious Rome can find, or tortur'd Nature feel.

AIR.

From Britain's happier clime repair
To ſouthern ſuns and ſlaviſh air——
To empty halls,
To midnight bells,
To cloiſter'd walls,
To gloomy cells
Where moping Melancholy dwells——
WILLIAM's name ſhall reach you there,
And ſink your ſouls with black deſpair.

RECITATIVE.

The Hero comes, and with him brings
Fair Hope, that ſoars on Cherub's wings;

Firm

Firm Faith attends with ſtedfaſt eye,
Intent on things above the ſky,
To mortal ken unknown; and She,
Meek and ſeemly, kind and free,
Ever hoping, ſtill believing,
Still forbearing, ſtill forgiving,
Greateſt of the heavenly Three.

AIR.

Britons, join the godlike train,
Learn, that all but Truth is vain,
And to her lyre attune your joy:
No gifts ſo pure as thoſe ſhe brings,
No notes ſo ſweet as thoſe ſhe ſings,
To praiſe the heav'nly-favour'd BOY.

The Marriage of the MYRTLE and the YEW.

A FABLE.

To DELIA, about to marry beneath herſelf. 1744.

By the Same.

A Myrtle flouriſh'd 'mongſt the flowers,
And happy paſs'd her maiden hours:
The lovely Roſe, the garden's queen,
Companion of this ſhrub was ſeen;

The

The Lilly fair, the Violet blue,
The Eglantine beſide her grew:
The Woodbine's arms did round her twine,
With the pale genteel Jeſſamine:
With her's the Tuberoſe mix'd her ſweet;
The flow'rs were gracious, ſhe diſcreet.
The envious ſhrub with ſome regret,
Saw all her friends in wedlock met;
Up the tall Elm the Woodbine ſwarms,
And twines her marriageable arms;
A gorgeous bower the Jeſſ'mine choſe,
The glory of ſome ancient houſe;
With joy ſhe views the ſhort-liv'd maid,
The Violet, drooping in the ſhade;
And ſees (which pleas'd her to the quick)
The Lilly hug a ſapleſs ſtick.
" And muſt Myrtilla ſtill be ſeen
" Pining in ſickneſs ever-green?
" Shall ſhe"——
With that ſhe arm'd her brow,
Which once had conqueſts gain'd, but now——
Too old to chooſe, too proud to ſue,
Strikes flag to her good couſin Yew.

This Yew was fair, and large, and good,
Eſteem'd a pretty ſtick of wood;
But never in the garden plac'd,
Or to be borne by nymphs of taſte,
But in a wilderneſs, or waſte:

And

And cut and clip, whate'er you do,
This pretty ſtick was ſtill but Yew.
The pois'nous drops, the baleful ſhade
Struck each genteeler flower dead;
But Myrtle, being ever-green,
Thought Nature taught to wed her kin,
And careleſs of th' event, withdrew
From her old friends, and ſought her Yew.
Behold the am'rous ſhrub tranſplanted,
And her laſt prayer in vengeance granted.
The bride and bridegroom cling together,
Enjoy the fair, and ſcorn foul weather.
Viſits are pay'd: around are ſeen
The ſcrubbed race of ever-green,
Th' ill-natur'd Holly, ragged Box,
And Yew's own family in flocks:
But not a flow'r of ſcent or flavour
Would do the bride ſo great a favour,
But in contempt drew in their leaves,
And ſhrunk away, as Senſitives.
The bluſhing * Queen, with decent pride,
Turn'd, as ſhe paſs'd, her head aſide;
The Lilly nice, was like to ſpue
To ſee MYRTILLA Mrs. YEW:
The Eglantine, a prude by nature,
Wou'd never go a-near the Creacher;
And the gay Woodbine gave a flaunt,
Nor anſwer'd her but with a taunt.

* *The Roſe.*

Poor

Poor MYRTLE, ſtrangely mortify'd,
Too late reſumes her proper pride;
Which, heighten'd now by pique and ſpleen,
Paints her condition doubly mean.
She ſour'd her mind, grew broken-hearted,
And ſoon this ſpiteful world departed;
And now lies decently interr'd,
Near the old YEW in ——— church-yard.

On a BAY-LEAF, pluck'd from VIRGIL's Tomb near Naples. 1736.

By the Same.

BOLD was the irreligious hand,
That could all reverence withſtand,
And ſacrilegiouſly preſume
To rob the poet's ſacred tomb
Of ſo much honourable ſhade,
As this, ſo ſmall a trophy, made;
Could dare to pluck from VIRGIL's brow
The honours Nature did beſtow.
* Sweetly the gentle goddeſs ſmil'd,
And liſten'd to her favourite child;
Whether in ſhepherd's cleanly weed
He deftly tun'd his oaten reed,

* *Paſcua.* And

And taught the vocal woods around
His Amaryllis to reſound;
* Or taught he in a graver ſtrain
To cloath the field with waving grain;
And in the marriage-folds to twine
The barren elm, and cluſter'd vine;
To yoke the lab'ring ox, to breed
To the known goal the foaming ſteed;
And ſung the manners, rights, degrees,
And labours of the frugal bees;
† Or whether with Æneas' name
He ſwell'd th' extended cheek of Fame,
And all his god-like labours ſung,
Whence Rome's extended glories ſprung;
The goddeſs ſmil'd, and own'd ſhe knew
Th' original from whence he drew,
And grateful ſhe ſpontaneous gave
This living honour to his grave.
Hail, thou ſweet ſhade, whoſe rev'renc'd name
Still foremoſt in the mouth of Fame,
Doth preference and value give,
And teach this little leaf to live:
Methinks ſecluded from that brow,
Where grateful Nature bad it grow,
This beauteous green ſhould fade away,
And yield to iron-tooth'd decay;
But VIRGIL's name forbids that crime,
And blunts the threat'ning ſcythe of Time.

* *Rura.* † *Duces.* To

To CHLOE.

Written on my Birth-Day, 1734.

By the Same.

THE minutes, the hours, the days, and the years,
That fill up the current of Time,
Neither flowing with hopes, neither ebbing with fears,
Unheeded roll'd on to my prime.

In infancy prattling, in youth full of play,
Still pleas'd with whatever was new,
I bad the old cripple fly ſwifter away,
To o'ertake ſome gay trifle in view.

But when CHLOE, with ſweetneſs and ſenſe in her look,
Firſt taught me the leſſon of love;
Then I counted each ſtep the wing'd fugitive took,
And bad him more leiſurely move.

Stop, run-away, ſtop, nor thy journey purſue,
For CHLOE has gi'en me her heart:
To enjoy it thy years will prove many too few,
If you make ſo much haſte to depart.

Still,

Still, ſtill he flies on—ſtill, ſtill let him fly
'Till he's tired, and panting for breath;
My love both his teeth and his ſcythe ſhall defy——
That can only be conquer'd by Death.

A SONG.

By the Same.

Set to Muſick by Dr. GREENE.

I.

TO ſilent groves, where weeping yew
With ſadly-mournful cypreſs join'd,
Poor DAMON from the plain withdrew,
To eaſe with plaints his love-ſick mind;
Pale willow into myſtick wreaths he wove,
And thus lamented his forſaken love.

II.

How often, CELIA, faithleſs maid,
With arms entwined did we walk
Beneath the cloſe unpierced ſhade,
Beguiling time with am'rous talk!
But that, alas! is paſt, and I muſt prove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

III. But

III.

But think not, CELIA, I will bear
With dull ſubmiſſion all the ſmart;
No, I'll at once drive out deſpair,
And thy lov'd image from my heart:
All arts, all charms I'll practice to remove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

IV.

Bacchus, with greeneſt ivy crown'd,
Hither repair with all thy train;
And chace the jovial goblet round,
For CELIA triumphs in my pain:
With gen'rous wine aſſiſt me to remove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

V.

Cou'd reaſon be ſo drown'd in wine,
As never to revive again,
How happy were this heart of mine
Reliev'd at once from all its pain!
But reaſon ſtill with love returns, to prove
The torments laſting of forſaken love.

VI.

Bring me the nymph, whoſe gen'rous ſoul
Kindles at the circling bowl;
Whoſe ſparkling eye with wanton fire
Shoots thro' my blood a fierce deſire;
For ev'ry art I'll practice to remove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

VII.

And what is all this tranſient flame?
'Tis but a blaze, and ſeen no more;
A blaze that lights us to our ſhame,
And robs us of a gay four-ſcore;
Reaſon again with love returns, to prove
The torment laſting of forſaken love.

VIII.

Hark! how the jolly huntſman's cries,
In concert with the op'ning hounds,
Rend the wide concave of the ſkies,
And tire dull Echo with their ſounds:
Thou Phœbe, goddeſs of the chace, remove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

IX.

Ah me! the ſprightly-bounding doe,
The chace, and every thing I view,
Still to my mind recall my woe;
So CELIA flies, ſo I purſue:
So rooted here, no arts can e'er remove
The pangs attending on forſaken love.

X.

Then back, poor DAMON, to thy grove:
Since nought avails to eaſe thy pain,
Let conſtancy thy flame improve,
And patience anſwer her diſdain:
So gratitude may CELIA's boſom move,
To pity and reward thy conſtant love.

FASHION: A SATIRE.

Honeſtius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus. SENECA.

YES, yes, my friend, diſguiſe it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Faſhion guides us ſtill:
A few perhaps riſe ſingularly good,
Defy, and ſtem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The reſt to wander from their brethren fear,
As ſocial herrings in large ſhoals appear.
'Twas not a taſte, but pōw'rful mode, that bade
Yon' purblind, poking peer run picture mad;
With the ſame wonder-gaping face he ſtares
On flat DUTCH dawbing, as on GUIDO's airs;
What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd gain?
Alas! five faded landſcapes of * LORAINE.
Not ſo GARGILIUS——ſleek voluptuous lord,
A hundred dainties ſmoak upon his board;
Earth, air, and ocean's ranſack'd for the feaſt,
In maſquerade of foreign OLIO's dreſs'd;
Who praiſes, in this ſauce-enamour'd age,
Calm, healthful temp'rance, like an INDIAN ſage:

* *Claude Loraine.*

But

But could he walk in publick, were it ſaid,
" GARGILIUS din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?"
Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulſe,
Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts—— nor * HULSE.

How ſtrict on Sundays gay LÆTITIA's face!
How curl'd her hair, how clean her Bruſſels-lace!
She lifts her eyes, her ſparkling eyes to heav'n,
Moſt nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think not ſhe prays, or is grown penitent——
She went to church——becauſe the pariſh went.

Cloſe CHREMES, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
Parts with an unſun'd guinea for relief;
No meltings o'er his ruthleſs boſom ſteal,
More than fierce Arabs, or proud tyrants feel;
Yet, ſince his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.

Why loves not HIPPIA rank obſcenity?
Why would ſhe not with twenty porters lie?
Why not in crowded Malls quite naked walk?
Not aw'd by virtue——but " The world would talk."——
Yet how demurely looks the wiſhing maid,
For ever, but in bed, of man afraid!
Thus † HAMMON's ſpring by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as hell's ſulphureous pool.

Each panting warble of VESCONTI's throat,
To DICK, is heav'nlier than a ſeraph's note;

* *The Phyſician.*
† *Lucretius, lib.* 6. 848.

The thrills, he ſwears, ſoft-ſtealing to his breaſt,
Are lullabies, to ſooth his cares to reſt;
Are ſweeter far, than LAURA's luſcious kiſs,
Charm the whole man, and lap his ſoul in bliſs:
Who can ſuch counterfeited raptures bear,
Of a deaf fool who ſcarce can thunders hear?
CROWDERO might with him for FESTIN paſs,
And touching HANDEL yield to trifling HASSE.

But curd-fac'd CURIO comes! all prate, and ſmile,
Supreme of beaux, great bulwarks of our iſle!
Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade,
Rich rings, white hand, and coat of ſtiff brocade;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies BRITAIN's troops diſgrace,
That FLANDRIA, wond'ring, mourns our alter'd race:
With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
Of VAUXHALL, GARRICK, or PAMELA prattle:
This ſelf-pleas'd king of emptineſs permit
At the dear toilette harmleſsly to ſit;
As mirthleſs infants, idling out the day,
With wooden ſwords, or toothleſs puppies play:
'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
A conquering hoſt, or ſave a ſinking land,
Than furl fair FLAVIA's fan, or lead a dance,
Or broach new-minted FASHIONS freſh from FRANCE.

O FRANCE, whoſe edicts govern dreſs and meat,
Thy victor BRITAIN bends beneath thy feet!
Strange! that pert graſshoppers ſhould lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp acroſs the mead:

Of

Of fleets and laurel'd chiefs let others boaſt,
Thy honours are to bow, dance, boil and roaſt.
Let ITALY give mimick canvas fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre;
For gold let rich POTOSI be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in INDIA found;
'Tis thine for ſlaves to teach the ſhantieſt cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important ſtruts,
Preſcribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, ſoups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs.

MUSCALIA dreams of laſt night's ball till ten,
Drinks chocolate, ſtroaks FOP, and ſleeps agen,
Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowſy eyes,
Aſks LUCY if 'tis late enough to riſe;
By three each curl and feature juſtly ſet,
She dines, talks ſcandal, viſits, plays piquette:
Meanwhile her babes with ſome foul nurſe remain,
For modern dames a mother's cares diſdain;
Each fortnight once ſhe bears to ſee the brats,
" For oh they ſtun one's ears, like ſqualling cats!"
Tigers and pards protect, and nurſe their young,
The parent-ſnake will roll her forked tongue,
The vultur hovers vengeful o'er her neſt,
If the rude hand her helpleſs brood infeſt;
Shall lovely woman, ſofteſt frame of heav'n,
To whom were tears, and feeling pity giv'n,
Moſt faſhionably cruel, leſs regard
Her offspring, than the vultur, ſnake, and pard?

What art, O FASHION, pow'r ſupreme below!
You make us virtue, nature, ſenſe, forego;
You ſanctify knave, atheiſt, whore, and fool,
And ſhield from juſtice, ſhame, and ridicule.
Our grandames modes, long abſent from our eyes,
At your all-powerful bidding duteous riſe;
As ARETHUSA ſunk beneath the plain
For many a league, emerging flows again;
Now * Mary's mobs, and flounces you approve,
Now ſhape-diſguiſing ſacks, and ſlippers love:
Scarce have you choſe (like Fortune fond to joke)
Some reigning dreſs, but you the choice revoke:
So when the deep-tongu'd organ's notes ſwell high,
And loud HOSANNAHS reach the diſtant ſky,
Hark, how at once the dying ſtrains decay,
And ſoften unexpectedly away.
The peer, prince, peaſant, ſoldier, ſquire, divine,
Goddeſs of Change, bend low before your ſhrine,
Swearing to follow, whereſoe'er you lead,
Tho' you eat toads, or walk upon your head.
'Tis hence belles game, intrigue, ſip citron-drams,
And hide their lovely locks with † heads of rams;
Hence girls, once modeſt, without bluſh appear,
With legs diſplay'd, and ſwan-ſoft boſoms bare;

* *Mary queen of Scots mobs, much worn by the ladies.*
† *Tête de Mouton, literally tranſlated.*

Hence

Hence ſtale, autumnal dames, ſtill deck'd with laces,
Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet caſes.
Aſk you, why whores live more belov'd than wives,
Why weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives,
Why mad for penſions, BRITONS young and old
Adore baſe miniſters, thoſe calves of gold,
Why witling templars on religion joke,
Fat, roſy juſtices, drink, doze, and ſmoak,
Dull criticks on beſt bards pour harmleſs ſpite,
As babes that mumble coral, cannot bite,
Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
With hearts of gall, but courtly-ſmiling face,
Why ſcornful FOLLY from her gawdy coach,
At ſtarving houſeleſs VIRTUE points reproach,
Why AV'RICE is the great all-worſhip'd God?
Methinks ſome DÆMON anſwers——" 'Tis the mode!"

At this CORRUPTION ſmiles with ghaſtly grin,
Preſaging triumphs to her mother, SIN;
Who, as with baneful wings aloft ſhe flies,
" This falling land be mine!"——exulting cries;
Grim TYRANNY attends her on her way,
And frowns, and whets his ſword that thirſts to ſlay.

Look, from the frigid to the torrid zone,
By cuſtom all are led, by nature none.
* The hungry TARTAR rides upon his meat,
To cook the dainty fleſh with buttock's heat:

* *The following facts are taken from the accounts of different countries.*

The CHINESE complaiſantly takes his bed
With his big wife, and is with cawdle fed.
How would our tender Britiſh beauties ſhriek,
To ſee ſlim beaux on bulls their lances break!
Yet not LUCINDA, in heroic SPAIN,
Admits a youth, but who his beaſt has ſlain.
See, wond'rous lands, where the fell victor brings,
To his glad wives, the heads of ſlaughter'd kings,
The mangled-heads!——o'er which they ſing and laugh,
And in dire banquets the warm life-blood quaff;
Where youths their grandſires, age-bent, trembling, grey,
Pitying their weary weakneſs, kindly ſlay:
Where fainted BRACHMANS, ſick of life, retire,
To die ſpontaneous on the ſpicy pyre;
Where (ſtranger ſtill!) with their wild dates content,
The ſimple ſwains no ſighs for gold torment.
How fondly partial are our judgments grown,
We deem all manners odious, but our own!
O teach me, friend, to know wiſe NATURE's rules,
And laugh, like you, at FASHION's hoodwink'd fools;
You, who to woods remov'd from modiſh ſin,
Deſpiſe the diſtant world's hoarſe, buſy din;
As ſhepherds from high rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow;
You, tho' mad millions the mean taſte upbraid,
Who ſtill love VIRTUE, fair, forſaken maid;
As BACCHUS charming ARIADNE bore,
By all abandon'd, from the loneſome ſhore.

NATURE

NATURE and FORTUNE.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

NATURE and FORTUNE blith and gay,
To paſs an hour or two,
In frolick mood agreed to play
At "What ſhall this man do?"

Come, I'll be judge then, FORTUNE cries,
And therefore muſt be blind;
Then whipt a napkin round her eyes,
And ty'd it faſt behind.

NATURE had now prepar'd her liſt
Of names on ſcraps of leather,
Which roll'd, ſhe gave them each a twiſt,
And huſled them together.

Thus mixt, which ever came to hand
She very ſurely drew;
Then bade her ſiſter give command,
For what that man ſhould do.

'Twould

'Twould almoſt burſt one's ſides to hear
What ſtrange commands ſhe gave;
That C——R ſhould the laurel wear,
And C——E an army have.

At length when STANHOPE's name was come,
Dame NATURE ſmil'd and cry'd,
Now tell me, ſiſter, this man's doom,
And what ſhall him betide?

That man, ſaid FORTUNE, ſhall be one
Bleſt both by you and me:——
Nay, then, quoth NATURE, let's have done;
Siſter, I'm ſure you ſee.

The EXCEPTION.

STANHOPE has gain'd one branch of fame,
To which, I'll prove, he has no claim.
Say they—" His favours he extends,
" Without regard to wealth, or friends:
" Of ſuch diſintereſted ſpirit,
" Nothing prevails, with him, but merit;
" Nay, he'll diſpenſe with merit too,
" When modeſt want can reach his view."
Mere prejudice! 'tis plain to me,
No man takes ſweeter bribes than he.
To clear this point from any doubt,
A parallel ſhall help me out.
The noble FULVIA ſpurns at gain:
Freely ſhe heals her lover's pain:
But, ſurely, you'll allow me this,
That, when ſhe grants, ſhe ſhares the bliſs.
So STANHOPE, in each gen'rous action,
Reaps more than half the ſatisfaction.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

CAN eaſe be conſiſtent with ſtate?
Can freedom and pomp thus agree?
O STANHOPE, who wou'd not be great,
If eaſy in greatneſs like thee?
Let ſtateſmen pretend to deſpiſe
Thoſe talents that furniſh delight,
'Tis STANHOPE's alone to be wiſe,
Yet pleaſure with wiſdom unite.

State burthens with form the gay ſoul,
Unbended alone we taſte joy.
Too ſoon our grey hairs muſt controul
That bliſs which our prime ſhould employ.
Then, STANHOPE, be bleſt in your choice,
Be happy your life in each ſtage;
While ſpirits attend you rejoice,
You've wiſdom enough for old age.

HONOUR.

HONOUR. A POEM.

By the Rev. Dr. BROWN.

Inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Lord Viſc. LONSDALE.

Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi;
Quique Sacerdotes caſti dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora vitta. VIR. ÆN. 6.

——————Who ſhall go about
To couzen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the Stamp of Merit? SHAKESPEAR.

YES: all, my Lord, uſurp fair HONOUR's fame,
Tho' falſe as various be the boaſted claim:
Th' ambitious miſer ſwells his boundleſs ſtore,
And dreads that higheſt ſcandal, to be poor;

Verſe 1, *&c. The various and ridiculous pretenſions of mankind to Honour and Fame enumerated.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1, *&c. Oui, l'honneur, Valincour, eſt cheri dans le monde—*
L'Ambitieux le met ſouvent a tout bruler,
L'Avare à voir chez lui le Pactole rouler,
Une faux brave à vanter ſa proüeſſe frivole.

His

His wiſer heir derides the dotard's aim,
And bids profuſion bribe him into fame.
Oft' Honour, perching on the ribbon'd breaſt,
Sneers at weak juſtice, and defies th' arreſt;
She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings;
She wakes the Muſe to flight, and plumes her wings;
The ſoldier views her in the ſhining blade;
The pedant 'midſt the lumber in his head.
She to fell Treaſon the diſguiſe can lend,
And ſheath her ſword remorſeleſs in a friend:
Her throne's fantaſtick pride, we often ſee
Rear'd on the tombs of Truth and Honeſty;
Fops, templars,—courtiers, ſlaves,—cheats, patriots,—all
Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.

Where fix we then?—Each boaſting thus his own,
Say, does *true* Honour dwell with all, or none?——

The truth, my Lord, is clear:—Tho' impious pride
Is ever ſelf-ador'd, ſelf-deify'd;
Though fools by paſſion or ſelf-love betray'd,
Fall down and worſhip what themſelves have made;

Ver. 21. *Tho' they are thus inconſtant and contradictory, yet true Honour is a thing fixed and determinate.*

IMITATIONS.

Un vrai fourbe, à jamais ne garder ſa parole,
Ce Poete à noircir d'inſipides Papiers,
Ce Marquis à ſavoir frauder ces creanciers.——
Interrogeons marchands, financiers, gens du guerre,
Courtiſans, magiſtrats, chez eux, ſi je les croi,
L'Interêt ne peut rien, l'honneur ſeul fait la loi.

BOILEAU, Sat. II.

Still

Still does the Goddeſs, in her form divine,
O'er each grim idol eminently ſhine;
Array'd in laſting majeſty, is known
Thro' every clime and age, unchang'd, and One.
But how explor'd?—Take reaſon for your guide,
Diſcard ſelf-love; ſet paſſion's glaſs aſide;
Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.
Yet judge not raſhly from a partial view
Of what is wrong or right, or falſe or true;
Objects too near deceive th' obſerver's eye;
Examine thoſe which at a diſtance lie.
Scarce is the ſtructure's harmony deſcry'd
'Midſt the tall column's, and gay order's pride;
But tow'rds the deſtin'd point your ſight remove,
And this ſhall leſſen ſtill, and that improve,
New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes,
And the fair Whole in juſt proportion riſe.
Thus Honour's true proportions beſt are ſeen,
Where the due length of ages lies between:
This ſeparates pride from greatneſs, ſhow from worth,
Detects falſe beauty, real grace calls forth;

Verſe 29. *If we would form an impartial judgment of what is truly honourable, we muſt abſtract all conſiderations which regard ourſelves.*

Verſe 32. *Not only ſo, but we muſt remove ourſelves to a proper diſtance from the object we examine, leſt ſome part ſhould predominate in our eye, and occaſion a falſe judgment of the whole.*

Points out what merits praiſe, what merits blame,
Sinks in diſgrace, or riſes into fame.

Come then, from paſt examples let us prove
What raiſes hate, contempt, eſteem, or love.

Can greatneſs give true Honour? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence?

Wild is the purpoſe, and the fruitleſs aim,
Like a vile proſtitute to bribe fair Fame;
Perſuaſive ſplendor vainly tempts her ear,
And e'en all-potent gold is baffled here.
Ye pyramids, that once could threat the ſkies,
Aſpiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders, riſe!
To lateſt age your founder's pride proclaim;
Record the tyrant's greatneſs; tell his name;
No more:—The treacherous brick and mould'ring ſtone
Are ſunk in duſt: the boaſting title gone:
Pride's trophies ſwept by Time's devouring flood,
Th' inſcription want, to tell where once they ſtood.
But could they rival Nature, Time defy,
Yet what record but Vice or Vanity?
His the true glory, tho' his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to ſwell; to riſe, the ſtone;

Verſe 48. *Therefore the ſureſt method is, to prove by paſt examples what commands our love and eſteem.*

Verſe 50, *&c. Expence and grandeur cannot give true Honour: Their moſt ſplendid monuments vaniſh; and even ſhould they laſt for ever, could not beſtow real glory, if only the records of Pride, Tyranny, and Vice.*

Not his, whoſe wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilſt folly dictated, or paſſion ſway'd.

No: ſpite of greatneſs, pride and vice are ſeen,
Shameful in pomp, conſpicuouſly mean.

In vain, O St—d—y, thy proud foreſts ſpread;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head;
In vain thy Lord commands the ſtreams to fall,
Extends the view, and ſpreads the ſmooth canal,
While guilt's black train each conſcious walk invade,
And cries of orphans haunt him in the ſhade.
Miſtaken man! by crimes to hope for fame!
Thy imag'd glory leads to real ſhame:
Is villainy ſelf-hated? thus to raiſe
Upbraiding monuments of foul diſgrace?
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
Shall view the guilty ſcenes with honeſt ſcorn;
Diſdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curſe the labours of oppreſſion's hand.

Next, view the Heroe in th' embattled field:
True Honour's fruit can conqueſt's laurel yield?

Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find,
Who fights not to deſtroy, but ſave mankind:
PELIDES' fury may our wonder move,
But god-like HECTOR is the man we love.

Verſe 72, &c. Much leſs if purchas'd by Oppreſſion and Guilt.

Verſe 86, &c. True Honour is not to be reaped from unjuſt Conqueſt: It is not Victory, but a juſt Cauſe that can engage our Eſteem.

See WILLIAM's ſword a tyrant's pride diſarm:
See LEWIS trembling under MARLB'RO's arm:
Say, which to human kind are friends or foes;
And who deteſts not Theſe, and loves not Thoſe?
Conqueſt unjuſt can ne'er command applauſe;
'Tis not the vict'ry charms you, but the cauſe:
Not Cæſar's ſelf can feign the patriot's part,
Nor his falſe virtues hide his poiſon'd heart:
But round thy brows the willing laurels twine,
Whoſe voice [b] wak'd freedom in the ſavage mine!
Yes: truly glorious, only great is he,
Who conquers, or who bleeds for liberty.
" Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
" From Macedonia's mad-man to the Swede.
Like baleful comets flaming in the ſkies,
At deſtin'd times th' appointed ſcourges riſe;
Awhile in ſtreaming luſtre ſweep along,
And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng;
But reaſon's eye detects the ſpurious ray,
And the falſe blaze of glory dies away.

Now all th' aërial cells of wit explore;
The mazy rounds of ſcience travel o'er;
Search all the deep receſſes of the mind,
And ſee, if there true Honour ſits enſhrin'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 98. *Du premier des Cæſars on vante les exploits;*
Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé ſuivant les loix,
Eut il pû diſculper ſon injuſte manie?

BOILEAU, *Sat.* 11.

[b] GUSTAVUS VASA.

Alas,

Alas, nor wit nor ſcience this can boaſt,
Oft' daſh'd with error, oft' in caprice loſt!
Tranſient as bright the ſhort-liv'd bubbles fly!
And modes of wit, and modes of ſcience die.
See Rab'lais once the idol of the age;
Yet now neglected lies the ſmutted page!
Of once renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,—
His glory with his whirlpools vaniſh all!
See folly, wit—and weakneſs, wiſdom ſtain,—
And Villars witty—Bacon wiſe in vain!
Oft' vice corrupts what ſenſe and parts refine,
And clouds the ſplendor of the brighteſt line,
Sullies what Congreve, and what Dryden writ,—
This, faſhion's ſlave; as that, the ſlave of wit.
In vain fair Genius bids the laurel ſhoot,
The deadly worm thus eating at the root:
Corroded thus, the greeneſt wreaths decay,
And all the poet's honours fall away;
Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
And drop on Rocheſter's and Otway's head.

Verſe 116. *Neither is true glory to be obtain'd by wit or ſcience: They are chimerical: Sometimes attended with folly, and weakneſs; often ſtain'd with vice, and ſo render their poſſeſſors miſchievous and infamous.*

IMITATIONS.

Verſe 126. *Je ne puis eſtimer ces dangereux auteurs,*
Qui de l'honneur en vers infames deſerteurs,
Trahiſſant la vertu ſur un papier coupable,
Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice amiable.—
En vain l'eſprit eſt plein d'un noble vigueur;
Le vers ſe ſent toujours des baſſeſſes du cœur.
BOILEAU *l' Art. Poet. Ch.* 4.

Where then is found TRUE HONOUR, heavenly fair?
Aſk, LONSDALE, aſk your heart—ſhe dictates there.

Yes: 'tis in VIRTUE:———That alone can give
The laſting honour, and bid glory live:
On virtue's baſis only fame can riſe,
To ſtand the ſtorms of age, and reach the ſkies:
Arts, conqueſt, greatneſs, feel the ſtroke of fate,
Shrink ſudden, and betray th' incumbent weight;
Time with contempt the faithleſs props ſurveys,
" And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe."

'Tis Virtue only can the bard inſpire,
And fill his raptur'd breaſt with laſting fire:
Touch'd by th' etherial ray each kindled line
Beams ſtrong: ſtill Virtue feeds the flame divine;
Where-e'er ſhe treads ſhe leaves her footſteps bright,
In radiant tracts of never-dying light;
Theſe ſhed the luſtre o'er each ſacred name,
Give SPENCER's clear, and SHAKESPEAR's noble flame;
Blaze to the ſkies in MILTON's ardent ſong,
And kindle the briſk-ſallying fire of YOUNG;
Theſe gild each humble verſe in modeſt GAY;
Theſe give to SWIFT the keen, ſoul-piercing ray;
Mildly thro' ADDISON's chaſte page they ſhine,
And glow and warm in POPE's immortal line.
Nor leſs the ſage muſt live by Virtue's aid;
Truth muſt ſupport him, or his glories fade;

Verſe 138. *The foundation of true Honour is Virtue only.*
Verſe 153. *It is Virtue only that gives the poet laſting glory: this proved by inſtances.*

And

And truth and virtue differ but in name:
Like light and heat——diſtinguiſh'd, yet the ſame.
To truth and virtue the aſcent is ſure;
The wholſome ſtream implies the fountain pure;
To taſte the ſpring we oft' eſſay in vain:
Deep lies the ſource, too ſhort is reaſon's chain;
But thoſe the iſſues of pure truth we know,
Which in clear ſtrength thro' virtue's channel flow:
Error in vain attempts the foul diſguiſe,
Still taſted in the bitter wave of vice;
Drawn from the ſprings of Falſehood all confeſs
Each baleful drop that poiſons happineſs;
G—rd—n's thin ſhallows, Tindal's muddy page,
And Morgan's gall, and Woolſton's furious rage;
Th'en-

Verſe 164. *The philoſopher can only hope for true glory from the ſame ſource; becauſe Truth is his object, and nothing can be Truth that tends to deſtroy Virtue and Happineſs.*

Verſe 174. *Hence appears the madneſs, infamy, and falſehood of thoſe deſtructive ſchemes ſet on foot by the ſect called Free-Thinkers.*

REMARKS.

G—rd—n's thin Shallows.] *The Work here characterized is entitled, "The independent Whig, or a Defence of our eccleſiaſti-"cal Eſtabliſhment:" Yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one inſtitution of the Church of England, but what is there miſrepreſented, and ridiculed with the loweſt and moſt deſpicable ſcurrility.*

Tindal's muddy page.] *Alluding to the confuſion of Ideas, which that dull writer labours under.*

Morgan.] *His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—"Who by the peculiar felicity of a good choice, having "learned his Morality of our Tindal, and his Philoſophy of "your [the Jews] Spinoza, calls himſelf, by the courteſy of "England*

Th' envenom'd ſtream that flows from Toland's quill,
And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
Deteſted names! yet ſentenc'd ne'er to die;
Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy!
Inſect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray,
Baſk in the beam that wing'd them, for a day:
Truth, phœnix-like immortal, tho' ſhe dies,
With ſtrength renew'd ſhall from her aſhes riſe.
See, how the luſtre of th' ATHENIAN † ſage
Shines thro' the lengthen'd gloom of many an age!
Virtue alone ſo wide the beam cou'd ſpread,
And throw the laſting glory round his head.
See NEWTON chaſe conjectures's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day!

"*England, a Moral Philoſopher.*" WARB. *Div. Leg. of Moſes dem. Vol.* II. *Ded. p.* 20.

Toland.] *A noted advocate for that ſpecies of Atheiſm commonly called Pantheiſm.*

Hobbes.] *It is confeſſed he was a man of Genius and Learning: Yet thro' a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new Syſtems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.*

Mandeville.] *The Author of that monſtrous heap of contradiction and abſurdity,* "*The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices* "*publick Benefits.*" *The reader who is acquainted with the writings of thoſe Gentlemen, will probably obſerve a kind of climax in this place; aſcending from thoſe who have attempted to deſtroy the ſeveral fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.*

Verſe 180. *Falſehood ſhort-lived: Truth eternal.*

Verſe 184, *&c. Examples of the two moſt illuſtrious philoſophers that ever adorned the world; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.*

† SOCRATES.

He

He wide creation's trackleſs mazes trod;
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrival'd pair! with truth and virtue fraught!
Whoſe lives confirm'd whate'er their reaſon taught!
Whoſe far-ſtretch'd views, and bright examples join'd
At once t' enlighten and perſuade mankind!
Hail names rever'd! which time and truth proclaim
The firſt and faireſt in the liſt of fame.

Kings, ſtateſmen, patriots, thus to glory riſe;
On virtue grows their fame, or ſoon it dies;
But grafted on the vigorous ſtock, 'tis ſeen
Brighten'd by age, and ſprings in endleſs green:
Pride, folly, vice, may bloſſom for an hour,
Fed by court-ſun-ſhine, and poetick ſhow'r;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance, freſh ſupplies demand;
By heats unnatural puſh'd to ſudden growth,
They ſicken at th' inclement blaſts of truth;
Shook by the weakeſt breath that paſſes by,
Their colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * * *

'Tis Virtue only that ſhall grow with time,
Live thro' each age, and ſpread thro' every clime.
See god-like patriots, gen'rous, wiſe, and good,
Stand in the breach, and ſtem corruption's flood!

Verſe 198, *&c. Kings, ſtateſmen, and patriots, muſt build their fame on Virtue.*

Verſe 204. *Flattery cannot raiſe folly or vice into true glory.*

See martyr-biſhops at the ſtake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire!
How great in exile HYDE and TULLY ſhone!
How ALFRED's virtues brighten'd all his throne!
From worth like this unbidden glories ſtream;
Nor borrow'd blaze it aſks, nor fortune's beam;
Affliction's gloom but makes it ſtill more bright,
As the clear lamp ſhines cleareſt in the night.

Thus various honours various ſtates adorn,
As different ſtars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their ſphere is higher;
Yet all partake the ſame celeſtial fire.

See then heav'n's endleſs bounty, and confeſs,
Which gives in Virtue fame and happineſs!
See mankind's folly, who the boon deſpiſe,
And graſp at pain and infamy in Vice!

Not ſo the man who mov'd by Virtue's laws,
Reveres himſelf—and gains, not ſeeks applauſe;
Whoſe views concenter'd all to Virtue tend;
Who makes true glory but his ſecond end:

REMARKS.

See martyr-biſhops, &c.] The catalogue of theſe heroes, through the ſeveral ages of Chriſtianity, is too large to be inſerted in a work of this nature: Theſe of our own Country were RIDLEY, LATIMER, *and the good (tho' leſs fortunate)* CRANMER.

Verſe 222. Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honour, by promoting the happineſs of mankind in his proper ſtation.

Verſe 226. And thus the love of fame, tho' often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive to virtue and happineſs.

Verſe 230, &c. True honour characteriz'd and exemplify'd.

Still ſway'd by what is fit, and juſt, and true,
Who gives to all what'er to all is due;
When parties mad ſedition's garb put on,
Snatches the higheſt praiſe,—and is of none:
Whilſt round and round the veering patriots roll,
Unſhaken points to Truth, as to his pole;
Contemns alike what factions praiſe or blame;
O'er rumour's narrow orbit ſoars to fame:
Unmov'd whilſt malice barks, or envy howls,
Walks firm to virtue through the ſcoffs of fools;
No minion flatters; gains no ſelfiſh end;
His own—his king's—his country's—mankind's friend;—
Him Virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay;
And glory circles him with endleſs day.

Such he who deep in VIRTUE roots his fame;
And ſuch thro' ages ſhall be LONSDALE's name.

ODE to a WATER NYMPH.

By Mr. MASON.

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom PAN allows
To tend this ſweetly-ſolemn † Wood,
To ſpeed the ſhooting ſcions into boughs,
And call the roſeate bloſſoms from the bud;

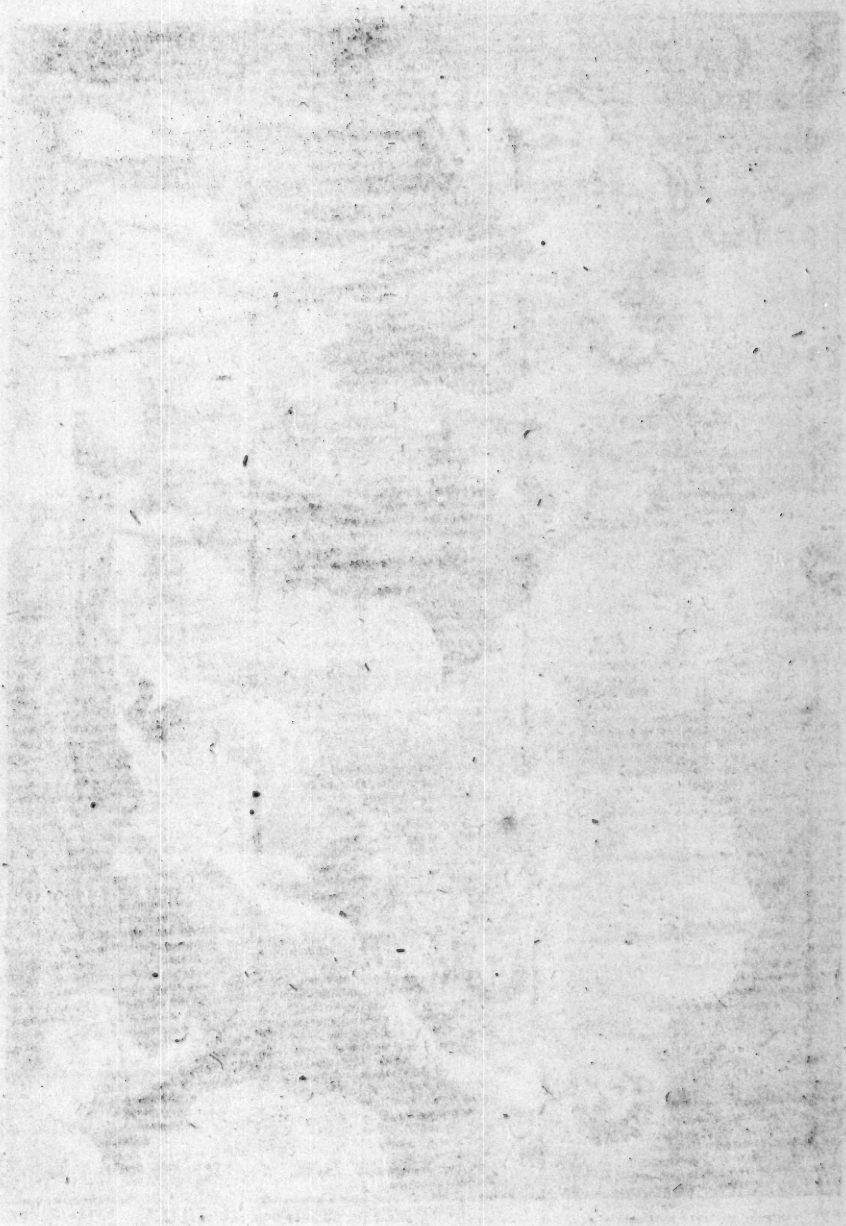
† *A ſeat near * * finely ſituated with a great command of water, but diſpoſed in a very falſe taſte, which gave occaſion to this Ode.*

But

But chief, thou NAID, wont ſo long to lead
This fluid cryſtal ſparkling as its flows;
Whither, ah! whither art thou fled?
What ſhade is conſcious to thy woes?
Ah! 'tis yon poplar 's aweful gloom;
Poetick eyes can pierce the ſcene,
Can ſee thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mein.
Well may'ſt thou wear misfortune's fainting air,
Well rend thoſe flow'ry honours from thy brow,
Devolve that length of careleſs hair,
And give yon azure veil to flow
Looſe to the wind. For ah! thy pain
The pitying Muſe can well relate:
Ah! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'reſt ſtrain,
To teach the Echoes thy diſaſtrous fate.
'Twas where the alder's cloſe-knit ſhade entwin'd
(What time the dog-ſtar's fires intenſely burn,)
In gent'leſt indolence reclin'd,
Beſide your ever-trickling urn
You ſlept ſerene; all free from fears,
No friendly dream foretold your harm,
When ſudden, ſee! the tyrant-Art appears
To ſnatch the liquid treaſures from thy arm.
Art, Gothick Art, has ſeiz'd thy darling vaſe,
That vaſe which ſilver ſlipper'd Thetis gave,
For ſome ſoft ſtory told with grace,
Amid th' aſſociates of the wave;

When in ſequeſter'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling ſea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of ſlighted love.
Ah! loſs too juſtly mourn'd! for now the fiend
Has on yon ſhell-wrought terras pois'd it high,
And thence he bids its ſtreams deſcend,
With torturing regularity;
From ſtep to ſtep with ſullen ſound
The forc'd caſcades indignant leap,
Till pent they fill the baſon's meaſur'd round,
There in a dull ſtagnation doom'd to ſleep.
Loſt is the vocal pebble's gurgling ſong,
The rill ſoft-dripping from its rocky ſpring,
No free meander winds along,
Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing,
Theſe charms, alas! are now no more——
Fortune, oh! give me to redeem
The raviſh'd vaſe; oh! give me to reſtore
Its priſtine honours to this hapleſs ſtream!
Then, Nymph, again, with all their native eaſe,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they pleaſe,
Their ſoft loquacious harmony.
Where-e'er they vagrant chuſe to rove,
There will I lead, not force their way,
Whether to gloom beneath the ſhady grove,
Or in the mead reflect the ſparkling ray.

Not HAGLEY's various ſtream ſhall thine ſurpaſs,
Tho' Nature, and her LYTTELTON ordain
That there the NAID band ſhou'd grace
With ev'ry wat'ry charm the plain;
That there the frequent rills ſhou'd roll,
And health to ev'ry flow'r diſpenſe,
Free as their maſter pours from all his ſoul
The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence;
Shou'd now glide ſweetly plaintive thro' the vale
In melting murmurs querulouſly flow;
Soft as that maſter's love-lorn tale,
When LUCY calls forth all his woe:
Shou'd now from ſteepy heights deſcend,
Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
Loud as the praiſe applauding ſenates lend,
When England's cauſe inſpires his glowing tongue.





F. Hayman inv. et del. C. Grignion Sculp.

MUSÆUS:

A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY of Mr. POPE.

In Imitation of MILTON's Lycidas.

By the Same.

SOrrowing I catch the reed, and call the Muſe;
If yet a Muſe on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt MUSÆUS tun'd his parting ſtrain:
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er ſince their virgin train eſpy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or that mild plain,
Where Iſis ſparkles to the ſunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each white pink, and each daiſie pied,
That mingling paint his ruſhy-fringed ſide?

Yet ah! celeſtial maids, ye are not dead;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
And well I ween, ye cannot quite be fled,
Ere ye entune his mournful elegy.
Stay then awhile, O ſtay, ye fleeting fair;
Reviſit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Theſpia's ſhade; till your harmonious teen
Be grateful pour'd on ſome ſlow-ditted air,
Such tribute paid, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt you whilom did erect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
Trim Mænelaus, with piny verdure deck'd.
But now it boots you not in theſe to ſtray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary ſhade to chuſe,
Or where mild Ladon's ſwelling waters play.
Forego each vain excuſe,
And haſte to Thames's ſhores; for Thames ſhall join
Our ſad ſociety, and paſſing mourn,
Letting cold tears bedew his ſilver urn.
And, when the poet's wither'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks ſhall ſhake, his head ſhall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe ſhall rove,
But creep ſoft by with long-drawn murmurs ſlow.
For oft the poet rous'd his charmed waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with ſtrains of love.
He muſt not now in briſk meanders flow
Gameſome, and kiſs the ſadly-ſilent ſhore,
Without the loan of ſome poetick woe.

Can

Can I forget, how erſt his oſiers made
Sad ſullen muſick, as bleak Eurus fann'd?
Can I forget, how gloom'd yon laureat ſhade,
Ere death remorſeleſs wav'd his ebon wand?
How, midſt yon grot, each ſilver-trickling ſpring
Wander'd the ſhelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did ſoftly ring
Reſponſive to their ſweetly-doleful ſong?
Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
And ſunk his aweful head,
While vocal ſhadows pleaſing dreams prolong:
For ſo, his ſick'ning ſpirits to releaſe,
They pour'd the balm of viſionary peace.

Firſt, ſent from Cam's fair banks, like Palmer old,
Came [a] TITYRUS ſlow, with head all ſilver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guiſe ſhort talk did hold.
" Grete clerk of Fame' is houſe, whoſe excellence
" Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
" Mickle of wele betide thy houres laſt,
" For mich gode wirkè to me don and paſt.
" For ſyn the daies whereas my lyre ben ſtrongen,
" And deftly many a mery laie I ſongen,
" Old Time, which alle things don maliciouſly,
" Gnawen with ruſty tooth continually,

[a] *Tityrus, &c.*] *i. e.* CHAUCER, *a name frequently given him by Spenſer. Vide Shep. Cal. Ecl.* 2. 6. 12. *and elſewhere.*

" Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
" Till at the laſt thou ſmoothen 'hem haſt again;
" Sithence full ſemely gliden my rhymes rude,
" As, (if fitteth thilk ſimilitude)
" Whannè ſhallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
" Ovir rough ſtones it maken full rough ſong:
" But, them ſtones removen, this lite rivere
" Stealen forth by, making pleaſant murmere:
" So my ſely rhymes, whoſo may them note,
" Thou maken everichone to ren right ſote;
" And in thy verſe entuneth ſo fetiſely,
" That men ſayen I make trewe melody,
" And ſpeaken every dele to myne honoure,
" Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!"

He ceas'd his homely rhyme.

When [b] COLIN CLOUT, Eliza's ſhepherd ſwain,
The blitheſt lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed ſoft-warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers 'gan eſſay.

I.

" [c] Ah! luckleſs ſwain, alas! how art thou lorn,
" Who once like me could'ſt frame thy pipe to play
" Shepherds deviſe, and chear the ling'ring morn:
" Ne buſh, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.

" Ah

[b] *Colin Clout.*] *i. e.* SPENSER, *which name he gives himſelf throughout his works.*

[c] *The two firſt ſtanzas of this ſpeech, as they relate to Paſtoral,*

" Ah plight too ſore ſuch worth to equal right!
" Ah worth too high to meet ſuch piteous plight!

II.

" But I nought ſtrive, poor Colin, to compare
" My Hobbin's, or my Thenot's ruſtick ſkill
" To thy deft Swains, whoſe dapper ditties rare
" Surpaſs ought elſe of quainteſt ſhepherd's quill.
" Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerleſs wight,
" Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

III.

" Eke when in Fable's flow'ry path you ſtray'd,
" Maſking in cunning feints Truth's ſplendent face;
" Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendence paid,
" To ſhield Belinda's lock from felon baſe,
" But all mote nought avail ſuch harm to chaſe,
" Than Una fair 'gan droop her princely mein,
" Eke Florimel, and all my Faery race:
" Belinda far ſurpaſt my beauties ſheen,
" Belinda, ſubject meet for ſuch ſoft lay I ween.

IV.

" Like as in villag'd troop of birdlings trim,
" Where Chanticleer his red creſt high doth hold,
" And quaking Ducks, that wont in lake to ſwim,
" And Turkeys proud, and Pigeons nothing bold;

Paſtoral, are written in the meaſure which Spenſer uſes in the firſt eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar; the reſt, where he ſpeaks of Fable, are in the ſtanza of the Faery Queen.

" If chance the Peacock doth his plumes unfold
" Eftſoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
" He gliſt'neth purple, and he gliſt'neth gold,
" Now with bright green, now blue himſelf arraying.
" Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties ſwaying.

V.

" But why do I deſcant this toyiſh rhyme,
" And fancies light in ſimple guiſe pourtray?
" Liſting to chear thee at this rueful time,
" While as black Death doth on thy heartſtrings prey.
" Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
" Thou nathleſs judgeſt all too ſlight and vain,
" Let my well-meaning mend my ill eſſay:
" So may I greet thee with a nobler ſtrain,
" When ſoon we meet for aye, in yon ſtar-ſprinkled plain."

Laſt came a bard of more exalted tread,
And [d] THYRSIS hight by Dryad, Fawn, or Swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the ſylvan train;
But ſeldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muſes led
To clear Euphrates, and the ſecret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant climes;
All which the ſacred bard would oft recount:

[d] *Hight Thyrſis*] *i. e.* MILTON. *Lycidas and the Epitaphium Damonis are the only Paſtorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments Car. Deodates under the name of Damon, he calls himſelf Thyrſis.*

And

And thus in ſtrain, unus'd in grove or ſhade,
To ſad MUSÆUS rightful homage paid.

" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler, laſt and beſt
" Of all the train! Poet, in whom conjoin'd
" All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
" Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, ſublime!
" Accept this gratulation: may it chear
" Thy ſinking ſoul; nor theſe corporeal ills
" Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high heav'n
" Fame blooms eternal o'er that ſpirit divine,
" Who builds immortal verſe. There thy bold Muſe,
" Which while on earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
" Shall ſoar ſeraphick heights; while to her voice
" Ten thouſand Hierarchies of angels harp
" Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
" Uſher the ſong rejoicing. I meanwhile,
" To ſooth thee in theſe irkſome hours of pain,
" Approach thy viſitant, with mortal laud
" To praiſe thee mortal. Firſt, (as firſt beſeems)
" For rhyme ſubdu'd; rhyme, erſt the minſtrel rude
" Of Chaos, Anarch old: ſhe near his throne
" Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
" With tenfold din; till late to earth upborn
" On ſtrident wing, what time fair poeſie
" Emerg'd from Gothick cloud, and faintly ſhot
" Rekindling gleams of luſtre. Her the fiend
" Oppreſs'd; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
" Runick, or Leonine; and with dire chains

" Fetter'd her ſcarce-fledg'd pinion. I ſuch bonds
" Aim'd to deſtroy, miſtaking: bonds like theſe
" 'Twere greater art t' ennoble, and refine.
" For this ſuperior part MUSÆUS came:
" Thou cam'ſt, and at thy magick touch the chains
" Off dropt, and (paſſing ſtrange!) ſoft-wreathed bands
" Of flow'rs their place ſupply'd: which well the Muſe
" Might wear for choice, not force; obſtruction none,
" But lovelieſt ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
" The wonder reſts not; various argument
" Remains for me, all doubting, where to cull
" The primal grace, where countleſs graces charm.
" Various this peaceful ſcene; this mineral roof;
" This 'ſemblance meet of coral, ore, and ſhell;
" Theſe pointed cryſtals fair, 'mid each obſcure
" Bright gliſt'ring; all theſe ſlowly-dripping rills,
" That tinkling ſtray amid the cooly cave.
" Yet not this various peaceful ſcene; with this
" Its mineral roof; nor this aſſemblage meet
" Of coral, ore, and ſhell; nor 'mid th' obſcure
" Theſe pointed cryſtals, gliſt'ring fair; nor rills,
" That ſtraying tinkle thro' the cooly cave;
" Deal charms more various to each raptur'd ſenſe,
" Than thy mellifluous lay ——"

" Ceaſe, friendly ſwain;
(MUSÆUS cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)
" All praiſe is foreign, but of true deſert;
" Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.

" Ah!

" Ah! why recall the toys of thoughtleſs youth?
" When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth:
" When fancy rul'd; when trill'd each trivial ſtrain,
" But idly ſweet, and elegantly vain.
" O! in that ſtrain, if all of wit had flow'd,
" All muſick warbled, and all beauty glow'd;
" Had livelieſt nature, happieſt art combin'd,
" That lent each grace, and this each grace refin'd;
" Alas! how little were my proudeſt boaſt!
" The ſweeteſt trifler of my tribe at moſt.

" To ſway the judgment, while he charms the ear;
" To curb mad paſſion in its wild career;
" To blend with ſkill, as loftieſt themes inſpire,
" All reaſon's rigour, and all fancy's fire;
" Be this the poet's praiſe; with this uncrown'd,
" Wit dies a jeſt, and poetry a ſound.

" Come then that honeſt fame; whoſe ſober ray
" Or gilds the ſatire, or the moral lay;
" Which dawns, tho' thou, rough DONNE! hew out the line,
" But beams, ſage HORACE! from each ſtrain of thine.
" O! if, like theſe, one poet more could brave
" The venal ſtateſman, or the titled ſlave;
" Brand frontleſs Vice, ſtrip all her ſtars and ſtrings,
" Nor ſpare her baſking in the ſmile of kings:
" Yet ſtoop to Virtue, tho' the proſtrate maid
" Lay ſadly pale in bleak misfortune's ſhade:
" If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
" Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm;

" He pour'd, for her lov'd cauſe, ſerene along
" The pureſt precept, in the ſweeteſt ſong:
" For her lov'd cauſe, he trac'd his moral plan,
" Yon various region of bewild'ring man;
" Explor'd alike each ſcene, that frown'd or ſmil'd,
" The flow'ry garden, or the weedy wild;
" Unmov'd by ſophiſtry, unaw'd by name,
" No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
" Led by no ſyſtem's devious glare aſtray,
" As earth-born meteors glitter to betray:
" But all his ſoul to reaſon's rule reſign'd,
" And heav'n's own views fair op'ning on his mind,
" Catch'd from bright nature's flame the living ray,
" Thro' paſſion's cloud pour'd in reſiſtleſs day;
" And this great truth in all its luſtre ſhew'd,
" That GOD IS WISE, and ALL CREATION GOOD:
" If this his boaſt, pour here the welcome lays;
" Praiſe leſs than this, is impotence of praiſe."

" To pour that praiſe be mine," fair VIRTUE cry'd,
And ſhot all radiant, thro' an op'ning cloud.
But ah! my Muſe, how will thy voice expreſs
Th' immortal ſtrain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
Ill ſuits immortal ſtrain a dorick dreſs:
And far too high already haſt thou ſoar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddeſs claſp'd him to her throbbing breaſt.
But what might that avail? Blind Fate before

Had

Had op'd her ſhears, to ſlit his vital thread;
And who may hope gainſay her ſtern beheſt?
Then thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
And ſigh'd his ſoul to reſt.

Then wept the Nymphs; witneſs, ye waving ſhades!
Witneſs, ye winding ſtreams! the Nymphs did weep;
The heav'nly Goddeſs too with tears did ſteep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;
And, "cruel gods," and "cruel ſtars," ſhe cry'd:
Nor did the ſhepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
On that ſad day, or to the penſive brook,
Or ſtagnant river, drive their thirſty flocks;
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the ſteepy rocks;
And Philomel her cuſtom'd oak forſook;
And roſes wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's ſelf was ſick;
And every lilly droop'd its velvet head;
And groan'd each faded lawn, and leafleſs grove;
Sad ſympathy! yet ſure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Thro' all her ſweets; and flow'r, and lawn, and ſhade,
All vocal grown, all weep MUSÆUS dead.

Here end we, Goddeſs: this your ſhepherd ſang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
O! make it worthy of the ſacred bard,
And make it equal to the ſhepherd's love.
Nor thou, MUSÆUS, from thine ear diſcard,

For well I ween thou hear'ſt my doleful ſong;
Whether 'mid angel troops, the ſtars among,
From golden harp thou call'ſt ſeraphick lays;
Or, anxious for thy deareſt Virtue's fare,
Thou ſtill art hov'ring o'er her tuneleſs ſphere,
And mov'ſt ſome hidden ſpring her weal to raiſe.

Thus the fond ſwain on dorick oate eſſay'd,
Manhood's prime honours downing on his cheek:
Trembling he ſtrove to court the tuneful maid
With ſtripling arts, and dalliance all too weak;
Unſeen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn ſhade.
But now dun clouds the welkin 'gan to ſtreak;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their ſtrain:
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the ſhepherd ſwain.

AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the Death of Mr. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO

Dr. WARBURTON.

By JOHN BROWN, D. D.

O while along the ſtream of Time thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little barque attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?

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AN



AN

ESSAY on SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN's heart:

You

You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious *Britain!*) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn,
And ſnake-hung Envy hiſſes o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the laurel that ſurrounds his tomb.

But You, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each virtue and each grace unite,
And taſte the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You viſit oft' his aweful page with care,
And view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new luſtre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues;
Intent from this great archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence HIS and SATIRE's generous end.

In ev'ry breaſt there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of ſhame:
The paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.

The liſping infant, and the hoary ſire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire;
The charms of praiſe the coy, the modeſt wooe,
And only fly, that glory may purſue:
She, pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet:
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly ſhade,
And ſways alike the ſcepter and the ſpade.

Thus heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the manna ſent him from the ſkies:
With rapture hears corrupted paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd ſubſtance quits the true:
Eager to catch the viſionary prize,
In queſt of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious Nature plies her part;
And ſtill her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before.

And ſure, the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils, is *perverted ſhame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous chaſe, wou'd nobly yield,
And but for ſhame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe "*the world will call you fool.*"

Behold, yon wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God *.

Faith, juſtice, heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:
Hence blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd:
Nought cou'd ſubdue his virtue, but his pride.

* *Vois tu ce libertin en public intrepide,*
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
Il iroit embraſſer la verité qu'il voit;
Mais de ſes faux amis il craint la raillerie,
Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par poltronnerie.

BOILEAU, Ep. 3.

Hence

Hence chaſte *Lucretia*'s innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When paſſions born her friends, revolt, her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring pride and lawleſs rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe can not cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her aweful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding fops reſign the *clouded cane*:
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
[a] Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true
From pois'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:

[a] *Alluding to theſe lines of Mr.* Pope;
In the nice bee what art ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts a healing dew.

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind;
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along.
Too deep for policy, for pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, ſeeks refuge with the wiſe;
The crowd with laughter ſpurns her aweful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She *plays* a *ruling* paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted mounts the battery of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd people's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as death, defies the ſordid train,
And ſlaves and ſycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is ſpleen; all juſt reproof, ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magick quill, that like ITHURIEL's ſpear
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, beaux to apes;

Drags

Drags the vile whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice:
Where juſtice calls, 'tis cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful miniſters of heav'n.

Oft' on unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit Satire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft' SATIRE acts the faithful ſurgeon's part;
Generous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal,
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind, ev'n in vengeance kind, to Virtue's foes.

Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: but conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degenerate days:
The villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.

But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn!
And know, immortal truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.

With caution, next, the dang'rous power apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:

Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strikes a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft' hath bled,
And oft' a destin'd victim shall be led:
Lo, [a] *Shaftsb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own:

Big-

[a] *It were to be wished that lord* Shaftsbury *had expressed himself with greater precision on this subject: however, thus much may be affirmed with truth.*

1st, *By the general tenor of his essays on* Enthusiasm, *and the* freedom of wit and humour, *it appears that his principal design was to recommend the* way of ridicule, *(as he calls it) for the* investigation *of truth, and* detection *of falsehood, not only in* moral *but* religious *subjects.*

2dly, *It appears no less evident, that in the course of his reasonings on this question, he confounds two things which are in their nature and consequences entirely different. These are* ridicule *and* good-humour: *the latter acknowledged by all to be the best* mediator *in every debate; the former no less regarded by most, as an* embroiler *and* incendiary. *Tho' he sets out with a formal profession of proving the efficacy of wit, humour, and ridicule, in the investigation of truth, yet by shifting and mixing his terms, he generally slides insensibly into mere encomiums on good-breeding, chearfulness, urbanity, and free enquiry. This indeed keeps something like an argument on foot, and amuses the superficial reader; but to a more observant eye discovers a very contemptible defect, either of sincerity or penetration.*

The question concerning ridicule may be thus not improperly stated, Whether doubtful propositions of any kind can be determined by the application of ridicule? *Much might be*

Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the *ideot guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a fool;

Sublimer

ſaid on this queſtion; but a few words will make the matter clear to an unprejudiced mind.

The diſapprobation or contempt which certain objects raiſe in the mind of man, is a particular mode of paſſion. The objects of this paſſion are apparent *falſehood, incongruity, or impropriety of ſome particular kinds. Thus, the object of* fear *is* apparent *danger: the object of* anger *is* apparent *injury. But who hath ever dreamt of exalting the paſſions of fear and anger into a* ſtandard *or* teſt *of* real *danger and injury? The deſign muſt have been rejected as abſurd, becauſe it is the work of reaſon* only, *to correct and fix the paſſions on their proper objects. The caſe is parallel:* apparent *or* ſeeming *falſehoods,* &c. *are the objects of contempt; but it is the work of reaſon* only, *to determine whether the* ſuppoſed *falſehood be* real *or* fictitious. *But it is ſaid,* "*The* "ſenſe of ridicule *can never be miſtaken.*"——*Why, no more can the* ſenſe of danger, *or the* ſenſe of injury.—— "*What, do men never* fear *or* reſent *without reaſon?*"—— *Yes, very commonly: but they as often* deſpiſe *and* laugh *without reaſon. Thus before any thing can be determined in either caſe, reaſon, and reaſon only, muſt examine circumſtances, ſeparate ideas, decide upon, reſtrain, and correct the paſſion.*

Hence it follows, that the way of ridicule, *of late ſo much celebrated, is in fact no more than a ſpecies of eloquence; and that too the* loweſt *of all others: ſo* Tully *juſtly calls it,* tenuiſſimus ingenii fructus. *It applies to a paſſion, and therefore can go no farther in the inveſtigation of truth,*

than

Sublimer logick now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce free-thinker and the beau.

than any of thoſe arts which tend to raiſe love, pity, terror, rage or hatred in the heart of man. Conſequently, his lordſhip might have tranſplanted the whole ſyſtem of rhetorick *into his new ſcheme, with the ſame propriety as he hath introduced the* way of ridicule *itſelf. A hopeful project this, for the propagation of truth!*

As this ſeems to be the real nature of ridicule, it hath been generally diſcouraged by philoſophers *and* divines, *together with every other mode of eloquence, when applied to* controverted opinions. *This diſcouragement, from what is ſaid above, appears to have been rational and juſt: therefore the charge laid againſt* divines *with regard to this affair by a zealous admirer of Lord* Shaftſbury *(ſee a note on the* Pleaſures of Imagination, Book III.) *ſeems entirely groundleſs. The diſtinction which the ſame author hath attempted with reſpect to the influence of ridicule, between* ſpeculative *and* moral *truths, ſeems no better founded. It is certain that* opinions *are no leſs liable to ridicule than* actions. *And it is no leſs certain, that the way of ridicule cannot* determine *the propriety or impropriety of the* one, *more than the truth or falſehood of the other; becauſe the ſame paſſion of contempt is equally engaged in both caſes, and therefore, as above, reaſon* only *can examine the circumſtances of the* action *or* opinion, *and thus fix the paſſion on its* proper *objects.*

Upon the whole, this new deſign of diſcovering truth *by the* vague *and* unſteady light of ridicule, *puts one in mind of the honeſt* Iriſhman, *who apply'd his* candle *to the* ſun-dial *in order* to ſee how the night went.

Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the land:
Bound in the magick of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth You ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falſehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge, when reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.

Tho' diſtant times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *preſent age:*

With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s heroes (aweful ſhades!) ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* ſharpers only dar'd a lye,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye:
Ere lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of honour wore,
Or chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dreſs'd;
Or publick ſpirit was the publick jeſt.

Be ever in a juſt expreſſion bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his lordſhip ———, her grace a ——:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *irony*'s tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Stile *Clodius* honourable, *Buſa* chaſte.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice: abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tyger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*.
Patriots and chiefs whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive king of —*ſpades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muſe's aid;
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;

Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private faith and publick truſt are ſold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like Fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking ſtate:
When giant-vice and irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE'S page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet SATIRE oft' aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a look ſerene:
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where merit ſtrikes her eye.
But tread with cautious ſtep this dangerous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine*:
The poet can but *ſet it* in his line:

And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For ſhame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art
But makes us grieve, you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the landſkip may deſign,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates paſſion, picture's man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey* or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' ages thus hath SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet ſung.

This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the ſons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBICK dart [b].
To LATIUM next avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS [c] drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then ſportive HORACE [d] caught the generous fire
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtick PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd corruption with a calm diſdain.

[b] *Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.* HOR.

[c] *Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens*
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa. JUV. S. 1.

[d] *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere Naſo. PERS. S. 1.

More

More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!*—Pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the ſpring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep ſuperſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſes' grove:
Wit, ſpirit, freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as ſenſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!

'Tis done—See, great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the ſolemn cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſowr grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reaſon urg'd by wit.

'Twas

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His wit refulgent, tho' his rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her country's ſhame)
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then 'roſe a ſhameleſs, mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtick, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court-poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee!
Flames that cou'd mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of pow'r, the proſtitute to gain:
Wreaths, that ſhou'd deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And genius riſe, a monument of ſhame!

More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported genius with a ſage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and ſenſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs judgment guides the pureſt fire.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry poet's pow'r in *one:*
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind!
Who yonder ſtar's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unleſs the god inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers ——but thy own.

Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove:
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her bard majeſtick Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtick wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolifick and refin'd
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wint'ry paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from heav'n.

Hail, bard unequall'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine:
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathleſs names, ye ſons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinion ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhou'd e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;

Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed bards may ſee,
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

A Character of Mr. POPE's WRITINGS.

BEING

An Epiſode from the Poem call'd SICKNESS, Book II.

By the Rev. Mr. THOMPSON.

——In meaſur'd time
(So heav'n has will'd) together with their ſnows,
The everlaſting hills ſhall melt away:
This ſolid globe diſſolve, as ductile wax
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a ſcroll
Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the ſky;
Thy planets, NEWTON, tumble from their ſpheres;
The moon be periſh'd from her bloody orb;
The ſun himſelf, in liquid ruin, ruſh
And deluge with deſtroying flames the globe——
Peace then, my ſoul, nor grieve that POPE is dead.

If e'er the tuneful ſpirit, ſweetly ſtrong,
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breaſt,

Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While, in the gratitude of praiſe, I ſing
The works and wonders of this man divine.

I tremble while I write——His liſping Muſe
Surmounts the loftieſt efforts of my age.
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd
The loud [a] Papinian trumpet to his lips,
Fir'd by a ſacred fury, and inſpir'd
With all the god, in ſounding numbers ſung
"Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms."

Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,
And led the maze of harmony: the Nine
Prophetick of his future honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his lips, Caſtalian dews;
And Attick bees their golden ſtore diſtill'd.
The ſoul of HOMER, ſliding from its ſtar,
Where, radiant, over the poetick world
It rules and ſheds its influence, for joy
Shouted, and bleſs'd the birth: the ſacred choir
Of poets, born in elder, better times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating ſound,
And roll'd the gladd'ning news from ſphere to ſphere.

[b] Imperial Windſor! raiſe thy brow auguſt,
Superbly gay exalt thy tow'ry head;

[a] *Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of Statius's Thebais.*
[b] *Windſor Foreſt: Mr.* POPE *born there.*

And

And bid thy foreſts dance, and nodding, wave
A verdant teſtimony of thy joy:
A native ORPHEUS warbling in thy ſhades.

O liſten to [c] ALEXIS' tender plaint!
How gently rural! without coarſeneſs, plain;
How ſimple in his elegance of grief!
A ſhepherd, but no clown. His every lay
Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,
When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow
When all the mountains bleat, and vallies ſing.
Soft as the nightingale's harmonious woe,
In dewy even-tide, when cowſlips drop
Their ſleepy heads, and languiſh in the breeze.

[d] Next in the critick-chair ſurvey him thron'd,
Imperial in his art, preſcribing laws
Clear from the knitted brow, and ſquinted ſneer;
Learn'd without pedantry; correctly bold,
And regularly eaſy. Gentle, now,
As riſing incenſe, or deſcending dews,
The variegated echo of his theme:
Now, animated flame commands the ſoul
To glow with ſacred wonder. Pointed wit
And keen diſcernment form the certain page.
Juſt, as the STAGYRITE; as HORACE, free;
As FABIAN, clear; and as PETRONIUS, gay.

[c] *Paſtorals.*
[d] *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

[e] But whence thoſe peals of laughter ſhake the ſides
Of decent mirth? Am I in Fairy-land?
Young, evaneſcent forms, before my eyes,
Or ſkim, or ſeem to ſkim; thin eſſences
Of fluid light; zilphs, zilphids, elves, and gnomes;
Genii of Roſicruce, and ladies' gods!——
And, lo, in ſhining trails BELINDA's hair,
Beſpangling with diſhevell'd beams the ſkies,
Flames o'er the night. Behind, a ſatyr grins,
And, jocund, holds a glaſs, reflecting, fair,
Hoops, croſſes, mattadores; beaux, ſhocks, and belles,
Promiſcuouſly whimſical and gay.
TASSONI, hiding his diminiſh'd head,
Droops o'er the laughing page: while BOILEAU ſkulks,
With bluſhes cover'd, low beneath the deſk.

More [f] mournful ſcenes invite. The milky vein
Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave
Soft-ſtreaming o'er the ſoul, in weeping woe
And tenderneſs of anguiſh. While we read
Th' infectious page, we ſicken into love,
And languiſh with involuntary fires.
The Zephyr, panting on the ſilken buds
Of breathing violets; the virgin's ſigh,
Roſy with youth, are turbulent and rude,
To SAPPHO's plaint, and ELOÏSA's moan.

[e] *Rape of the Lock.*

[f] OVID's SAPPHO *to* PHAON: *And* ELOISE *to* ABELARD.

Heav'ns!

Heav'ns! what a flood of empyréal day
My aking eyes involves! A [g] temple ſoars,
Riſing like exhalations on a mount,
And wide its adamantine valves expands.
Three monumental columns, bright in air,
Of figur'd gold, the center of the quire
With luſtre fill. POPE on the midmoſt ſhines
Betwixt his HOMER and his HORACE plac'd,
Superior, by the hand of Juſtice. FAME,
With all her mouths, th' eternal trumpet ſwells,
Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty notes of never-dying praiſe,
Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,
Sweet o'er the world: th' ambroſial ſpirit flies
Diffuſive, in its progreſs wid'ning ſtill,
" Dear to the earth, and grateful to the ſky."
FAME owes him more than e'er ſhe can repay:
She owes her very temple to his hands;
Like Ilium built; by hands no leſs divine!

Attention, rouze thyſelf! the maſter's hand,
(The maſter of our ſouls!) has chang'd the key,
And bids the thunder of the battle roar
Tumultuous [h]. HOMER, HOMER is our own!
And Grecian heroes flame in Britiſh lines.
What pomp of words! what nameleſs energy
Kindles the verſe; invigours every line;

[g] *Temple of* FAME.
[h] *Tranſlation of* HOMER.

Aſtoniſhes, and overwhelms the ſoul
In tranſports toſs'd! when fierce ACHILLES raves,
And flaſhes, like a comet, o'er the field,
To wither armies with his martial frown.
I ſee the battle rage; I hear the wheels
Careering with their brazen orbs! The ſhout
Of nations roll (the labour of the winds)
Full on my ear, and ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul.
Deſcription never cou'd ſo well deceive:
'Tis real! TROY is here, or I at TROY
Enjoy the war. My ſpirits, all on fire,
With unextinguiſh'd violence are borne
Above the world, and mingle with the gods.
Olympus rings with arms! the firmament,
Beneath the lightning of Minerva's ſhield,
Burns to the center: rock the tow'rs of heav'n,
All nature trembles, ſave the throne of JOVE.

[1] To root exceſſes from the human breaſt;
Behold a beauteous pile of Ethicks riſe;
Senſe, the foundation; harmony, the walls;
(The Dorique grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)
Where SOCRATES and HORACE jointly reign.
Beſt of philoſophers! of poets too—
The beſt! He teaches thee thy ſelf to know:
That virtue is the nobleſt gift of heav'n:
"And vindicates the ways of GOD to man."

[1] *Ethick Epiſtles.*

O hearken

O hearken to the moraliſt polite!
Enter his ſchool of truth: where PLATO's ſelf
Might preach; and TULLY deign to lend an ear.
[k] Laſt ſee him waging with the fools of rhyme
A wanton, harmleſs war. Dunce after dunce;
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers; ſophs and cits,
Condemn'd to ſuffer life. The motley crew,
Emerging from oblivion's muddy pool,
Give the round face to view; and ſhameleſs front
Proudly expoſe; till laughter have her fill.

Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind
Into the road of honour!——Vice again
The gilded chariot drives:——For he is dead!

I ſaw the ſable barge, along his Thames,
In ſlow ſolemnity beating the tide,
Convey his ſacred duſt!——Its ſwains expir'd;
Wither'd, in Twit'nam bow'rs, the laurel-bough;
Silent, the Muſes broke their idle lyres:
Th' attendant Graces check'd the ſprightly dance,
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the ſtarting tear:
And Virtue for her loſt defender mourn'd!

[k] *Dunciad.*

The

The Cave of POPE. A Prophecy.

By R——— D———.

WHEN dark oblivion in her ſable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds ſubmitting to the ſtroke
Of time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten things:

Then (for the Muſe that diſtant day can ſee)
On Thames's bank the ſtranger ſhall arrive,
With curious wiſh thy ſacred grott to ſee,
Thy ſacred grott ſhall with thy name ſurvive.

Grateful poſterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old man, to each enquiring ſage
Pointing the place, ſhall cry, "The Bard liv'd there,

"Whoſe ſong was muſick to the liſtening ear,
"Yet taught audacious vice and folly, ſhame:
"Eaſy his manners, but his life ſevere;
"His word alone gave infamy or fame.

"Sequeſter'd from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
"Beneath this ſilent roof the Muſe he found;
"'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſate and writ;
"Here with his friends the ſocial glaſs went round."

With

With aweful veneration ſhall they trace
The ſteps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend wonder view the ſolemn place,
From whence thy genius ſoar'd to nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall gem, or moſs, or ſhining ore,
Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their friends on ev'ry diſtant ſhore,
Boaſting a relick from the cave of POPE.





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